

Extracts from the Journals of
FANNY ANNE BURNEY

A
GREAT
NIECE'S
JOURNALS



*A Vivid and Entertaining
Kaleidoscope of England
and Europe, 1830-1842.*

Edited by
MARGARET
S. ROLT

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN Co.

DARWIN

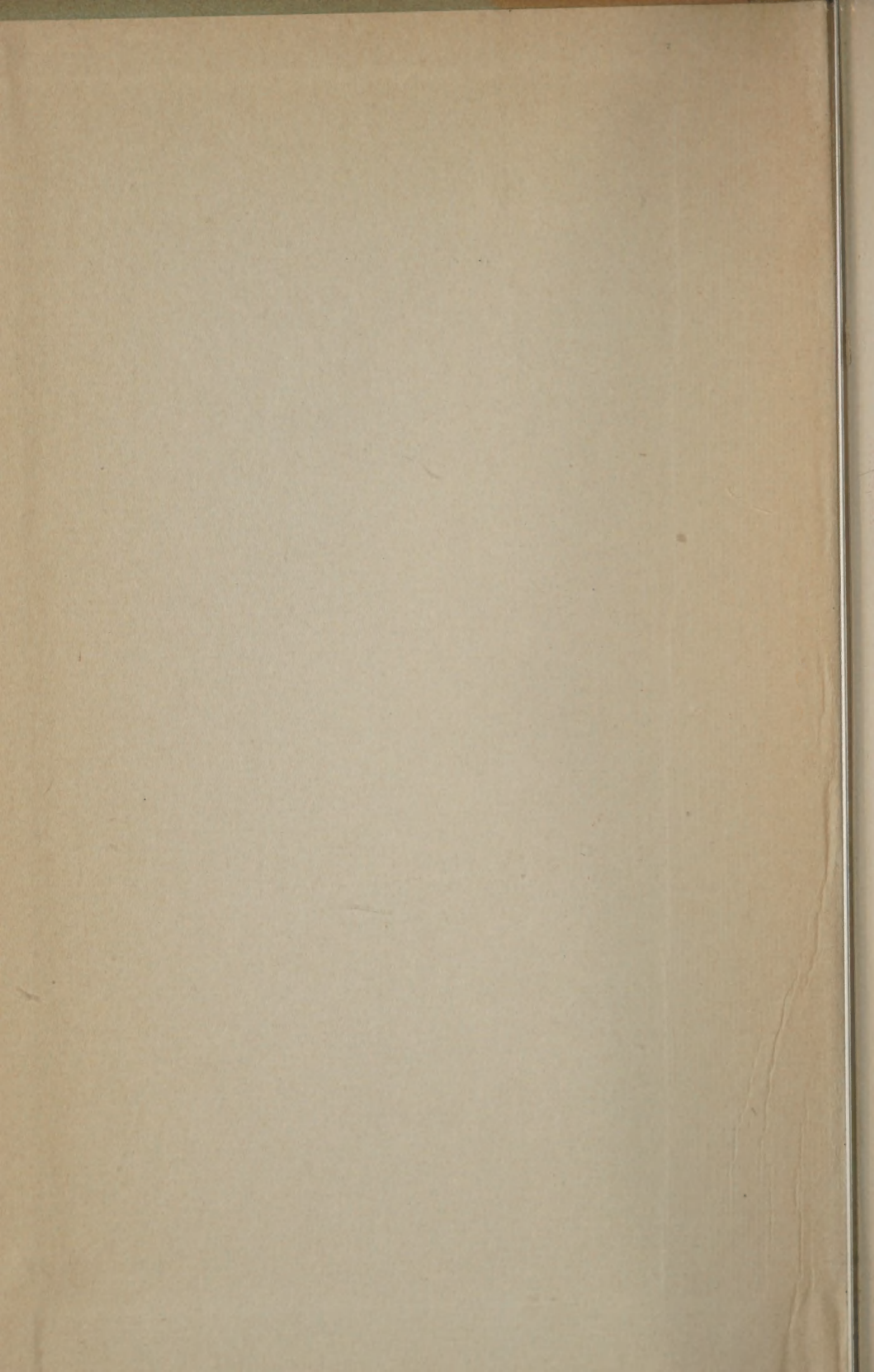
By Gamaliel Bradford

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FANNY ANNE BURNEY,
aged 17 or 18.

A GREAT-NIECE'S JOURNALS

BEING EXTRACTS FROM THE
JOURNALS OF

FANNY ANNE BURNEY
(*Mrs Wood*)

FROM 1830 TO 1842

EDITED WITH PREFACE AND NOTES
BY HER GRAND-DAUGHTER

MARGARET S. ROLT

AND WITH
EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS



BOSTON · AND · NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

1926

TO MY BROTHER
FRANK WARDLAW ROLT
AND MY NEPHEW
JOHN BAYNTON ROLT
I DEDICATE THIS BOOK

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
PREFACE - - - - -	ix
NOTES ON THE JOURNAL OF A RESIDENCE IN MADEIRA (1838-1839) - - - - -	xxxiii
THE JOURNALS OF FANNY ANNE BURNEY (MRS. WOOD)	
ENGLAND AND BELGIUM 1830 - - - - -	1
1831 - - - - -	37
1832 - - - - -	43
1836 - - - - -	83
1837 - - - - -	100
1838-9 - - - - -	132
MADEIRA 1838 (August-September) - - - - -	174
(October) - - - - -	199
(November) - - - - -	210
(December) - - - - -	215
1839 (January) - - - - -	230
(February) - - - - -	232
(March) - - - - -	238
(April) - - - - -	248
(May) - - - - -	278
(June) - - - - -	287
(July) - - - - -	298
ENGLAND 1839 - - - - -	304
1840 - - - - -	304
1841 - - - - -	319
1842 - - - - -	334
BIOGRAPHICAL AND ALPHABETICAL INDEX - - - - -	339

NOTE ON THE FRONTISPIECE

STREATHAM, *Saturday, August 25th, 1781.*

MRS. THRALE, MISS FANNY BURNEY, MR. SEWARD, MR. CRUTCHLEY,
MR. MUSGRAVE.

Scene :—The Dinner-Parlour.

“Mr. Musgrave addressed me with so vociferous a rapidity that I could not catch above one word in ten of what he said ; but I found his purport was to tell me he had been at Worcester, where he had seen my uncle,” (Richard Burney) “and seen divers of Edward’s performances, and he very warmly declared he would make a very great and capital painter ; and, in the midst of this oration, Mr. Seward very drily called out,—

“‘Pray, Musgrave, whom are you talking of?’

“‘Her cousin,’ cried he, . . . ‘Miss Burney’s cousin. I assure you he will be so great a painter that——’

“‘Why, when and where,’ interrupted Mr. Seward, ‘are these Burneys to stop?’

“‘Nowhere,’ said Mrs. Thrale, ‘till they are tired ; for they go on just as long as they please, and *do* what they please, and *are* what they please.’

“‘Here, ma’am, is a mark of their power and genius,’ said Mr. Musgrave, pointing to me ; ‘and I assure you this young man is another. And when I told old Mr. Burney I thought so, I assure you I thought he would have wrung my arm out of joint.’

“‘Old Mr. Burney!’ said Mrs. Thrale ; ‘pray, do you call our *young* Doctor’s brother *old*?’

“‘Oh, ma’am, I assure you I have the greatest respect for him in the world. . . . He and I shook hands together for a quarter of an hour. He was vastly pleased. I told him his son would be a great painter. And, indeed, so he will. He’ll be quite at the head.’

“‘Ay, how should he be Miss Burney’s cousin else?’ said Mrs. Thrale.

“‘Miss Burney will be so elated,’ said Mr. Seward, ‘if you go on thus . . . that she will not condescend to take notice of us.’

“‘Oh, yes, she will,’ said Mr. Musgrave ; ‘where there is true merit there is always modesty. Miss Burney may hear praise without danger.’ . . .

“I found it pretty warm work to sit all this.”

(*Diary and Letters*, Mme. d’Arblay, vol. ii. p. 92).

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Fanny Anne Burney, aged 17 or 18	- - - -	<i>Frontispiece</i>
Fanny Anne Wood at the time of her Marriage (August 1835)	- - - - -	<i>- facing p. 60</i>
Major James Wood at the time of his Marriage (August 1835)	- - - - -	„ 63
The Library, St. Paul's, Deptford, as owned by Dr. Charles Burney, No. II.	- - - - -	„ 127
The Seat of Sir Gregory Page at Blackheath	- -	„ 133
The Ravine of the Fairies, Madeira, from a pencil drawing by Fanny Anne Wood, May 1839	- -	„ 282
Archdeacon Burney's Garden Terrace at Croom's Hill, Greenwich, from a wash drawing by Fanny Anne Wood	- - - - -	„ 304
Fanny Paulet Wood, Daughter of James and Fanny Anne Wood (February 1841)	- - - -	„ 322

being indeed one of the most agreeable and loveable personalities of his time.¹

Indeed he and his family mixed on a footing of intimacy and even affection with what one may almost call the most brilliant society that ever came together in England—her greatest orator, her greatest portrait painter, her greatest actor, one of her most charming and original literary men, and, above all, that extraordinary personage Dr. Samuel Johnson, whose reputation seems to grow deeper and stronger and wider, and to root itself more and more firmly in the hearts of those who know and feel and think.

Among the group of his clever children was one—Fanny—a genius, who became the darling of society, whose friendship great men were proud to possess, and whom Royalty delighted to favour.

“Great men, on whom as a timid and obscure girl she had gazed at a distance with humble reverence, addressed her” (after the publication of *Evelina*) “with admiration, tempered by the tenderness due to her age and sex. . . . We owe to her, not only

¹ “Dr. Burney was another busy worker who made time to come to ‘The Club,’ although he was in general no evening tapper at people’s doors.

“‘If my father was disposed to cultivate with the world, what a delightful acquaintance he might have!’ wrote the daughter who was as proud of him as he of her; but, with six children to support on music, Burney’s leisure hours were few. His vitality was extraordinary. He went about giving lessons from eight a.m. till eleven p.m., then wrote till four the next morning, and rose again at eight. A wearing time-table—yet he lived to be eighty-eight!

“Everyone loved full-minded Burney, of whom Murphy said that he was at home upon all subjects, ‘and upon all agreeable.’ The musical doctor was so facile, gay and sweet that ‘the first Being of the Society’ cried aloud, ‘I love Burney! my heart goes out to meet him! . . .’ His very name and that of Reynolds seem to smile from the page as we read. Level-headed, polished, constant, the two were the serene stars of the galaxy.” (“The Club”: *Garrick and his Circle*, p. 229. Mrs. Clement Parsons.)

Evelina, *Cecilia*, and *Camilla*, but *Mansfield Park* and *The Absentees*.”¹

“Fanny’s genius for expressing character in dialogue, aided by touches of description, placed her among the first memoir-writers of that journalising age.”² Her character was well summed up in one of Mrs. Delaney’s published letters, in which Fanny is extolled for “admirable understanding, tender affection and sweetness of manners”; while in a later letter the following appreciation occurs: “Her extreme diffidence of herself, notwithstanding her great genius, and the applause she has met with, adds lustre to all her excellences;—and all improve on acquaintance.”³

It is not, however, with the eighteenth-century family of Burneys that this biographical sketch is concerned, but with those who succeeded them. Certainly the family kept up to a high level intellectually, for in 1817 they were described as “remarkable for literary and scientific eminence.”⁴ The men were learned and the women cultivated, but without ostentation; of talent there was plenty—of achievement not so much; for only two Burneys, besides Fanny and her Father, arrived at any very remarkable distinction.

One of these was her cousin, Edward Francis Burney,⁵ whose budding talent and title to be considered likely to

¹ Macaulay’s *Essay* on Mme. d’Arblay.

² *Fanny Burney and her Friends* (edited by L. B. Seeley), p. 329.

³ *Idem*, p. 138.

⁴ Obituary Notice in *Times*, 1817, of Dr. Charles Burney, Jun.

⁵ “I set out for this ever dear place, accompanied by Edward, who was sent for to paint Mr. Crisp for my father. . . . Edward is . . . I almost think, faultless of all things. I have thought him more amiable and deserving than ever, since this last sojourn under the same roof with him; and, as it happened, I have owed to him almost all the comfort I have this time met with here.”

Letter from Mr. Crisp to Miss Burney, February 26, 1782: “Nothing (in *Cecilia*) struck me more forcibly than the Foxhall (Vauxhall) scene. It is finely—it is powerfully imagined . . . the dreadful

succeed in his art is the subject of one of Mme. d'Arblay's most amusing pages ;¹ it is quoted at the beginning of this volume, where it accompanies the Frontispiece.

Doctor Burney's second son Charles ("the second Doctor") made good also in the world of Letters and Learning—he is known in the family as "the Grecian."

(It is perhaps scarcely fair to leave James Burney, Mme. d'Arblay's eldest brother, unnoticed ; inasmuch as he certainly arrived at considerable distinction in his Naval career ; sailed twice round the world with Captain Cook, rose to the rank of Rear-Admiral, and lived to have his "flashes of wild wit" celebrated by Charles Lamb (who loved him) in one of the *Essays of Elia* ; and to be described by Southey "as smoking after supper, letting out puffs at one corner of his mouth, and puns at the other.")

The second Doctor Charles Burney was born in 1757—five years after his sister Fanny—at King's Lynn, Norfolk, where Mr. Burney was organist of St. Margaret's Church. As yet the gifted musician had not realised—what his friend Samuel Crisp did not fail to point out—that to live "buried away there was to plant his youth and genius, his hopes and fortune, against a north wall."² Before the little Charles was three years old this fact had come home to his father, and he returned to London. Thus the boy grew up in those inspiring surroundings, in Poland Street, in Queen's Square, and at No. 1 St. Martin's Street (the three consecutive homes of the

catastrophe that concludes it makes it a masterpiece. What a subject for that *astonishing lad*, Edward, to make a finished drawing, and Bartolozzi a print, of !" (*Fanny Burney's Journal*, August 12, 1782. Chesington.)

¹ *Diary and Letters of Mme. d'Arblay*, ed. 1842, vol. ii. p. 92. Colburn.

² *Fanny Burney*, Austin Dobson, p. 9. (English Men of Letters Series.)

Burney family, of whose life Austin Dobson has given so vivid a picture in his *Fanny Burney*).

Charles received his education at the Charterhouse School and Caius College, Cambridge, where he was classed with the highest classical scholars and took his degree, later obtaining his degrees as Doctor of Laws from both Aberdeen and Glasgow Universities. He adopted the profession of Schoolmaster, first at Highgate, then at Chiswick, where he married the daughter ¹ of Doctor Rose, the Headmaster.² Presently he opened a school of his own at Hammersmith, but removed to Greenwich in 1793. One of his chief interests was a fine collection of books—first editions, etc.—as well as of newspapers dating from 1603, which collections ³

¹ Mrs. Burney remembered Dr. Johnson drinking tea with her parents, and Mrs. Rose saying that she poured him out twenty-one cups of tea.—*Farington Diary*, vol. ii. p. 107.

² There exists a series of Charles's love letters to Miss Rose. They are in verse, and are refreshingly simple and straightforward, if not of a very high order of poetry. Some of them evidently accompanied gifts. There is one entitled: "With Bergamot and a Smelling Bottle." Another is headed: "To Rosette, with a Pocket-Book," and it is made clear that his hope was that she would use it to record his protestations and vows! The Poet sings

"The noble virtues of his Fair One's mind,
Her sparkling wit, her elegance and grace,
Her modesty, with Dignity combined,
All would add honours to an honoured race!"

and his own undying, changeless love, his rapturous unselfish devotion, the faithfulness of the heart he "offers at his Charmer's Shrine." The young lover's fervour is restrained by a certain anxiety at his own "presumption," and at his daring in addressing his suit to his Chief's daughter. All's well that ends well, and if for a moment the course of true love was interrupted by some trivial lovers' quarrel, yet at last it ran smoothly to a blissful ending and "Charles and his Rosette"—as his sister Fanny d'Arblay calls them in her *Diary*—were happily married.

³ Collecting would seem to have been in the blood of the Burneys! As is related at great length in her *Diary*, Mme. d'Arblay all but lost her life when nearly seventy years old, searching for curiosities on the sea-shore at Ilfracombe, oblivious of the fact of the rising

were purchased, after his death in 1817, by the Government for the British Museum for £15,000.

After his removal to Greenwich, Doctor Burney took Holy Orders, and was preferred to the living of Herne Hill; then to Cliffe, Kent, and later to Hinton Parva, Wilts., which he exchanged for St. Paul's, Deptford; he also became a Prebendary in the Cathedral of Lincoln. His sister Fanny already held her post in the Royal Household (as Keeper of the Robes to Queen Charlotte—"the sweet Queen")¹ and Charles became Chaplain to King George III., enjoying the same sort of freedom

tide. "I was accumulating a collection of beautiful pebbles, each of which seemed to merit being set in a ring!" (Mme. d'Arblay's *Diary*, part vii. p. 283 *et. seq.*)

Fanny Anne Burney was an inveterate collector of shells and geological specimens, being also well versed in the science of them. Indeed, when in apartments in the Channel Isles, so intent was she on a collection of sea-weeds that the landlady appeared one evening to say that no soup could be served, because Mrs. Wood had requisitioned every soup-plate in the house in order to float her specimens of seaweed! Her father, the third Charles Burney, had a well-known collection of sketches and drawings by English artists.

¹ "Frances" Burney "uniformly speaks of her royal Mistress, and of the Princesses, with respect and affection. The Princesses seem to have well deserved all the praise which is bestowed on them in the *Diary*. They were, doubt not, most amiable women. But 'the sweet Queen,' as she is constantly called in these volumes, is not by any means an object of admiration to us. . . . She was, in her intercourse with Miss Burney, generally gracious and affable, sometimes, when displeased, cold and reserved, but never, under any circumstances, rude, peevish or violent. . . . But she seems to have been utterly regardless of the comfort, the health, the life of her attendants, when her own convenience was concerned. . . . The established doctrine of the Court was, that all sickness was to be considered as a pretence until it proved fatal. The only way in which the invalid could clear herself from the suspicion of malingering. . . was to go on lacing and unlacing. . . undressing and dressing 'the sweet Queen,' till she fell down dead at the royal feet. . . her Majesty showed no mercy. Thrice a day the accursed bell still rang; the Queen was still to be dressed for the morning at seven, and to be dressed for the day at noon, and to be undressed at midnight." (Macaulay's *Essay*.)

of the Court as did Fanny, who, however, lost her health in the fulfilment of her duties there. There is a very fine portrait of Doctor Charles Burney, Junior, by Sir Thomas Lawrence; it shows a handsome head with waving hair, clear-cut features, a prepossessing expression, and a noble forehead.

That Charles realised how assured was his position in the world of scholarship is illustrated by the answer which he made when asked whom he considered the finest Greek scholars of the day:—"Parr, Porson and myself," he said. (This anecdote was told by his granddaughter, one of Mrs. Wood's sisters.)

To "this most excellent scholar and truly benevolent Divine"¹ was born, in 1785, a son, again a "Charles," to whom was also given the name of "Parr" (doubtless after the great scholar, Doctor Samuel Parr).

¹ Notice of Dr. Charles Burney, Jun., in *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1817 (Part II.).

The Rev. O. F. Christie, writing on August 24th, 1922, says: "The Schoolmasters' Society to whose *Joyous dinner* Farington refers on December 20th, 1804, was established in 1797. Their anniversary dinners were attended by distinguished persons, sometimes by royal Dukes. At their first, held at the Crown and Anchor, Strand, Dr. Burney (the eminent Grecian), brother of Madame d'Arblay, himself a successful Schoolmaster, was in the chair, and gave this sentiment—'May the Birch Tree never be supplanted by the Tree of Liberty.'"

"In the diary of the Rev. William Jones (in my possession), he thus comments on Dr. Burney's toasting of the birch—'And the sentiment particularly suited Dr. Burney, for I have been repeatedly assured that the article '*birch*' is distinctly charged in all his school accounts, and that he buys it by the cartload.'"

(*Farington Diary*, vol. iii. p. 35 n.)

"Mr. Molony's I dined at . . . Molony and his brother Dr. Sanderhill drank very little. Dr. Burney also only drank a limited quantity. . . .

"The excellence of a particular kind of Spanish snuff was mentioned—Kemble said that while he was in Spain he endeavoured to procure some, but failed.

"Dr. Burney spoke of it as possessing all exquisite quality, saying that it was sensual snuff, and highly inspiring." (*Idem*, pp. 254-5.)

Charles Parr Burney followed in his father's footsteps by taking Holy Orders after his degree at Oxford, later being elected Professor of Ancient Literature in the Royal Academy. In 1813 his father handed over the school at Greenwich to his son, who had married Miss Frances Bentley Young, the daughter of George Young of Blackheath. Their children, two sons and four daughters, were born at Greenwich, Fanny Anne—the author of these Journals—being the eldest.

If the lot of this generation of Burney sisters was cast in a less fair ground (for the development of their natural gifts), and in a less stimulating environment than that in which the elder generation had grown up, yet they too were remarkable in their way and degree, in spite of having none of the opportunities of their famous kinswoman, to whom it was given to move in the charmed circle of a golden age among the giants who walked the earth in those days. Indeed a grandson of Mrs. Wood's, whose delight it was to talk often with one of her sisters (a lady who, even when very advanced in years, retained extraordinary charm, grip, and powers of conversation), remarked: "I am certain that, had my Grandmother enjoyed the same conditions and occasions as her great-aunts, Fanny, Susan and Hetty Burney, she would have been seen to rise to them equally well; and I think that, given the chances of the first Fanny, the second one would have done all she did—even perhaps better!" And he tells how, when he asked the charming old lady referred to, "Do you suppose that if Fanny d'Arblay had lived now she would have become famous?" she replied decidedly: "Not a bit of it, my dear!"—an answer which perhaps helps towards a solution of Fanny Wood's attitude to her great-aunt's literary achievements, of which we must speak later. Be this as it may, it is certain that Charles Parr Burney's first-born child, Fanny, was not the least attractive nor the least gifted of an unusually talented and gifted group of sisters.

If they were conventional, well ! they were born into a conventional age and environment, and were perhaps hampered, though unconsciously, by the scholastic and ecclesiastical atmosphere, maybe too a trifle limited by that tradition of "Piety" which hung about the Burneys.¹

Fanny Anne's spirit was always on tiptoe to learn, see, hear and make her own whatever the world around her had to offer to her alert intelligence of interest or beauty—she must have had an insatiable desire for knowledge in a thousand directions.

It would seem that the mantle of Susan Burney (the first Diarist in the family) and of Mme. d'Arblay had fallen on to this their great-niece, and that she did not lack "the gift of quick discerning," by his reference to which (in his verses in the *Morning Herald*)² her father spread the fame of the "Little Burney" of the petted *Evelina* period, but also caused her embarrassment and "infinite frettation."³

In much besides discernment the second Fanny was true to Burney tradition. Like her great-aunt she observed minutely and reflected shrewdly, while her sense of humour, albeit meetly restrained, peeps out in her Journals. She resembled the elder Fanny too in her clear-cut, outspoken judgments, likes and dislikes, as in

¹ *Fanny Burney and her Friends*, p. 331, ed. by L. B. Seeley. The word "pious" so used is a Latinism, and bears a wider sense than the restricted one in which it is used to-day ; it denotes a dutiful person, one mindful of his obligations to mankind generally, as well as to his Maker : compare Virgil's use of "pious" as a standing epithet of his hero Aeneas.

² *Vide* the *Morning Herald* for March 12, 1782. "The verses were long attributed to Sir W. W. Pepys, but are now given to Dr. Burney. As regards his daughter, they only express a general feeling."—*Fanny Burney*, Austin Dobson, p. 129.

³ The phrase "Little Burney," or more generally "dear Little Burney" (by which name Dr. Johnson often spoke of Miss Burney), "got into print, to sensitive Fanny's 'infinite frettation'"—*Fanny Burney*, Austin Dobson, p. 96.

her fearless independence of thought which led her to what now seem to us some curious conclusions. New scenes, fresh faces and places were doubly delightful, when all that they meant for her was recorded with extraordinary perseverance and enthusiasm, and in language the vigour of which often recalls the style¹ of her great-grandfather the Musical Doctor, in the little red leather-bound volumes, one of which, one imagines, must always have been at hand. These diligent scribbles are in the clear fine penmanship taught by the "Writing-master" of those days, and are enriched here and there by delicate pencil sketches—Mrs. Wood was no mean artist.

In one respect Fanny Anne Burney resembled her grandfather, Charles (the *second*)—whose earliest fame rested on that reputation, curious for a schoolboy, of being the "sweetest-tempered boy in the Charterhouse School." Lawrence's portrait bears out this verdict, to which Mme. d'Arblay, in a letter to her sister Susan Phillips, 1798, also witnesses; saying that Charles, when on a visit to her, "was all kind affection," and "It is an excellent part of Charles's character that he never forgets any kind office he has received." His granddaughter Fanny was amiability itself, and of a rarely sweet disposition and temper, as her portrait indicates. One of her cousins, speaking to her grandchild many years after her death, said: "Your grandmother was the sweetest creature, and the most gifted, that I ever knew." This is borne out by sundry efforts, of a more or less poetic nature, addressed to Fanny, on various anniversaries, by adoring younger brothers, sisters and friends. One of these, written on old ivory-tinted, satin-smooth paper, with embossed borders, is addressed—"To Fanny Anne Burney, from her affec-

¹ A writer in the *Times* recently referred to the "vigorous style" of Doctor Charles Burney (1924).

tionate friend John Hodgson,"¹ and begins (in the rather extravagant fashion of the day)—

“ Child of a favour'd gifted race
Of parents dearly lov'd by me !
Would that my pen could truly trace
The good I wish to them and thee.”

It is dated April 29, 1829 (Fanny's seventeenth birthday). The writing is exquisitely fine and neat, as if written with an etcher's pen.

Another poem,² on the occasion of her twenty-first birthday, makes rather pathetic reference to the delicate health which, though she outgrew it for a time, rendered her the victim of intense suffering later in life. Her invincible interest in all that passed, and in the world of Nature, etc., enabled her in some measure to defy pain, and at any rate served as a powerful distraction ; but at the early age of forty-eight she died.

In the home circle at Greenwich (as in that of the “ Musical ” Doctor in the preceding century), peace and loving-kindness reigned in an atmosphere of mutual and affectionate appreciation. The pleasures of intellectual and artistic society were cultivated side by side with the sterner business of life ; and throughout their lives the Burneys maintained the highest ideal in the matter of filial relations.

¹ John Hodgson was a dear and old friend of her father's. See entry in *Journal* for July 25th, 1838.

² “ Well, what shall we wish thee ? wit, honour and wealth !

Thou hast them, but hast them in vain.

No ! feign let ours be a full measure of health.

What is wit, wealth and honour with pain ?

Cold, heartless the smile, and murky the sky,

And a dreary blank Nature appears,

When Sickness has toss'd her pale banner on high,

And blighted our sunbeams with tears.”

(“ The Sincerity of the united wishes of the united Family for many years of *health* and *true happiness* to ‘ The Lady of To-day's Fête ’ must plead for the meagreness of the composition.”)

Fanny's parents gathered at their table many interesting persons, especially a group of young English artists; the girls listened eagerly to the conversation, Fanny recording much of it in her Journal.

Charles Parr Burney was not content that his family should vegetate in their Greenwich home; and besides visits to friends in various parts of England, there were journeys to the Continent, as indeed was the way of the Burneys.

In a letter to her sister Esther ("Hetty") of October 21, 1821, Mme. d'Arblay wrote (reviewing their early life after the death of their mother), "Our dear father was always abroad, usefully or ornamentally"; and we know that Doctor Burney had many friends in France, and that he visited Germany, Italy and the Netherlands, afterwards publishing his Journals of these travels.

Among Doctor Burney's acquaintances in Paris were Diderot and Jean Jacques Rousseau, whom the Historian of Music "visited in his garret." It is a little startling to find the head of the family of the "self-respecting, conscientious, pious Burneys" on a really friendly footing with so subversive a member of society as "Jean Jacques"; but it witnesses to the spirit of tolerance joined with geniality which Doctor Burney always showed, and which those who came after him emulated. It is hard to imagine that Burney and Rousseau can have had much in common beyond the work in which they collaborated. Burney's version of Rousseau's *Devin de Village* was produced at Drury Lane in 1760, under the title of *The Cunning Man*, and Rousseau then came to London; at any rate the Doctor's nephew and pupil Charles (who later became his son-in-law) was actually named Charles Rousseau Burney.

Madame d'Arblay's connection with France after her marriage must also have served to keep before the family the idea of continental travel, at a date when such journeys were often fraught with difficulty on more than

one account; and her nephew Charles Parr seems to have delighted in taking rather frequent tours abroad with his wife and daughters. Fanny Anne's first Journal is the record of a trip to the Netherlands in the summer of 1830 (just before that momentous August when the Revolution occurred which broke up the "Kingdom of the United Netherlands," and restored both Holland and Belgium to their independence). In this Journal there are references to a previous visit to France.

Fifteen years earlier Mme. d'Arblay had fled from Paris (as Bonaparte, after his escape from Elba, entered the city), had taken refuge in Belgium, and was there throughout the "Hundred Days," reaching Brussels only after many difficulties and adventures, although travelling with the Princesse d'Hénin. Mme. d'Arblay's narrative¹ of these days, written from memory at a later date, is very graphic, and is said to have furnished Thackeray with a good deal of material for his famous chapters in *Vanity Fair*; yet in her Journal, written on the spot, in the very places where her great-aunt had lived through such thrilling and agonising days, Fanny Anne Burney makes no allusion to those experiences! Perhaps she was not aware of them prior to 1842.

In 1835 Fanny married Major James Wood, of the 5th Dragoon Guards, of the good old Scotch family of Wood of Largo, in the county of Fife; the head of the family being Sir Mark Wood, Bart., of Gatton, Surrey, M.P. for Gatton.

Half of one of Fanny's little red leather volumes consists of notes and anecdotes relating to the Woods of Largo, especially to the first Laird²—"the brave

¹ Published in Mme. d'Arblay's *Diary and Letters*, vol. vii. Colburn, 1846.

² Alexander Wood of Perth, the immediate ancestor of Sir Mark Wood, was "a lineal descendant of the Woods of Largo"; he died in 1778, leaving several sons besides Mark, two of whom distinguished themselves in the Navy, one of them being called

Seaman"—Admiral Sir Andrew Wood (died 1520). His chief exploit was the successful attack he made in 1490 (with only his two famous warships, "Flower" and "Yellow Carvel") on a flotilla of five English ships, defeating them in the Firth of Forth. For this and other loyal services, King James III. "erected the lands of Largo" (which Andrew and his wife held by several charters under the Great Seal of Scotland) "into a Free Barony."¹

"Andrew" like his famous ancestor Sir Andrew Wood of Largo.

In his *History of Scotland* (published in Lardner's *Cabinet Encyclopedia*), Sir Walter Scott writes: "Scottish historians of this period record with triumph the 'valiant exploits' of Sir Andrew Wood of Largo"; and in his *Tales of a Grandfather* he records them himself: Wood proved "that the Scots could fight by sea as well as land." (*Tales of a Grandfather*, vol. i. chap. xxiii.)

A long passage relating Sir Andrew Wood's prowess, by "the worthy chronicler" Lindsay of Pittscottie, is quoted in Miss Strickland's *Lives of the Queens of Scotland* (in the Life of Margaret Tudor).

The history of this family and its origins can be read in Douglas's *Baronetage* (Heralds' College, Edinburgh), which can also be seen in the British Museum; and in "Tait's Memoir," published in the *Edinburgh Magazine* for 1852.

¹ In the Heralds' College of Edinburgh the Woods of Largo are designated as "the Baronial family of Wood of Largo."

"The term 'Baronial' in Scotland appears to have a significance less than is understood of it in England, for the same distinctive title is given to other Scottish families and their Chiefs described as 'Free Barons,' who otherwise are simply and only Esquires or gentlemen of the first degree. There is a distinction in the hierarchy of ranks beyond the Grampians. An Estate held directly of the Crown was a Lairdship. When held of any of the great families (such as the Earls of Sutherland, the Dukes of Argyll, etc.), they were but 'Guildmanships.' Another term used was 'Superiority' of lands, to hold which grants of Charter from the Crown were necessary. Thus Sir Andrew Wood held the 'Superiority' of Inchkeith Isle, which possessed springs of water, believed, from the circumstances of their occurring at an elevated level above the sea and never being exhausted, to obtain their supply by a submarine passage from the high hills of Fyfe." (*Vide Memorials of the*

Among the stories is a very curious one about Andrew, Sir Mark Wood's brother, who entered the Royal Navy young. "When a war was expected with Spain he was sent in command of a small vessel to the Streights of Sunda, to inform thirty rich India ships of the circumstance. The ship was wrecked at the entrance of the Streights, and he and his crew escaped with difficulty to the shore; impressed, however, with a strong sense of the importance of his mission, he took an open boat, and in defiance of the elements and the Malays (who murdered more than half his crew), he cruised the Streights for three months and succeeded in giving the necessary information to twenty-nine sail out of thirty. Approving highly of his diligence and intrepidity, the Marquis Cornwallis, Sir Archibald Campbell, and Sir William Meadows, K.B., all recommended him for promotion. Anxious to reach England, Andrew bought a boat of less than five tons, had her decked, and with three Lascars on board, embarked for the Cape of Good Hope, where he arrived safely after a passage of sixty-three days; not finding any ship at the Cape proceeding immediately to England, and conceiving the most perilous part of the voyage over, he again embarked in his small boat with three foreign seamen, and was never afterwards heard of." Verily this story well serves to illustrate the proverb: "More haste, worse speed!"

Charles Parr Burney left Greenwich in 1838, on his preferment to the living of Sible Hedingham in Essex. Later he became Rector of Wickham Bishop, also in Essex, and was made Archdeacon, first of St. Albans

Woods of Largo, by Mrs. Montagu (*née* Wood). London, 1863. Privately published.)

"In 1488 Sir Thomas Turnbull, the King's Standard-bearer, Sir Andrew Wood and the Lairds of Lag, Balmamoon, Balyard, and others of his adherents received grants of lands in reward of the zeal which they had displayed in the King's service." (Tytler's *History of Scotland*, vol. iv. p. 317.)

and then of Colchester. The Woods spent months at a time with Mrs. Wood's parents, and she occupied herself during one winter in writing notes on the county families of Essex, some of which are amusing enough.

Turning over the leaves of these old Journals—about whose pages some faint aroma seems to linger of the fascinating eighteenth century, the memory of which its lovers are so fain to revive—one comes here and there on direct links with those halcyon days when the first Fanny Burney wrote wonderful letters to “Daddy Crisp” and fascinated Doctor Johnson and the Thrales; the days of Horace Walpole, David Garrick, Pacchierotti, Charles Lamb, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Captain Cook, Count Orloff, and how many more!

Foremost, of course, are the references to “Aunt Fanny” herself—of which we must speak later.

Secondly, there is the narrative of a visit which, very early in her life, Fanny Anne Burney paid with her parents to the celebrated Doctor Samuel Parr (that dragon of learning¹ . . . severe, wayward and irregular, had doubtless been sponsor to Charles Parr Burney). According to Fanny's childish memories, he was a most delightful, if slightly alarming host. As Fanny saw and remembered him Doctor Parr was a figure out of the preceding century; he must have appeared to her strangely old-fashioned, for he evidently had not “moved with the times,” as the saying is. When he died in 1825 the old scholar was in his seventy-ninth year.

From a passage in her *Diary*, dated Friday, 4th Jan., 1783, it is evident that Doctor Parr did not find favour with “Aunt Fanny”:—“We had an invited party at home . . . in honour of Doctor Parr of Norwich, Doctor Twining's friend” (Twining was another accomplished classical scholar, and an intimate friend of the Burneys), “and who has been very kind about our Charles. . . . My father came up to me, followed by

¹ *Farington Diary*, 1806.

Doctor Parr, and said, 'Fanny, Doctor Parr wishes to be introduced to you.'

"I got up and made my reverence.

"'Doctor Parr,' said my father, 'gives us hopes of seeing Mr. Twining this year.'

"'If Miss Burney!' cried the Doctor, 'would write to him success would be certain. I am sure he could resist nothing from her hand. Tell him he must come and see Mrs. Siddons!'

"'Ay,' said my father, 'and hear Pacchierotti.'

"'Whatever Miss Burney tells him will do—one line from her would do. And if she makes use even of any false pretences, as they will be for so good a purpose, I will absolve her.'

"I hate, even in jest, this loose morality from a clergyman. I only curtsied and so forth, but attempted no answer, and he grew tired, and went on with my father."

The Burneys had invited Doctor Johnson to meet Doctor Parr at dinner, and though so ill that he had to leave immediately after the meal, the great man showed "the extreme of kindness in coming at all. . . . 'Ah,' he cried, taking my hand and kissing it, 'who shall ail anything when "Cecilia" is so near? Yet you do not think how poorly I am' . . . and all dinner time he hardly opened his mouth but to repeat to me,—'Ah, you little know how ill I am!'"

Another link with the elder generation of Burneys is supplied by the Paynes—John Payne and Sarah his wife, descendants of "Honest Tom Payne,"¹ the famous old bookseller of the firm of Payne & Cadell, who published *Cecilia* in 1782. Fanny's brother, James (he who sailed with Captain Cook and was beloved of Charles Lamb), married Tom Payne's daughter, "Miss Sally," by whom he had three children. One of these, Sarah, married her kinsman, John Payne.

¹ *Fanny Burney*, Austin Dobson, pp. 50, 51. Tom Payne was buried in Finchley Old Churchyard, Feb. 1799.

Mention of this couple takes one straight back into the genial company of James Burney, and of the interesting people who hung about "the L-shaped book-shop next the Upper Mews' Gate."¹ "The little shop," writes Mr. James Thorne, "was the daily haunt of scholars and book-collectors."

Mme. d'Arblay wrote to her sister, Esther, under the date October 21, 1821, mentioning their niece, Sarah Payne: "It has given me much pleasure to hear" (from Italy) "from Sarah Payne that she has seen Pacchierotti at Padua." (Mme. d'Arblay had believed him dead.)²

Mrs. Wood's grandchildren remember John and Sarah Payne, who used to be frequent visitors at their great-grandmother's house at Brighton, where, after Archdeacon Burney's death, his widow (Frances Bentley Burney) passed the rest of her days. The Paynes were a quaint, old-fashioned-looking pair, Sarah being very sprightly; her rather restless little quick dark eyes took in everything from under the brim of a large black bonnet; her conversation was of a humorous-satirical flavour; and she enjoyed talking of her aunt, Mme. d'Arblay. John was round and rubicund and apparently a good deal under the thumb of his spouse.

One of old Mrs. Burney's great-grandsons, when a

¹ *Fanny Burney*, Austin Dobson, p. 9.

The Royal Mews formerly covered the greater part of the ground now occupied by Trafalgar Square, and there was a "Mews' Gate" which led towards St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.

In his *Survey of London*, 1785, Thornton says that "on the north side of Charing Cross is a large Square, on one side of which is a handsome building erected by Henry VIII., used as stabling for His Majesty's horses, and known as the 'Mews' or 'Meuse'—the word, as every antiquary knows, being derived from the 'mew' of the young of falcon and hawk. As early as 1377 this place was used for the purposes of the King's hawks and falconers (the Chief Falconer was then one of the most important members of the Royal Household). From 1537 down to the reign of George IV. the royal stables stood here."

² *Diary and Letters of Mme. d'Arblay*, vol. vii. p. 368.

small schoolboy, was invited to luncheon by the kindly Paynes and duly presented himself at their house one Sunday. An excellent meal was served, and his hosts exerted themselves to entertain their young visitor; but over the dessert they both fell asleep. As the hour to return to school drew near, the boy considered what he ought to do.

"And what did you do?" he was asked.

"It seemed a pity to wake them," he replied; "I finished the nuts and most of the fruit, and then I crept out very quietly."

Last, but by no means least, are the anecdotes, first-hand from one who, as a child at St. Helena, knew the great Napoleon Bonaparte, and, regarding him as a playfellow, lost all awe of the man who had swayed the destinies of the world. These stories transport one to an age which to us, who have passed through the fiery ordeal of the World War (with its curious power to set a great gulf between us and all that happened before it), seems indeed remote! In reading them we realise that after all it is not so *very* long ago; for it may well be that the children of Napoleon's little "playfellow" are still alive. In this connection it seems also curious to us to find Fanny Anne Burney writing of Napoleon's brother, Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland, that "no one seems to have anything save good to say of him."

Now to speak of Mrs. Wood's attitude towards her famous kinswoman's literary work, in her *Diary and Letters*.

Considering that the Burneys were never slow to appreciate any achievement or triumph on the part of a member of their family—this is evident in Fanny d'Arblay's perfectly naïve record of the often exuberant compliments showered on herself, and in the value which she places on any praise accorded, even casually, to any of her relatives, and on any appreciation shown of their

merits—it is strange to find that her great-niece was not a very fervent admirer of her aunt's work.

What was the feeling which prompted the irritable outburst which Fanny No. 2 confided to the pages of her Journal, when in 1842 there appeared the first volume of the *Diary and Letters* of Fanny No. 1? It is hard to say.

Being herself so assiduous a diarist, Mrs. Wood cannot have had any objection to the practice in itself, after all common enough at that date. Did she perhaps find the occupation so absorbing that in her zeal to record all her own impressions she really lost sight of the importance of the publication which was to live to be ranked with "the great diaries of literature"? How was it that she took no notice of Croker's spiteful attack on Mme. d'Arblay in the *Quarterly*, nor of Lord Macaulay's famous retort in the *Edinburgh Review*?

For beyond giving her opinion of the *Diary and Letters*, briefly enough and after a hurried reading, Mrs. Wood is silent, although she does just register her occasional visits to "Aunt Fanny." One would have expected these to be marked as red-letter days,—have imagined that the niece would have felt the charm of the gentle old widowed lady, who, though frail and delicate as ever, and with failing eyesight, was still animated if withal demure,—doubtless, too, fun-loving and "discerning." And one would have looked to find Fanny Wood enchanted with the picturesque sprightly language and the humour¹ with which the people who move through the pages of Fanny Burney's *Early Diary* are presented; to find her lingering over the character sketches, to read and re-read them, enthralled because

¹ " *Evelina* is the one great comic novel which appeared between Smollet and Jane Austen. . . . Miss Burney had observed the droll and farcical side of life with great acumen, and the frank laughter which her pages inspired was indescribably welcome after the tear-inspiring episodes of the Sensibility School." (*Eighteenth Century Literature*, p. 361, Edmund Gosse.)

these were the thoughts of "Daddy Crisp's Fannikin," of Doctor Johnson's "Little Character-monger"; of whom Sir Walter Scott remarked (after his first visit to her), "I hope to see again this lady of amiable simple manners and apparently quick feelings"; of whom Disraeli wrote, "She is my staunchest admirer, the most discerning appreciator of my *Contarini*"; and to whom, in her declining days, Samuel Rogers paid frequent visits.¹

If nothing in the literary genius of the elder Fanny appealed to the younger, yet there was much besides calculated to arouse her keen interest and sympathy. Mme. d'Arblay's association (not so long before) with the difficult life of the French *émigré* (her husband) returned to his own country, had placed her in the thick of agonising political convulsions following on those breathless days in Brussels before the victory of Waterloo put an end to the heroic military struggle. She had felt the heart-throbs of the great new movements, as men reached out desperately through the reek of blood and smoke towards fresh ideals, seeking to follow new and insistent voices.

In her allusions to her famous old kinswoman, Mrs. Wood gives no hint of ever having conversed with her, or heard her talk on those topics, nor, as has been already said, is there any reference to the narrative of the Hundred Days, which was published with the *Diary and Letters* in 1842. Yet it is a stirring narrative enough!

It is possible that the appearance of the *Diary and Letters* came in some sort as a blow to Fanny Anne Wood—that in the recesses of her reserved Burney soul there lurked the feeling that this book was snatching away from her something to which she herself had, almost unconsciously, aspired! Did she, ardent nocturnal scribbler that she was, cherish, deep-hidden in her heart, a never-breathed inarticulate longing for appreciation, publication! and so did it strike her as a trifle unfair that the

¹ *Fanny Burney*, p. 204, Austin Dobson.

memory of an old lady—dead these two years—should be revived anew, to be crowned with fresh laurels? After all, had she not received more than her share of adulation and recognition nigh on two generations ago?

If somebody (who had borne her name) should desire some day to give her Journals to the world, certainly this much-talked-of book would act as a spoil-sport, for who in the world, having waded through Aunt Fanny's interminable and tedious pages—(and whatever the literary folk chose to say, were they not both?)—would have the courage to embark on another series of journals by another member of the family?

As to this last view of the d'Arblay diaries, Hogg, in his life of Shelley, gives "an amusing account of Mme. d'Arblay's voluble and egotistical conversation, and of her powers of exaggeration,—in fact he makes her out to be an intolerable bore."¹

Perhaps her great-niece shared Hogg's sentiments, but was too deferential to say so!

It is not possible for us to know whether some such thoughts prompted Mrs. Wood to show herself in a light apparently at variance with her natural disposition. Motives may, and do, exist, all unsuspected even by those whose actions they modify, and one can only reflect that human nature, even in those whose consciences are most sensitively regulated, remains ever abundantly human,—and often mysterious.

They make good reading, these old Journals of Mrs. Wood's, covering twenty-five years of a very fairly varied life, from the year 1830, when she was a girl under her father's roof at Greenwich, to the year 1855.

They are so vivid, so full of local colour, and give so faithful a picture of the life which the author led with her good Scots husband, of their devotion to their only child (another Fanny), and of their affectionate relations

¹ *English Diarists from the Sixteenth to the Twentieth Century*: "Fanny Burney." By Arthur Ponsonby.

with the family and with their friends. All through they are full of that childlike quality, and delight in the spontaneous expression of it, which enabled the writer to bring to each new day "a shining morning face," in her sheer *joie de vivre*. "This was a very happy day";—"I enjoyed this extremely";—"An exceedingly agreeable evening";—entries such as these abound. (The days had not as yet come when it was considered a mark of superiority to admire nothing and nobody, and to criticise rather than to enjoy.)

Scattered through the Journals are charming touches—such as the story of a moonlight night in Madeira, when "we moored the boat to the rocks and clambered up to a cave in the cliff, where four of us, myself included, danced a Quadrille. . . . the rest of the party acting as a Band of Musicians and whistling for us."

Certainly Fanny Wood, with her happy knack of "treading blithely" and with "undecaying gladness," did crowd into her short life more light-hearted enjoyment than falls to the lot of those not gifted with so radiant a spirit.

In her Journals the interest is always sustained, kept alive by her enthusiasm. When daily events failed to produce material (as during long visits to her father, Archdeacon Burney's Essex Rectories), then tales of the countryside, folk-lore, and stories of old county families are requisitioned and turned to good account; for, like Fanny Burney, writing Fanny Wood must be; and even though material be to seek, her courage and industry never give out. Two of her Journals are actually concerned almost entirely with the weather!—notes on temperature, on the seasons, agriculture, trees, gardens, etc. (perhaps Mr. White of Selborne inspired these).

Two traits, predominant in these Diaries, seem worth noting, although they are not such as are just now much admired of a public eager for a rending of the veil of decent reserve and well-bred reticence, more especially in memoirs, journals, and the like. One of these is the

author's reserve, notably in family matters—(the Editor must confess to a certain disappointment on coming upon pages irrevocably glued together, or blotted out in a style which could give points to the method adopted in the famous War-time Censor's Office!) Doubtless the exquisite sensitiveness of those days imposed silence on matters which were held as too sacred to write about in one's diary, but which (at any rate to a writer's descendants) would be of deep interest.

The other dominant note is charity, controlling a keenly critical spirit, prompting to a ready appreciation of the merits and talents of others, and to generosity in giving them their due; always, be it observed, except in the case of certain diarists and memoir-writers—Mrs. Wood is even more severe over Sarah, Lady Blessington's Journal than over that of her own kinswoman!

With Mr. Addison, in the *Spectator*, we can say to-day what he said of his own day—"The world has grown free and easy . . . the great revolution in the article of good-breeding has happened, rendering it infamous. Our manners sit loose upon us. . . . In a word, good-breeding shows itself most where to an ordinary eye it appears the least."¹

There are many persons who revel in this "world grown free and easy," which appears to them a more pleasant place than when it was under the sway of old-fashioned "good manners." To them Mrs. Wood's "deferences," "reserves," "complaisance" and refinement will scarcely appeal; they will find "too great a constraint" in them, and will vote them troublesome.

But to some they will surely be refreshing, serving to recall the days when good manners were still held to indicate a certain nobility of heart, and the time-honoured barriers imposed by them had not given way before a high tide of vulgarity.

M. S. ROLT.

¹ *Spectator*, 1846.

NOTES ON THE
JOURNAL OF A RESIDENCE IN
MADEIRA

(Pp. 174-303 of Text)

“ Oh, Madeira, Madeira ! thou gem of the Ocean,
thou Paradise of the Atlantic.

I have no heart to take up my pen
to write of the days of Enchantment
which I have spent in thee !

They were days intercalated in the year of common reality,
ethereal moments islanded like thyself
in the vast sea of time ! ”

(*Six Months in the West Indies*, p. 8,
by Henry Coleridge.)

NOTES

THIS little account of the discovery of Madeira, partly historical, partly legendary, occurs at the *end* of the Journal on Madeira; in reality it is more suitable and useful at the beginning, for which reason I insert it here, as there are frequent references to the facts narrated in it throughout this Journal.

“The group of Islands known as “the Madeiras” are said to have been first discovered by the Phoenicians at some very early period, but there is no sufficient evidence of this.¹

It is also probable that the archipelago was explored, prior to the fourteenth century, by Genoese adventurers, and then forgotten.

About the year 1370 (in the reign of Edward III. in England, and John I. in Portugal), a pair of English Lovers, famed by their misfortunes, landed on the Island of Madeira (then not named). According to tradition their story is as follows :—A youth called Robert Machin, or à Machim, became desperately enamoured of a high-born damsel called Anna d’Arfet, and she returned his affections. The Lady’s friends, thinking her lover beneath her in rank, married her to a Nobleman of suitable connections and wealth (whom she detested), and they

¹ “Pliny mentions certain ‘Purple’ or Mauretanian Islands, the position of which with reference to the Canaries or ‘Fortunate Islands’ might seem to indicate the Madeiras.” (Art. “Madeira,” *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 9th edn.)

contrived to get the ill-starred Machin thrown into prison. When the marriage was consummated the Husband carried his wife down to a Castle near Bristol, and the Lover was restored to liberty. He made such good use of it that he succeeded in getting word, through one of his followers, to Anna, that he wanted her to meet and fly with him. Anna gladly acceded to this, and accompanied Robert's messenger to the place of rendezvous; and they all set sail in a small vessel. A great storm arose and they were driven about during thirteen days. When they perceived land, they discovered it to be a beautiful uninhabited island. Full of hope and delight they landed at the spot now called "Machico." On the fourth day after this a violent gale carried their vessel out to sea, leaving them without any means of escape. Their joy thus was short-lived, for being weak and exhausted from the fatigues and miseries of the voyage, the fair Anna soon succumbed; and her faithful and disconsolate lover only survived her a few days. By Machin's request the survivors laid the pair of hapless Lovers in one grave under a large tree, and put up a tall Cedar Cross as a monument to them, which was religiously preserved for years. The survivors left the Island in an open boat, and being driven upon the Barbary Coast were captured as slaves by the Moors. One of their fellow-prisoners, a Spaniard named Juan de Morales (or Troa d'Amores), was presently ransomed, but in returning to Spain he was captured by João Gonsalvez Zargo (the Portuguese Navigator), who carried him to Lisbon. Now Juan (or Troa) remembered the tale told him by the followers of poor Robert and repeated it to Zargo, who in his turn made it known to the King's son, Dom Henry of Portugal, himself an ardent Navigator. Juan de Morales was a Pilot of Seville, so no doubt the tale of an unexplored Island had struck his imagination; and he certainly passed it on to those who were likely to investigate it.

Dom Henry the Infante¹ persuaded his father to fit out a Ship in which to explore the island, and the command was given to Zargo, who set out in June 1419.

Arrived at the isle of Porto Santo he found it inhabited by settlers under one Bartholomeo Perestrello, who informed him that the large dark shape they sometimes saw on the horizon to the Westward was a land not to be approached because there resided Demons and Evil Spirits. (Porto Santo lies twenty-five miles west of Madeira.)

Nothing daunted, the Portuguese sailors continued their voyage, and speedily made Madeira, landing on July 2nd at the spot called "Machico" (where stood the Monument erected to the hapless English Lovers). Zargo took possession of the Island in the name of King John I. of Portugal, and finding it completely covered with noble timber he christened it "Mattera" (Wood), (Latin, *Materia*); hence, "Madeira."

Two Priests went ashore with the Captain, and said Mass in the hollow trunk of a huge Tree; the Burial Service was read over the grave of the Lovers, and a little Chapel was built on the spot, the great tree beside

¹ "The Prince never gave over his endeavours of Discoverie till he discovered the Celestiall Jerusalem, which happened the thirteenth of Nov. 1463, forty-three yeeres after Madera had been escryed: in all which time his Travell succeeded no further than from Majadore to Sierre Liona, 1110 miles space, in neere 50 yeeres continued cares and costs. So hard a thing is it to discover. An argument of patience to our Moderne Discoverers, which are readie to murmure, and almost to mutinie, if new Worlds drop not into their mouths at the first voyage." (*Purchas his Pilgrimes, or Hakluytus Posthumus*, vol. ii. pp. 14, 15. Glasgow: James Mac-Lehose & Sons.)

"The Portugalls were, both at home and abroad, indebted to the English; but in nothing more than that English lady" (of the line of John of Gaunt) "whose third Sonne, Don Henry, was the true founder of the Greatnesse, not of Portugal alone, but of the whole Christian World, in Marine affaires, and especially of these Heroicke endeavours of the English (whose flesh and blood he was)." (*Purchas his Pilgrimes*, vol. ii. pp. 10, 14, 15.)

the Cross being cut down to furnish wood, while the bones of the Lovers were, it is said, used as pavement for the Choir. Dom Henry was Grand Master of the Order of Christ,¹ to which the King now dedicated the island, formally adding it to his dominions.

Dom Henry colonized the island, with the aid of his Knights and the sanction of the Pope ; King John, as the work proceeded, granting two Charters (1430 and 1433). He divided the island into two "Capitaincyos" or districts, which were given to Zargo, the Discoverer, and his companion, Tritao Vas Texeira. To the latter was given Machico and the North of the Island, and Funchal and the South and West parts fell to the former.

From these two Captains are descended some of the best families in Madeira, and, under the title of "Donatorios," they continued to govern their respective districts until 1580, when Madeira and Portugal itself were united with Spain. A Governor was then appointed (Don Agostinho Herrera), and the island has remained under this form of government ever since, although under Portugal. The Donatorio of Machico reverted to the Crown before the union with Spain through default of heirs, but was given by the King to Antonio da Silva de Menezes ; that of Funchal is still the property of the descendants of Zargo, represented by the Conde da Calheita and the Marquis de Castello Melhor, who enjoy the revenues attached to the title of Donatorio ; viz. the tenths of the Government tenths ("redécimo.")

In Zargo's day the island was so overgrown with timber-trees that he set fire to the Forest, which burned for *seven* years without their being able to extinguish it. At length the fire reached the Valley near which the

¹ This Order was instituted, on the abolition of the Order of Knights Templars, to do battle with the Mahommedans. Prince Henry was enabled by means of the funds of the Order to give great impetus to maritime exploration and to persevere in it.

Colonists had established themselves, and they were forced to take refuge in their Boats. Before this the cultivation of the land was impossible.

The English sent troops to Madeira in 1801, but they left it in the following year; in 1807 it surrendered to General Beresford, and the English standard was hoisted on the Fortress. In 1808 the Island was restored and the Portuguese flag was again erected, but it continued to be garrisoned by our troops till 1814."

NOTE ON THE POLITICAL AND RELIGIOUS CONDITION OF
PORTUGAL AND MADEIRA AT THE TIME OF COLONEL
AND MRS. WOOD'S VISIT.

In 1834 Liberalism and the revolutionary, anti-clerical ideas reigned supreme. The Jesuits were expelled by the all-powerful Pombal. With them society suffered great loss in the matter of the patriotic and religious spirit, which they had inculcated and fostered in their colleges. Pombal waged severe war on the nobility of Portugal; the sectarian Government did all in their power to render the clergy odious to the people, and relations with Rome were interrupted. (Later on Decrees were passed depriving the Bishops of freedom of action and limiting their powers.)

Gradually the ecclesiastical offices were filled with persons chosen because they would fall in with the policy of Ministers in Office; then Bishops, unmindful of their duty, ordained priests in masses who were often incapable as well as unworthy; actually more than one parish priest was "improvized" and exercised priestly functions without Ordination! And neither from Clergy nor people came any protest!

Thus it was a time of demoralization both in public religion and morality, and the way was prepared for demagogues of the most revolutionary type. In spite of the efforts of various intrepid ecclesiastics (among

whom was Mgr., later Cardinal, Vannutelli), there took place that gradual loosening of all that made for self-discipline and morality among the people, and the decline of religion, which Mrs. Wood remarked. The zenith was reached with the establishment of the "diabolical régime" in 1910, from which Portugal has not yet emancipated herself.¹

In 1834 the Friars and Monks had been expelled from Madeira, the Government assuming control of the Monasteries. The Nuns were allowed to remain and die out, however. This in part explains the extraordinary conditions which evidently obtained in the Convents visited by Mrs. Wood.

¹Vide *The Church in Portugal: the Portuguese Crisis from the religious point of view*," by Revd. C. Torrend, S.J., translated by Rev. O. Kellett, S.J.; published by the Catholic Truth Society, London.

THE JOURNALS OF
FANNY ANNE WOOD

1830-1842

EDITOR'S NOTE

*Throughout the Journals Mrs. Wood's
punctuation and orthography have been
as far as possible retained.*

JOURNAL No. I. 1830.

ON Friday, the 25th of June, 1830, we left Greenwich at eleven o'Clock in the morning, and reached Margate between seven and eight o'Clock in the evening; we found Mr. Consul Curling and his friend Mr. Hollis awaiting our arrival at Wright's Hotel. During the night of the 25th we had a very violent Thunderstorm, and the weather appeared to promise very ill for our voyage on the following morning

Saturday, 26th June, 1830.

After breakfast we prepared to embark on board the Ostend Packet, but we had scarcely reached the Pier before we were frightened back by the intelligence that the boiler of the Steamboat had burst, and the engine required three hours to repair the damage. At one o'Clock we made a second attempt to embark, but were again disappointed, as the boiler burst a second time, and the Captain informed us that it was impossible to start on that day in this crazy old vessel, as she was in such a state that it would not be safe to go to sea in her. This point settled, a council of war was held, and it was decided that less time would be lost by waiting at Margate for the "Earl of Liverpool" Steam Packet, which would stop in the evening for passengers, then by proceeding to Dover, and going from thence by the first Packet to Calais. Our resolution once taken, we resolved to employ our day in the most agreeable manner possible; Papa, Mr. Curling and Mr. Hollis went over

to Ramsgate to pay a few visits, while Mama, my sister and myself staid at the Hôtel. The afternoon was beautiful, and we amused ourselves in watching the arrival of the motley groups from the Steam Packet, and certainly never were seen more entertaining specimens of London fashions and gentility.

At half-past seven o’Clock in the evening we bade adieu to our kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Munne, and embarked on board the “Earl of Liverpool” Packet about eight o’Clock, having been obliged to row some distance from the shore before we reached the Vessel.

The last London Packet had brought the intelligence (which had been so long expected) of the death of George IV. All the flags and colours were immediately hoisted half-mast high; we were the first who carried the news of the King’s death into the Netherlands. Upon reaching the Steam Packet we found Frederick and Robert Wrench, two old pupils of Papa’s, on board, and learned with much pleasure that they intended pursuing the same route as ourselves.

The fine white cliffs, the handsome new Church, and the town and Pier of Margate looked very striking as we receded from the shore, for the sun, which was setting magnificently, shed a beautiful mellow light upon the whole scene. The moon rose splendidly, and we had a very pleasant passage over, although the night was cold, but having wrapped ourselves up in cloaks, shawls and blankets, we preferred staying on deck all night to a narrow berth in a hot cabin. Some of the party composed themselves to sleep, but Mr. Curling would not let my sister or myself close our eyes, as he said that a heavy dew fell and we should probably catch cold if we attempted to sleep. I was fain therefore to while away the weary hours, which certainly did appear very long and tedious, by talking; somewhat, I fear—as I afterwards discovered—to the annoyance of a worthy old gentleman, who had established himself *underneath* a

bench opposite me, where he rolled backwards and forwards to the imminent danger of our feet and his own head. The poor unhappy man had never been at sea before, he was very unwell and vainly endeavoured to sleep, the motion of the vessel rendered such happy forgetfulness of his miseries impossible. I really pitied him, but it was impossible to avoid smiling at the ludicrous manner in which he gave vent to his sorrows. Mr. Curling, moved with compassion at his condition, and hearing his deep-drawn sighs and groans, offered him a cigar and some brandy and water (which was in his estimation the climax of delight), but the unhappy voyager made no farther reply than a long groan, and then rolling on his side, uttered "curses both loud and deep" on the horrors of the sea and of Steam Packets. The old gentleman really looked more like a small whale than a human being, as he lay tossing and rolling and floundering under the bench, wrapped up in a long, large dark boat cloak. Poor old man! it was very cruel doubtless, but I believe he proved a source of entertainment to all near him. Once when I was seated on the seat under which he was lying, he suddenly rose up, and to my great astonishment, nearly succeeded in carrying me off on his back; a sudden spring however saved me the inconvenience of trying the merits of this new kind of conveyance.

At half-past three o'Clock in the morning of Sunday, the 27th of June, we landed at the miserable seaport of Ostend, which is situated in a deep morass, and intersected in every direction by canals. The town is strongly fortified towards the sea, and appears to be a place of great strength. During the time that Ostend was in the possession of the French,¹ a body of English troops landed here, and destroyed the sluices of the Bruges Canal, and damaged the works; but before they

¹ At the end of the Reign of Terror in the French Revolution, Belgium was occupied by the French, who did much damage. (1794-1814.)

could re-embark the wind changed and they were all made prisoners of war.

We proceeded on foot to the "Rose d'Angleterre," an old-fashioned Flemish hotel.

To our inexperienced eyes all the houses in the maze of streets which we threaded appeared exactly alike; they were all painted pink, green and white, and all resembled those in the last street through which we had passed. We became quite bewildered and almost gave up the attempt in despair (thinking that it would be better to return to Papa), when Mr. Curling released us from the embarrassment and offered to chaperon us. At the Hotel we amused ourselves, while waiting for our coffee, by watching the women going to early morning Mass. They are mostly very plain, and many are much marked with the small-pox. Their long black Spanish cloaks and mob-caps give them a sombre demure look, very different to the gay picturesque appearance of the French peasants, whose variously coloured dresses add much to the striking effect of a French town.

Although it was not yet five o'clock we followed some of the inhabitants to a large church, where were many Nun-like figures assembled to hear Mass. On the outside of the church was affixed a representation of the horrible punishments of Purgatory; this exhibition convinced me of the fact that I really stood on foreign ground, for so rapid had been our voyage that I seemed to be labouring under some delusion when I looked around me.

The Harbour of Ostend is I believe considered one of the first in Europe, but it can only be entered at high water, when ships of burden may approach the town.¹ The lighthouse was built by Napoleon.²

¹ The Bassin de Chasse, with its massive gates, was constructed with a view to sweeping away the sandbanks at the mouth of the harbour; the wave is confined within it at high-tide, and allowed suddenly to escape at low-tide.

² Doubtless the "Ancien Phare" and not the "Nouveau Phare,"

In 1601 Ostend sustained a siege which lasted upwards of three years, and in which 50,000 of the inhabitants and 80,000 of the besieging Spaniards fell by famine and sword.¹

Many English families reside in Ostend and there is a Protestant Church in the place ; but the whole population does not exceed 10,000.

Before ten o'clock our carriage arrived, and afforded us much entertainment, for surely never were mortals before incarcerated in such a vehicle. It resembled nothing so much as a large English waggon, with seats all round the inside, and a board in front for the driver ; windows or apertures it had none save the Hole in front through which we crept to our places in the interior of our carriage. From the peculiar construction of this vehicle all our luggage must necessarily be packed inside, so that when the goods and chattels of eight people had been stowed away under the seats and on the seats, not much room was left for the reception of our valuable personages. With a considerable portion of ingenuity, however, we at last contrived to accommodate the whole party, and when the "Conducteur" set his unwieldy waggon in motion certainly never was seen since the days of John Gilpin and his spouse such a ludicrous sight as our happy party presented. We all laughed immoderately at the novelty of the situation, which also appeared to afford much entertainment to all the peasants, boys and girls whom we met on the road. The distance from Ostend to Bruges appeared immoderately long ; the which is now one of the sights of Ostend, with its wonderful lantern and arrangements by which the light is enormously intensified.

¹Ostend only surrendered to the Spanish General Spinola (thus ending the siege) when ordered to do so by the States-General. Isabel of Austria accompanied her husband (Albert, the son of the Emperor Maximilian II.) to this siege, for the Sovereignty of the Low Countries was part of her dowry ; she swore not to change her linen till the place fell. As the siege lasted three years, her linen became of that hue since called in French "fauve."

interminable canals are worse than even the long avenues of trees in France.

Having been recommended to the Hotel de Commerce at Bruges we immediately drove thither, and having ordered an early dinner proceeded to the Cathedral named after the Patron Saint, St. Donato.¹ It is a fine old Gothic building, but the beautiful Church of Notre-Dame (the steeple of which serves as a land-mark for vessels approaching Ostend) is much more interesting to the traveller, as it contains the two magnificent tombs of Charles the Bold and his daughter Mary of Burgundy, governess of the Low Countries.

These splendid monuments² are covered with gilt copper, and are highly emblazoned; as they would be

¹ There is a confusion here between the Cathedral of Bruges, which is dedicated to St. Sauveur, and the old Collegiate Church of St. Donatian (Patron Saint of the city), which was destroyed by French Revolutionary soldiers in 1799. The works of art in the Church were dispersed or ruined, but the relics were all transferred to the Sacristy of St. Sauveur, which Church was erected into the Cathedral. (*Vide The Cities of Belgium*, by Grant Allen, in the "Historical Guides Series." Grant Richards.)

² Mary's tomb was executed by Pieter de Beckers of Brussels in 1495-1502, aided by five others. The Duke's tomb is an imitation of his daughter's, and was erected in 1556 by his descendant, Philip the Second, who paid Jongelinx of Antwerp a very large sum to execute the work. It was the Duke's great-grandson, the Emperor Charles V., who brought the remains of the Duke hither from Nancy, before which town Charles the Bold had met his death, on Epiphany night 1477. Philip de Commines sums up the last scene of Charles the Bold and the conspiracy against him of Count de Campo-Basso. "When the battle was joyn'd the Burgundian forces were quickly broken and entirely defeated. . . . One M. Claude of Bausmort, Captain of the Castle of Dier in Lorraine, killed the Duke of Burgundy, who having mounted a swift horse, was endeavouring to swim the little river, but his horse fell and overset him. . . . This gentleman, following in pursuit, killed and stripped him, not knowing who he was, and left him naked in the ditch, where next day his body was found . . . which the Duke of Lorraine (to his eternal honour), buried with great pomp and magnificence in St. George's Church, in the old town of Nancy."

injured by exposure to the atmosphere, they are kept carefully covered except when strangers express a wish to see them. One of the officers of this church concealed the rich ornaments of these tombs during the Revolution, naturally fearing that they might be plundered in that period of anarchy; the circumstances becoming known, he was proscribed, and a large sum of money was offered for his head; he escaped the popular vengeance and was afterwards rewarded by Napoleon,¹ who repaired these monuments and that of the Grandmother of the Empress Maria Louisa.

Bruges is intersected by canals, and it is asserted that this city is better supplied with water than any other place in the Netherlands. The water at Ostend is so bad that the inhabitants are obliged to carry water from Bruges. The views of the city from the banks of some of the canals are remarkably picturesque.

Although the trade and commerce of Bruges have

(*Vide* note to Sir Walter Scott's *Anne of Geierstein*, quoting Communes, bk. v. chap. 9.)

The words on the tomb—"Je l'ay empris, bien en avienge" (I have made the venture; may it prosper!)—were the Emperor's own motto.

¹ "When on his visit to Bruges in 1810, Napoleon also saved the old Church of St. Basil from utter decay. The Septembriseurs of the time of the French Revolution had sated their fury on the building.

"Until the year 1796, the Monument of Mary of Burgundy, as well as that of her father, stood in the chancel of Notre-Dame, just over the vault which still contains their ashes. In order to preserve these treasures from the French Revolutionists, Peter de Zitter, the parish beadle, assisted by a stone-mason, dismounted them and secretly carried their fragments to a house hard by the Church. The Republicans, balked thus of a rich booty, vented their spleen on the Ducal Sepulchre, broke it open, wrenched the lids off the coffins, and scattered the bones of Charles and Mary on the pavement. Ten years after (1806) the fragments were brought forth from their hiding-place, and the monuments were erected in the chapel where they now stand." (*Bruges*, in "Medieval Towns Series.")

been much impaired, it still maintains an air of decaying grandeur, which renders it perhaps more interesting to a stranger's eye than if it appeared in all its former greatness. In days of yore Bruges must have held a proud and distinguished place amongst the Flemish cities.¹ It reached

¹ In the first half of the fifteenth century, the Dukes of Burgundy held their courts at Bruges, and retained a brilliant colony of artists in the city. (Jan van Eyck was court-painter to Philippe le Bon, Duke of Burgundy.)

"They also impressed on the country a character of chivalry and romance, and the Court was high in fame for lofty daring and gallant grace of chivalric emprise. In the year 1468, Charles, Duke of Burgundy (who was named 'the Bold,' son of Philippe le Bon), married Margaret, the sister of the English King Edward IV. The banquets and balls which testified to the general joy were varied by a martial exercise called 'The Passage of the Tree of Gold.' It was held in the Market Place at Bruges, which on that occasion exchanged its wonted appearance for one of chivalric gaiety." (*The History of Chivalry*, by Charles Mills, Esq., London, MDCCCXXVI. Vol. ii. page 215.)

Charles Mills also quotes—from the Lansdowne MSS. in the British Museum, No. 285, Art. 41—the story of a "high Festival" given by the Duke of Burgundy in 1462, which witnesses to the prowess with which Belgium discharged the offices of courtesy even when the Sun of Chivalry was nearly set. (*Idem*, p. 353-4.)

"Feasts, Joyous Entries, Banquets, Jousts,—yet the people were ground down by taxes. . . . Bruges in particular had to pay dearly for the privilege of being governed by the House of Burgundy. . . . Philip the Bold borrowed from the townsfolk to pay his return journey after his wedding festivities. . . . But the tales of splendour, bursts of extravagance and unrivalled magnificence have a sombre setting ! for heads rot on the Belfry Tower, and the people are in the grip of famine and pestilence." (Review of Professor Otto Castellierii's *Pageants at the Court of Burgundy*. "Times Literary Supplement," Feb. 15, 1923.)

As to the great prosperity of Bruges in the fourteenth century, it is said that trading companies from seventeen different kingdoms had settled there ; while twenty foreign Ministers resided there. Richly laden vessels from Venice, Genoa, and Constantinople discharged their cargoes there, and the magazines of the city of Bruges were groaning beneath the weight of English wool, Flemish linen, and Persian silk.

The series of MSS. in the Bibliothèque Royale at Brussels, which

its height of glory and prosperity under the dominion of Philip the Good, who at that period was a powerful and magnificent monarch. He rendered this city the centre of European commerce. As a proof of its splendour in those, its golden days, it is related that when Philippe le Bel paid a visit to the city of Bruges in 1301, he exclaimed, "I thought that I was the only King in Flanders, but there are a hundred Kings here."¹

Although the commerce of Bruges is so much impaired, it still has manufactures of earthenware, woollen cloths, lace, etc., etc.; 4000 persons are employed in the lace factories.

The Hôtel de Ville is considered a fine Gothic building; it contains a beautiful set of *Carillons*² or Chimes, which play a different air every half-hour. The labour of playing these Carillons is so excessive that the Carillonneur, or player, is often obliged, it is said, to retire to bed after having played for an hour or two, which is often done in large towns for the amusement of the inhabitants, who are passionately fond of their chimes. The Carillons have a pleasing musical sound, and when they are softened by distance, have sometimes a beautiful effect. I was very much pleased with them, but one of our party, Mr. Hollis, voted them dreadful and insisted

are part of the "sumptuous Library" of the last Flemish Counts, exhibit the great skill of the men who wrote and adorned them, as well as the wonders of the festivities held in the towns of Flanders in the fifteenth century.

¹ Another version of this story puts nearly the same words into the mouth of Joanna of Castile ("the mad"), wife of Philippe le Bel, who, on seeing the sumptuous dress of the people of Bruges, is said to have exclaimed: "I imagined myself alone to be the Queen, but I see here hundreds of persons whose attire vies with my own."

² Of all the famous bells in Belgium, "Cloche Roland," in the Belfrey at Ghent, is the most celebrated; it is only to be heard when announcing death or war

upon maintaining that the Carillons were out of tune.¹ I cannot say that we discovered the defect.

John van Eyck,² the inventor of oil-painting, was born at Bruges ; we were shown his tomb and two of his paintings (which appeared to my eye strange daubs) in the Cathedral.³ One of these was executed in 1430, the other in 1439 : they are therefore great curiosities from

¹ As for the Carillon of Bruges, no more beautiful description could be given than that written by M. Camille Lemonnier in his *Chanson du Carillon*, where he likens the chimes to "une pluie d'étoiles, une cascade de cristaux et de pierreries. L'averse des trilles du carillon s'écroulait, plongeait aux eaux du canal . . . et puis dans la nuit . . . c'était encore une fois le silence, le mélodieux silence de Bruges." (Chap. xxxvi. p. 277.)

The Carillon of Malines (the largest in the world until 1923, when Mr. J. Rockfeller, junr., installed fifty-three bells in the tower of a New York church) is, during the summer months, played on by Jef Denyn, the Master Carillonneur, who gives concerts on this carillon between nine and ten in the evening ; the weird, unearthly and ineffably beautiful music floating out from the high tower beside the Cathedral and down through the night sky, seems to belong to some other sphere.

The Master performs at Malines because the Carillon of Brussels is too much out of tune for him to play on it.

² That Jan van Eyck died at Bruges in 1440 is certain—his burial-place is now, as a rule, stated to be "uncertain." But Grant Allen, in his *Cities of Belgium*, states that "he was laid to rest in the cloister of St. Donatian's Church, which was situated in the Place du Bourg (the focus of the life of Bruges), near the old Palace of the Counts of Flanders, destroyed also. In the square is a statue of Jan van Eyck and a tree which he planted."

³ It is possible that these two paintings met with the same fate as befell Jan van Eyck's "Madonna and Child" (acquired from Mr. C. Weld-Blundell in 1923 for the Melbourne Art Gallery), which was found to be covered "with a crackled surface"—successfully removed by experts. This would account for Miss Burney's lack of appreciation. It must be remembered that the Pre-Raphaelite "Brotherhood," with its study of the Flemish Schools of painting, was not yet inaugurated in 1830, and that Crowe and Cavalcaselle's *Early Flemish Painting* only appeared in 1867. Probably, therefore, the Burneys knew little or nothing of the excellence and importance of van Eyck's work.

their antiquity. Having despatched a hasty dinner, our party proceeded to Ghent, in another covered waggon, and reached that noble city late in the evening, or rather I believe I ought to say at midnight, for I think the clock had told the hour of twelve before our arrival. Ghent being a fortified city the Gates are of course closed after dark, and travellers who enter the city after a certain hour pay a toll at the Barrier. Of this circumstance Mr. Curling, our Purveyor, Secretary and Interpreter, was not aware, and when the porter demanded the accustomed toll, our good friend the Consul (who had an Englishman's dread of being imposed upon) steadily refused to comply with the demand, believing it to be an imposition. The porter, who was a Fleming, did not understand a syllable of any other language, consequently all Mr. Curling's eloquence was thrown away upon him: the poor Consul understood about as much Flemish as I do Latin, and his whole Belgic vocabulary may perhaps contain ten or twelve words, which unhappily had no reference to the subject. Mr. Curling then addressed his antagonist in French, Dutch, German, English, Latin and Italian, calling to his aid all the different languages which he had collected on his travels. The unhappy Fleming at length became passionate in his demand, and in proportion as he waxed warm Mr. Curling's wrath also increased; during the debate the younger part of our party consisting of the two Wrenches, Mr. Hollis, my sister and myself were really convulsed with laughter at this ludicrous scene. Mama was, I believe, more inclined to be frightened than to laugh, and Papa was scarcely awake. The porter at length called his wife to his aid, but she, good lady, although quite as noisy as her *caro sposo*, was equally unsuccessful in restoring peace: the enraged man at last lost all patience, and fetching a lantern, unfastened the door of our vehicle, let down the steps, and putting his foot on one of them thrust his head and lantern inside, and deliberately surveyed the party.

At this the Consul raved at the man's impertinence, but we only laughed more immoderately than ever, although I certainly thought the adventure would end in our being sent to the guard house for the night, which might not have suited the taste of some of us.

During this long altercation the noise was so great, that not one of the party either heard or saw our "Conducteur," who was standing on the other side, with his head in at the window, imploring us in his best French to listen to him. I accidentally turned my head towards him, when he immediately explained that the demand was just and that we must pay it, before the Gates could be opened to us, as it was past midnight. This intelligence silenced all parties, the toll was payed at once, and we were permitted to pass the fortifications, although Mr. Curling I believe maintained to the last that it was an imposition.

We were not sorry to retire to rest, after two days and nights of travelling and sight-seeing, for we had not been to bed since eight o'Clock on Saturday morning, which made our *day* between fifty-three and fifty-four hours in length (to me it appeared a week, so much of interest had passed during that short space of time). On our journey from Bruges to Ghent we stopped to take some coffee at the town of Edloo, and at this place a curious scene took place between Mr. Curling and the landlady of the Hôtel, who was a very stout ugly old Flemish woman. She brought Mr. Curling for his supper a piece of *tongue* (which looked as if it had been smoked and dried in the year 1800) in her fingers, and cut it, slice by slice, in the same delicate manner, and observed that she always cut this tongue herself, and never gave it to any but favoured visitors. Mr. Curling affected to be much pleased with the lady's politeness, but I believe some of the party could hardly conceal their disgust at this mode of carving. Papa or one of the Wrenches challenged the Consul jokingly to salute Madam. He immediately agreed to

the proposal, and signified his intentions to the lady, but she, with a becoming modesty, never sufficiently to be admired, observed that "Madame" (pointing to me) "would be *jalouse*." Finding that the good woman had thus dubbed me "Mrs. Consul Curling" I determined to keep up the joke, and replied, that she need not be under any apprehensions on my account, for I promised not to be jealous. Still she demurred, and at length, after some hesitation, proposed to transfer the expected honour to her daughter, who stood bridling and smiling and blushing behind us; but the Consul refusing to accede to these terms, and the lady remaining firm in her determination to decline the proffered distinction, we were obliged to depart before poor Mr. Curling could induce *Madame notre hôte* to relent.

Monday, 28th June, 1830.

Immediately after breakfast we set out to see the fine old Cathedral, which is dedicated to St. Bavon; on our road we met a young friend of Mr. Curling's, a boy of about sixteen years of age, who offered to be our cicerone to the Cathedral; we willingly accepted the proposal, and found him very agreeable and intelligent. This boy's countenance was one of the most prepossessing I ever remember to have seen: there was a depth and expression in his dark blue eye, which was singularly attractive, and his voice was remarkably pleasing. His fine chesnut hair curled in rich luxuriance around a noble brow which looked open and intelligent. He was perhaps not quite unconscious of possessing a handsome face, for his military cap was put on with an air of studied negligence, and its long black tassel fell most picturesquely on the left side; but I forgave the spark of vanity. He looked as if he were born to be noble, and had his manners corresponded with his personal appearance, he would have made a beautiful picture. Poor fellow! I could not help feeling very much

interested in him, for his history was a very melancholy one. His father was an officer in the British army, and was drowned several years ago in attempting to save a soldier of his own regiment who had unfortunately fallen into one of the canals : he left his widow with this boy and another son almost totally unprovided for ; since the father's death they had generally resided at Bruges, where Mr. Curling first became acquainted with him.

But to return to St. Bavon :¹ this Cathedral is of great antiquity, and remarkable for its size, and the splendour of the interior. The fine white Italian marble pillars have a beautiful effect and contrast well with the black marble of the walls. The Chapels are very numerous, and contain pictures by Van Eyck, Van der Meiren, Crayer, Van Veen, Van Cleef and many more Vans, whose barbarous names I cannot pretend to remember. In one of these Chapels we saw the Font in which Charles V. was baptized, and opposite the Altar are four splendid Candelabras,² once belonging to our unhappy Charles I. The Pulpit, which was the work of Delvaux, is remarkably finely sculptured in oak and white marble, and is a noble specimen of the genius of the artist. From the Cathedral our young guide conducted us to the Church of St. Nicholas, in the Marché aux Grains ; it contains some modern pictures, but is perhaps more remarkable for the tomb of Oliver Minjan and his wife, who had thirty-one children, who all died during the short space of one month, in the year 1526.³

¹ The crypt of St. Bavon's Cathedral dates from before 941, and the choir was founded in 1274.

² These four massive candlesticks are of copper and bear the English arms ; they are said to have once decorated St. Paul's Cathedral in London and to have been sold during Cromwell's Protectorate.

³ When the Emperor Charles V. entered Ghent, Oliver Minjan, with twenty-one sons, joined the procession and attracted the attention of the Emperor. It was the plague which carried off the whole family shortly afterwards.

We next visited the noble Palace of the University, which was founded in 1816 by the permission of William I.¹ We had not time to see the Museum, which considering its recent formation is, I believe, tolerably rich in the departments of Natural History and Anatomy. The students in this University are about 400 in number.

Time would not permit us to tarry longer to see the lions of Ghent; we were therefore reluctantly obliged—after our visit to the University—to return to an early Dinner at our Hotel. We bade adieu to the handsome young soldier and proceeded on our road to Brussels, at which place it was determined we should sleep to-night. The two Wrenches and Mr. Hollis started by the Diligence an hour before us to procure apartments for the whole party at the Hôtel de Belle Vue. We stopped at the Gate of the Convent of Beguin Nuns, on our road out of Ghent, and endeavoured to gain permission from an old Ecclesiastic whom we met in the court of the Convent, to see the Chapel, etc. But Monsieur l'Abbé, although very profuse in his salaams and salutations, returned a polite negative, and we were constrained to proceed on our journey without seeing the object of our curiosity, which proved very vexatious, as this is the only large nunnery remaining in the Netherlands—the Emperor Joseph II. began the reduction and abolition of the monastic institutions, and the remainder were mostly dissolved during the Revolution.²

¹ See Biographical Index.

² These two Béguinages—"le Grand" and "le Petit"—were transferred outside the town in 1875, through the influence of Count d'Avenberg. During the French Revolution they had remained intact, for their aim has always been "the support of the needy and the care of the sick." The Béguinage forms a little town in itself, with streets, squares, gates, and a church, and is moated and walled. There are at least a thousand members—widows and unmarried women of all ranks, who pay for their own maintenance—so that the institution is self-supporting. The name is perhaps derived

Many of the Flemish nobility make Ghent their usual place of residence, and this city has always been much frequented by English families, who have retired to the Continent for economical reasons.

The houses in Ghent are large, and perhaps rather gloomy in appearance, but there is an air of grandeur and decayed magnificence in several of the streets, which is very striking.¹ This ancient city once exceeded Paris in size, from which circumstances Charles V. used to say that he "could put Paris in his gant." (In French, Ghent is "Gand.")²

One of the principal manufactures of Ghent at the present day is that of masks, many thousands are exported every year to different parts of Europe. I do not think that a week would be ill-spent in Ghent, for there is very much to interest the traveller, particularly the artistic traveller. I left this fine and picturesque old city with regret.³ At six o'clock we stopped at the town of Alost, which is situated mid-way between Ghent and Brussels, and having held a council of war, it was decided to remain at this place till a violent thunderstorm, which had just commenced, should have somewhat abated its violence. The rain descended in torrents,

from Saint Begga, the mother of Pepin d'Héristal, or it may be derived from "beggen," to beg.

¹ Erasmus asserted that there was no town in all Christendom to compare with Ghent for size, power, political constitutions, or the culture of its inhabitants. It was a commonwealth rather than a city.

² It is evident that the Emperor was fond of this play on the word, for there is a story which tells how, when the Duke of Alva proposed to Charles that he should destroy the city, which had given him much trouble, the King took him to the top of the belfry adjoining the Cathedral, and there asked: "Combien faudrait-il de peaux d'Espagne pour faire un *Gant* de cette grandeur?"—thus rejecting the cruel idea.

³ Germany's barbarous methods of invasion made the civilised world tremble for the fate of the lovely old cities of Belgium during its invasion in the Great War; mercifully Ghent was spared.

and really seemed to be impelled towards the earth with almost supernatural force; the thunder rolled most awfully almost immediately over our heads, and the lightning was uncommonly vivid; we appeared to be in the centre of the tempest, and I never remember to have witnessed so awful a one. Tea-time, supper-time, arrived, but we could perceive no abatement in the fury of the storm, and what rendered our situation uncommonly disagreeable was the circumstance of our having sent on all our luggage by the Diligence, which rendered it impossible for us to remain all night at Alost.... At nine o'Clock two or three officers and some travellers came in to a table d'hôte supper; we felt but little inclined to join them, but I amused the vacant hour in speculations upon the strangers; idle doubtless my fancies were, but as they served to speed the weary minutes I indulged my wayward mood. Between ten and eleven o'Clock Papa and Mr. Curling decided that it would be advisable to proceed on our journey although the storm still continued; we therefore started as soon as the carriage could be got ready, and continued our route to Brussels. The road appeared interminably long to the whole party, and most sincerely did we rejoice when we found ourselves arrived at the noble Hotel de Belle Vue, between two and three o'Clock on Tuesday morning. I slept soundly, and did not awaken till a late hour on the following morning.

Tuesday, 29th June, 1830.

Immediately after lunch we availed ourselves of a fine summer's morning to commence our *Lionizing*. Our first object was the Palace of the Comte d'Avemberg (or Aremberg);¹ situated near the Palace of the States-

¹ A fine palace with a large garden in the heart of the town, once the residence of Count Egmont. It was built in 1548, was restored in the eighteenth century, and added to. In 1920 the Comte d'Avemberg received there the (ex) Kaiser of Germany. This

General ; it commands a good view of the Park on one side and on the other a beautiful coup d'oeil of the country round Brussels. The Palace contains some good comfortable habitable rooms, which are adorned and surrounded by many fine specimens of the works of the Flemish and Dutch Masters. We were particularly struck by two or three pictures by Berghen, Ostade, Gerard Douw, Teniers, etc. The Berghens were particularly good.

From the Comte's Palace we bent our steps to the magnificent Hôtel de Ville, which is one of the finest Gothic structures in the Netherlands. The beautiful tower¹ which is surmounted by a large gilt statue of St. Michael, is unfortunately not placed in the centre of the building, which somewhat injures the uniformity of the noble structure—a splendid object when viewed from the opposite side of the vast square in which it stands.

property has been sequestered, and the palace sold to the town of Brussels. It is now known as "the Palace of Egmont," and serves as a museum, and the gardens are a public park. In the picture gallery the Count had one of Jan Steen's rare scriptural paintings, "The Marriage at Cana."

¹ "The audacious and exquisitely embroidered tower of the Town-house, a hundred and sixty feet in height, a miracle of needle-work in stone, rivalling in its intricate carving the cobweb tracery of that lace which has for centuries been synonymous with the city." (Description of Brussels in the fifteenth century. Motley's *Dutch Republic*, part i. chap. i. p. 51.)

There is a legend as to this tower which tells how when it was built it immediately fell down, owing to the nature of the soil on which it stands. After repeated efforts to construct it, all ending in disaster, a young workman came forward declaring that he knew how to build securely even on an unstable foundation, and he named his price, which was accepted. The secret consisted in simply laying the hides of oxen beneath the foundation, which then became firm. When the young workman's father heard of his son's action, fury seized him (for the secret had been his own, and his son, who had been eavesdropping when his father discussed it with a trusted friend, had betrayed and cheated his father). Tales and legends about towers are very rife in Belgium.

The height of the tower is 364 feet. The apartments of the Hôtel de Ville are appropriated to Government Offices, etc.: one of them contains a portrait of the present King¹ by Van Bree, which is considered a good likeness: in this room our guide pointed out two very singular old maps executed on stone. One of them was cracked across, and we were informed that it was broken during the Revolution by an Officer who wantonly struck it with his sword. The noble Place of the Hôtel de Ville is used as a market, and on a fine day presents a very interesting and busy scene. The beautiful flowers in the *Marché aux Fleurs* instantly attracted my attention. We amused ourselves with watching the peasantry, many of whom looked uncommonly picturesque in their dark cloaks and white caps, but in the Flemish dress there is a sad *manque* of the variety which is so conspicuous in the Norman costumes. The remainder of our time before dinner we spent in wandering about this fine city. In the evening we took a box at the Opera, and witnessed the performance of "Massa-

¹ William I. (sixth Prince of Orange and Nassau) was made King of the United Netherlands by the Treaty of London, 1814, and that of Vienna, 1815, under the title of William I. After the Revolution of 1830, he ruled over Holland only. He abdicated in favour of his son in 1840.

The Princes of Orange were in exile in England for some years, and the Farrington Diary for 1806 has a curious entry about them: "Thomond said he was much acquainted with the late Prince of Orange while he was in England. . . . In England the Prince was often treated with most disrespectful levity by the Prince of Wales and his Brothers. They would, while he was sitting at table, when His Head was turned from them, pluck His Hair, and on his moving His Head round, would do the same on the other side, making Him the sport of the Company. The King, on the contrary, always behaved to Him with kindness and respect. . . . The eldest son of the Prince of Orange was a fine and accomplished young man. Whilst in England He became desperately in love with the Princess Mary, but the King, under the circumstances in which the Orange family were, would not consent to their Union, and he married a German Lady (Wilhelmina of Prussia), but did not live long."

niello”¹ or “the Muette de Portici.” I was not so much pleased with the performance as those of our party to whom the Opera was new, but the acting was amusing and the music and dancing better than I expected.

Wednesday, 30th June, 1830.

At an early hour we all sallied forth, accompanied by our intelligent *valet de place*, Henri, to see the Cathedral, which is a fine Gothic building, but very inferior to the Church of St. Bavon at Ghent. The old oak pulpit is an extraordinary specimen of carving, and was executed by Henry Verbruggen in 1699. In a vault in this church are interred the remains of several Archdukes and Duchesses of the house of Austria. The Monuments of John Duke of Brabant and the Archduke Ernest² were pointed out to us, and are the only two worthy of notice in this Cathedral of St. Gudule.

The Palace of the States-General, which we next visited, is a very fine building ; on each side of the noble hall is a marble staircase : one side conducts you to the Chamber of Deputies, the other to the Chamber of Peers, which is a good room ; it contains an interesting and *horrible* picture of the Prince of Orange at Waterloo, by Overvaere. From the Palace we drove to the Park, and from thence to the Botanical Gardens, but we were unable to obtain admittance, which I much regretted.

¹ It was this Opera which, when it was being given one night in the following August, so worked upon the already excited populace that they rose and sacked the office of the Government paper, and then fell upon the Police Office, demolishing the houses of many persons considered obnoxious.

On November 24th, 1918, Cardinal Mercier stood in the great doorway of this Cathedral to receive the Royal Family of Belgium for the service of thanksgiving after the Armistice. On the preceding day Burgomaster Max had welcomed the King and his Consort back to Brussels.

² These two monuments were erected by the Archduke Albert (brother of the Archduke Ernest) in 1610

The day being very fine it was voted that the whole party should proceed to Lachen, or Laeken,¹ where is situated the Palace of Schoenberg, or Schoenenberg.² The resolution being made, we immediately started on the expedition: the road to the village of Laeken is pretty and we enjoyed our ride very much. The Palace was built in 1784 for the Governours of the Netherlands. Napoleon and Louis King of Holland afterwards resided here at different periods; since the

¹ The following extract from Mme. d'Arblay's *Narrative of the Hundred Days* (published in her *Diary of Letters*, 1842-6), tells of a visit to Lachen:

"My dearest friend" (M. d'Arblay) "determined that we should visit the Palais de Lachen, which had been the dwelling assigned to the Empress Josephine by Bonaparte at the time of his divorce. My dearest husband drove me in his cabriolet . . . the drive, the day, the views, . . . all were delightful, and procured me a short relaxation from the foresight of evil. The Palace of Lachen was at this time wholly unoccupied, and shown to us by a common servant. It is situated in a delicious Park *a l'Anglaise*, and is furnished with a taste, a polish, and an elegance that clears it from the charge of frippery, . . . though its ornaments . . . are all of the liveliest gaiety. There is some Gobelin tapestry, of which there are parts and details so exquisitely worked that I could have hung over them enamoured! It was a reviving excursion."

A few pages further on occurs:—"I met at the Embassade an old English officer who gave most interesting and curious information, assuring me that in the carriage of Bonaparte which had been seized, there were Proclamations already printed, and even dated from the Palace of Lachen, announcing the downfall of the Allies and the triumph of Bonaparte."

Napoleon dated his declaration of war against Russia, in 1812, from the Palace of Lachen. After the Battle of Waterloo it became Crown property, and Leopold I. and his wife, Marie Louise of Orleans, died there.

² This name "Schoenberg" seems to be no longer used; an explanation offered by a Belgian gentleman is that the Prince of Orange probably called the Palace by this name when he occupied it, and that after the Revolution of 1830 the name was swept away with all else which served as a reminder of the union with Holland; but it is more probable that the old name of Schoenberg gradually fell into disuse.

Bonaparte family have been driven from their possessions, the Royal family of Belgium have made it their residence. The apartments, though by no means numerous, are furnished in a magnificent style; the *garniture* of one room alone is said to have cost 30,000 Pounds. The grounds are laid out with much taste; the day being beautiful we enjoyed a long stroll in the woods and gardens, and I made a small collection of wild flowers in the former, some few of which were quite new to me. We returned home much pleased with our little excursion. Captain Levett, a friend of Mr. Curling's, dined with us in our private apartment, which we preferred to the Table-d'hôte. After Dinner we walked about the upper parts of the town, and strolled in the Park till nine o'Clock in the evening, when we returned home to "souper."

Thursday, 1st July, 1830.

This day we spent in rambling about the town, shopping, etc. Papa hired an English carriage, built like a Mail-Coach (which would carry the whole party in fine weather, and in wet would accommodate the ladies inside), to take us to Waterloo to-morrow, and from thence to Antwerp, by Namur, Huy and Liège, etc. To this arrangement our obliging host, Mr. Proft,¹ immediately assented, and it was agreed that we should start at six o'Clock on the following morning for Waterloo.

¹ "Since writing the above, Brussels has been revolutionised. Belgium has separated herself from Holland; the beautiful city has been the seat of war and bloodshed; the fine Place Royale much injured, the noble Hôtel de Belle Vue, where we were quartered, nearly destroyed, and our host, Mons Proft, killed by a random shot whilst commanding a body of the National Guard."—*Author's note.*

The battle raged from the Place Royale, where is the hotel, all along the Rue Royale beside the Park.

Friday, 2nd July, 1830.

At six o'clock we left the beautiful city of Brussels ; our good-natured host, Monsieur Proft, and a crowd of waiters and idlers assembled to see the novel sight of an English party (eight in number) all travelling outside an English carriage. The morning was lovely, and we considered ourselves most fortunate in having such a day for our journey. The view of Brussels from the Boulevards which surround the city is fine, but we soon lost sight of the fair capital of Belgium, which some of us perhaps may never live to see again.

Our road lay through the Forest of Soignée, which is of great extent ; every foot of ground appeared to have an interest to the feelings of Englishmen. On the ever-memorable 18th of June this road presented a dreadful scene of confusion : the heavy rains which fell on the 17th had rendered the roads nearly impassable, and when it is remembered that this narrow pass was choked up with thousands of men attempting to return to Brussels, horses, baggage-waggons, and the innumerable followers of a camp, some faint idea may be formed of this dreadful scuffle, in which many horses were killed, and some lives lost. At the village of Waterloo¹ we stopped to see the church in which several brave British officers who fell on the 18th were interred.

Few places can inspire more painful, or yet prouder thoughts in an English bosom, than does this same little Church of Waterloo : its striking simplicity renders it infinitely more touching than the most magnificent mausoleum which could have been raised to the memory of the noble dead who repose within its sacred walls. From the Church our Guide conducted us to the house

¹ From June 17th to 19th, 1815, the village was Wellington's headquarters.

where the Marquis of Anglesea¹ was carried after the battle to suffer amputation; and in the garden we were shown the monument which was placed over his Lordship's leg, which was buried there with proper funeral honours.

From Waterloo we proceeded across the field, by the village and Farmhouse of Mont St. Jean, to the Château de Gomont (improperly called Hougoumont). As there is no convenient road up to the house, we left the carriage and proceeded on foot to the Château. The effects of the fearful contest which took place on this field of blood are nowhere more remarkable than at this place, which at the period of the battle was the beautiful country seat of a Belgian gentleman.

There is scarcely a tree in the Orchard which is not shattered, or pierced with cannon balls and shot; some of the trees still bear fruit, and one of our guides brought me some wild cherries and strawberries which he had gathered in the garden, or rather on the spot "where once a garden smiled, and still where many a garden flower grows wild."

Having spent an hour or two on this interesting spot, we returned to the carriage, and drove to the farm of La Haye Sainte, which was desperately attacked and defended. Near this place the French Imperial Guards made their last ineffectual charge, when they were so bravely repulsed by the British troops, and finally the panic which so unaccountably seized the French, communicated itself to the whole of their immense army,

¹ "Lord Anglesey came to stay at Windsor Castle, and Queen Victoria warned the Prince of Wales not to notice his leg, rashly telling him that the Field-Marshal had lost a leg at Waterloo and wore a cork one. The Prince behaved with great politeness but could not hold out, and his curiosity getting the better of him, he sidled up to the veteran and earnestly begged him to show his cork leg." (*Memories of Ninety Years*, by Mrs. E. M. Ward. London: Hutchinson & Co., 1923.)

every individual of which, when the cry of "Sauve qui peut"¹ was heard, saved himself by flight.

We made an excellent Dinner at La Haye Sainte, upon eggs, bread, cheese, butter and milk, for which, however, our good hostess made us pay exorbitantly. After Dinner we all set off to walk across the fields to the Mount, which is a large mound of earth, about 2160 feet in circumference and 200 feet high. This enormous mound was erected in 1825; for six months 2000 men and 600 carts were constantly employed, and two years elapsed before this stupendous monument, which is surmounted by a lion 12 feet in height, was finished. It is erected near the spot where the Prince of Orange was wounded.

Having "bade a long, perhaps a last adieu" to this interesting spot, which in future ages will be as sacred to Englishmen as was the plain of Marathon to the Greeks, we continued our route to Genappe, passing Quatre Bras and La Belle Alliance on our road. At the former a sharp engagement took place on the 16th, and La Belle Alliance was the house where Wellington and Blücher met² in the evening after the fate of the battle was decided.

We reached the town of Namur (which is finely situated on the Meuse) in the evening and took up our quarters at the Hôtel d'Hollande, where we procured

¹ The cry "Sauve qui peut" was Napoleon's own, wrung from him in his despair at seeing his guard utterly routed, the flower of his cavalry annihilated, and his reserves exhausted. It was his final order.

² This is not entirely correct, for it is well ascertained that Blücher did not overtake the Duke until the latter had let his troops pursue as far as the "Maison du Roi" or "Maison Rouge," on the Genappe road, about two miles beyond the Belle Alliance, where he gave the order to halt. This was the scene of the oft-told incident of the Duke, who when urged not to expose himself unnecessarily to danger from the fire of the fugitives, replied: "Let them fire away—the victory is gained—my life is of no value now."

fair accommodation. Being much fatigued with our day's journey, we gladly retired to rest immediately after supper.

3rd July, 1830.

Our night quarters were most unfortunately situated in the immediate vicinity of the Cathedral, the large bell of which was tolled every quarter of an hour. Never, never shall I forget the horrible din and noise made by that dreadful bell!

The Cathedral at Namur is a fine specimen of Corinthian architecture, but very inferior to the noble churches we have lately seen. The Castle, which was considered a fortress of great strength, was built on the top of a rock, and some of the fortifications were hewn out of the solid limestone. The Emperor Joseph, who was suspicious of the Belgians, caused some of the works to be destroyed, and the French completed what the Emperor had begun.

An annual Fair which lasts fifteen days, and commences on the 2nd of July, is held at Namur: Frederic Wrench and I walked through part of it on our return from the marble works, but finding it very dull, we bought some gingerbread (which proved to be very hard and indifferent), for which I believe the place is celebrated, and returned to our Hotel immediately.

Formerly the inhabitants of the old and new towns used to assemble themselves on a certain day, in the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, mounted on stilts, and at the sound of music a most comical kind of engagement ensued between the two parties, who, exerting themselves with astonishing vigour, and using their arms and feet with wonderful rapidity, tried to drive their adversaries from the field. Peter the Great and Marshal Saxe delighted in these singular fights, and Duke Albert was so much pleased with the exhibition that he exempted the breweries of Namur from the payment of excise

duties !¹ We left this place between ten and eleven o'clock on a lovely morning which put the whole party into excellent spirits. Our road sometimes ran along the banks of the river, sometimes carried us over high hills ; sometimes we descended into a valley and then shortly afterwards found ourselves again pursuing the course of the Meuse. The scenery is, in many places, very fine ; it often reminded me of the delightful day which I spent last summer on the noble river Seine, but I could not think the Meuse as fine as my old favourite.

The abrupt limestone precipices and cliffs with their variously tinted woods are very striking ; many travellers think the scenery of the Meuse little inferior to that of the Rhine. At Huy we stopped at the Post House to Dinner, and whilst our Hostess was preparing the trout and crawfish, etc., for our repast, we rambled about the town, which is most magnificently situated. The old Castle is a heap of ruins, but from the great natural strength of its situation this town will, I should think, always be a place of some importance. No painter, poet, or romancer could have pictured to their imaginations a nobler position for a fine old castle to "frown in awful state" upon the flood ; but instead of an ancient castellated tower crowning the brow of the precipice which overhangs the river, some Goth has built an immense *red-brick* fortress, which looks as if it would stand as long a siege as far-famed Troy herself. I know not who was the barbarian who thus marked this noble prospect, but whoever he may be, he ought to have been incarcerated in one of his own fortress dungeons !

¹ These contests took place in various towns and villages of Belgium in those days. The "Conducteur" (Monsieur Paris) of the Royal Library at Brussels informed me that last year (1922) there was an effort made to revive this exhibition of stilt-walking, and that the art has been forgotten. There is great interest felt in Belgium in such revivals of old local or national customs.—*Editor's note, August, 1923.*

Huy, or as it is called in Flemish, Hoey, is a place of great antiquity; although this town contains but 5000 persons, there are fourteen convents, and it is asserted that no town in the Netherlands can boast so many clergy.

After Dinner we continued our route to Liège, which immense city we reached at eight o'Clock in the evening. The scenery on the road partook very much of the same character as our morning ride: the most remarkable object on the journey was an old château ¹ perched on the top of a large limestone rock, which was so abrupt and elevated that the building appeared to have been erected in this singular situation by supernatural power: it reminded me of my nursery dreams of castles raised by magic art, and it was really almost difficult to persuade oneself that it was not the work of enchantment.

About a mile from Liège we had very narrowly

¹ The Castle of Aigremont, belonging to Count d'Oultremont. Tradition says that it was erected by the four sons of Aymon, legendary heroes of the Middle Ages. From this castle William de la Marck, whose adventurous exploits are described in Sir Walter Scott's *Quentin Durward*, set out on many of those warlike raids, the ferocity of which gained him the name of "the Wild Boar of the Ardennes." His last adventure was on the scaffold, where in 1479 he closed his blood-stained if courageous career, having been betrayed into the hands of the Austrians by his friend, Frederick van Horn.

Another famous member of the family of La Marck lived a century later, and was known as "the Chief of the Beggars of the Sea." (See note to p. 62.) He was Admiral to William the Silent, Prince of Orange, who did his utmost to control the formidable partisans of the patriot cause, those marine outlaws, "the Beggars of the Sea," "who asked their alms through the mouths of their cannons." William de la Marck was quite incapable of comprehending the lofty purpose of Orange . . . "this hirsute and savage corsair seemed a worthy descendant of 'the Wild Boar of the Ardennes,' and an embodiment of vengeance." . . . In 1572 the Prince of Orange found himself constrained to deprive de la Marck of his commission . . . at the beginning of 1574 he died of the bite of a mad dog; "an end not inappropriate to a man of so rabid a disposition." (*Vide* Motley's *Dutch Republic*, p. 462 *et seq.*)

escaped being overturned by two huge heavy *Diligences*, the Conducteurs of which attempted to race our light carriage. We had four horses, so that we should soon have left our competitors far behind, if Papa had not stopped our postilion, and thus timely saved the whole party, who were all outside, a complete *renversement* on the "pavé." We drove to the Hôtel de la Couronne d'Angleterre, where we procured comfortable apartments. This evening it was decided that we should proceed into Holland, taking Antwerp on the road, and that the two Wrenches should leave us on the following morning, and go by Cologne up the Rhine. This decision, however, was not made without much discussion and thought; for we were very sorry to lose the company of our agreeable companions.

4th July, 1830.

The Wrenches, my sister and myself rose at a very early hour, according to an agreement of the preceding evening, to take a ramble over the town of Liège before breakfast. Our time being short, we were obliged to walk (almost to run) very fast; poor R., who had neglected to take a piece of bread or biscuit before we started, soon became fatigued, so that we were obliged to return to our hotel as speedily as possible. A little eau-de-Cologne and rest upon the sofa revived her, but we were not able to go out again during the remainder of our short stay. We had succeeded, however, in seeing the Cathedral,¹ which is handsome, the Church of St. John, and the Town House. At ten o'clock we set off for Louvain, and the Wrenches proceeded by the Diligence to Cologne. Mr. Hollis, who was to rejoin

¹ The Cathedral, dedicated to St. Paul, was founded in 978. Originally an Abbey Church, it was raised to the dignity of a Cathedral in 1802, the Cathedral (St. Lambert's) having been ruined by the French "sans culottes" and their adherents in Liège in 1794.

us at Antwerp, we left at Brussels on the 2nd inst., so that our party was much diminished. We parted from our companions with much regret, for we had once thought and hoped that we should be fellow-travellers during the whole of our journey. The day turned out wet and unpleasant, and we were glad to take refuge from the rain inside the carriage. We stopped at Louvain¹ about two o'clock to Dinner. The day having cleared up a little for an hour or two, we took advantage of the favourable change to take a stroll through the town. We met many of the University students wandering about the town, and a large party were carousing and making merry in a large room behind our apartment at the hotel. The noise they made was dreadful, and we distinctly heard their songs, resembling the *Burschen* songs of the German students.

After Dinner we proceeded to Malines or Mechlin,² but before we reached this place the rain had recommenced and evening turned out exceedingly wet; notwithstanding which we could not resolve to pass through this city without seeing the Cathedral of St. Rombould. It is a magnificent Gothic structure; the Altarpiece (the subject of which is the Crucifixion) is by Vandyck, and is a fine painting. Some years ago the Tower of the Cathedral (which is 348 feet in height) was supposed to be on fire, but when the inhabitants came in haste to extinguish the flames, they were astonished to find that they had been deceived by the moon shining very brightly and vividly on the tower. From this ludicrous circumstance it became a common piece of

¹ "Louvain is famous for its beer; 150,000 casks are annually sold. The beer is of three kinds: Peterman, Caineck, and the beer of Louvain, which is the commonest kind and is drunk all over the Netherlands." —*Author's note.*

² "Malines, that city of wide streets and canals, with the fine market-place and imposing Cathedral, which many called 'the finest town in Flanders.'" (Motley's *Dutch Republic*, p. 50.)

pleasantry in the Netherlands to say that the "wise men of Malines wished to extinguish the moon," but this harmless joke has sometimes been productive of disagreeable disputes, and is said to have even occasioned bloodshed. We reached Antwerp late in the evening, and drove to the Hôtel d'Angleterre, where we found Mr. Hollis awaiting our arrival.

Sunday, 5th July, 1830.

This day I was so completely fatigued from our long journey yesterday and felt so very unwell that I could not stir from the sofa, but had the mortification of seeing the whole party set off immediately after breakfast to attend High Mass at the Cathedral. They were all highly delighted, but I was too much out of spirits, and felt too ill to listen to their account of the ceremony. Towards evening, however, my languor wore off, and a good night's rest made me feel such a different being that I rose on the following morning quite prepared for any expedition which might be in contemplation.

Monday, 6th July, 1830.

Our first object was the Cathedral of Notre-Dame, which is deservedly considered one of the finest Gothic Churches in Belgium. It is 560 feet long, 230 wide, and 300 high. A period of ninety-six years was occupied in building this splendid edifice; it was commenced in 1422 and finished in 1518.¹ The interior of the Cathedral contains the pictures of the "Elevation of the Cross"

¹ "For miles and miles over the Flats of the Scheldt the sailor making for Antwerp sees the high steeple upon his horizon fixed against the sky, and, late as it was in building, this watch-tower of Antwerp is of the true Middle Ages. Europe was still Europe and one, when its last stone was laid." (*The River of London*, p. 25, by Hilaire Belloc. W. T. Foulis: London and Edinburgh.)

and the "Descent," by the immortal Rubens. The Pulpit, sculptured by Verbruggen, and the Tomb of Ambrose Capello, Bishop of Antwerp, are fine specimens of sculpture. The chapels contain some fine pictures, but our party, having seen everything the preceding day, and being pressed for time, could not stay long enough to permit me to examine all carefully. Outside the Cathedral we stopped to look at the tomb of Quentin Matsys, a native of the city who died in 1529; his original trade was that of a blacksmith, but *Love* worked a miracle and made him a painter.¹

The Church of St. Jaques, independently of its fine architecture and noble painted glass windows, is a most interesting place to the traveller, for it contains the monument of the greatest of all the Flemish painters—Rubens.² The sepulchre is very plain and simple; it is of black marble and stands in a small chapel near the choir. A painting by the immortal artist surmounts the monument; the subject is our Saviour on the knees of the Virgin, and Rubens has contrived, after the fashion of the times, to insert portraits of his three wives, his children, and himself. Our next object was the Lion of Antwerp, viz. the Museum of Paintings, which now occupies the Convent des Recollets. Here we saw the

¹ Quentin fell in love with the daughter of a painter, when he was himself only a blacksmith. In order to win her he took to painting, and so successfully that he raised the School of Antwerp to a celebrity equal with Ghent and Bruges, and won his lady-love. The wrought-iron well-head, close to the Cathedral portal, with its canopy, was executed by Matsys, and shows him to have turned to good account his blacksmith's craft. His tomb bears the inscription: "In synen tyd grofsmidt, en daerner famues schilder" ("At one time a blacksmith, afterwards a famous painter").

² This church contains the burial-vaults of the most distinguished families of Antwerp. Rubens (d. May, 1630) was first buried in the vault of the family of his second wife (Helena Fourment). Two years later his body was moved to the Church of St. Jaques to the chapel built on purpose.

Masterpieces¹ of Rubens and some very fine pictures by Vandyck, Quentin Matsys, etc.

The pictures of "Christ between Two Thieves,"² the "Descent from the Cross,"² and "Our Saviour showing His wounds to St. Thomas,"³ are of extraordinary beauty and power. Vandyck's pictures of "Christ on the Cross"⁴ and of "Christ on the knees of the Virgin,"⁵ struck me as very fine, particularly the former, which is rather a small picture. In a room near the gallery we were shown the chair which Rubens used in the Hall of Painting; this apartment contains a collection of casts which I thought uninteresting. In the garden of the Convent stands the Monument of Mary of Burgundy, with her figure and that of her dog in bronze. It does not often fall to the lot of Royalty to excite much sympathy after death, unless it has rendered itself remarkable in life by virtuous or splendid actions, but this monument of the French Princess cannot fail to excite emotions of pity and kindly feeling in the breast of the beholder, for

¹ His "Assumption," painted in sixteen days for the sum of 1600 florins; and his "Resurrection," painted for his friend the celebrated printer, Christopher Moretus.

² This picture, "Le Coup de Lance," is one of Rubens's most celebrated works; it was painted for the Church of the Franciscans in 1620; perhaps it is the master's *chef-d'œuvre*. The "Descent from the Cross" is a small repetition of the picture in the Cathedral.

³ The half-length figures on the wings are portraits of Burgo-master Rockex (Captain of the Guild of Arquebusiers, and a friend of Rubens) and his wife. There is a picture of the same subject in this museum by Martin de Vos.

⁴ "A small but ghastly picture, effective maybe, but wanting in dignity."

⁵ The "Pietà," painted soon after Vandyck's return from Italy, in 1628, shows the influence of the Italian painters.

There is an interesting passage in *The Lake*, by George Moore, contrasting Vandyck's mind with Rubens's: "While that of the former" (he makes one of the characters say) "was that of a lackey, Rubens's mind was more lordly than any lord's, unless that lord were Shakespeare."

it records the fact that this Mary of Burgundy was drowned in trying to save her dog.¹

¹ There seems to be considerable confusion here. The monument referred to is doubtless that of Izabel de Bourbon, the second wife of Charles, Conte de Charolais, son of Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, 1419-1467. Charles succeeded his father, and was known as "Charles the Bold."

The story of the marriage is related by an old chronicler, as in a manuscript (in verse) of the fifteenth century in the British Museum (S. 4397), compiled by William, Bishop of Tournay, by order of "le très redouté Seigneur Charles, Duc de Bourgogne." It tells of "la belle vie touchant mariage" led by the young couple, and of Charles's faithfulness:

"But when the Conte de Charolais went off to the wars, Countess Izabel pined and languished, sinking gradually into a state of weakness from which it was impossible to rally her. In vain was her little daughter, Mary (later the great 'Governess of the Netherlands,' and wife to the Emperor Maximilian), brought to her mother's side from Ghent, where she was being brought up—all attempts at rousing the poor lady were ineffectual. A journey to Ghent was prescribed and undertaken, but at Antwerp, where Izabel was lodged, by an ancient privilege, in the Convent of the Norbertine Canons, she became alarmingly ill, and died on September 13th, 1465.

"Izabel was laid to rest in the crypt of the Abbey Church at Antwerp. Her daughter erected a magnificent black marble monument over her remains; on it was a recumbent effigy of her mother in bronze, and on the base were twenty-four small statues also in bronze. These have all disappeared. At her death, in 1462, Mary's heart was placed in her mother's tomb, although her body was buried in the splendid tomb in the Church of Notre-Dame at Bruges." (*Vide* p. 7.)

The Abbey Church at Antwerp was first pillaged by Protestants in 1560, when Izabel's effigy was damaged, and at the end of the seventeenth century a soldier cut off the hands; he was punished with death, and new hands were affixed.

The chronicler of Mary de Medici's "entrée" into Antwerp in 1638, when she visited the tomb, lays stress on the beauty of this splendid Gothic monument.

But French "sans culottes" plundered the Abbey, carried off Izabel's effigy, and her remains in their leaden coffin—it has never been found again. By the impulsive action of a young man of the family of Bertina, the beautiful bronze figure of the Countess was saved; and later, by the care of Herryngs, the painter, it was trans-

After dinner we strolled about this truly magnificent city, and were much delighted with its canals, quays, etc. The fine Square called the Place de la Mer¹ can hardly be equalled anywhere. It has an air of regal ferred to an ancient convent, used as a school of art. It is interesting to note that in a report delivered to the Administration, the statue was said to be that of "Marie Louise de Bourgogne"—doubtless this error was handed down and repeated to the Burneys.

A print of the tomb, as it was originally, may be seen in Baron Jacope du Rocroy's *Notitia Antwerpia Mardunatus*, in the Royal Library at Brussels. Izabel is seen in long flowing robes recumbent on the black marble tomb, her dog at her feet; the text of the Latin inscription has also been preserved.

Napoleon gave the Convent of the Recollets to the town of Antwerp as a museum, and there Izabel's statue was exposed to the weather in a court; since it remained there until 1842, when it was placed in the interior of the building, it must have been there that the Burneys saw it.

Not until the year 1873 did the effigy find its present home—behind the High Altar in the Cathedral of Notre-Dame, Antwerp, where unfortunately it is half hidden by Rubens's "Assumption" on one hand, and Matthysen's "Death of the Virgin" on the other.

The statue has been definitely declared to be the property of the Cathedral, and it only remains to give this fine specimen of Gothic art a place in the church worthy of its antiquity and beauty, thus carrying out the filial intention of the "Lady Mary."

The story of the dog and the drowned Princess may be accounted for, perhaps, by a story narrated by Professor Otto Castellieri, (*vide* note, p. 8) about an occurrence during the festivities at Bruges on the baptism of Mary, Izabel's daughter, when "the Dauphin fell into the canal and was nearly drowned." Official persons promptly ordered Masses to be said for his soul before it was found that he was not dead! But the only dog in the whole matter is the one lying at the feet of the Countess Izabel.

(For these notes the Editor is indebted to the courtesy of the Curator of the Royal Library at Brussels; to M. Fernand Donnet, of the Académie des Beaux Arts, Antwerp (author of a pamphlet, 1920, *Les Aventures posthumes d'une princesse de Bourgogne*); and to M. Jacques Dierckx of Brussels.)

¹ Probably a mistake for "Place de Mer," one of the finest streets in Antwerp. In it (besides Rubens's house) is the Royal Palace which Napoleon bought, and which was built in 1755 for a wealthy citizen of Antwerp.

magnificence. Napoleon purchased the Royal Palace in this Place for a residence, but he preferred a house in the Place Verte near the Cathedral, where Carnot also occupied a mansion when he was Governor of Antwerp. Napoleon exhausted immense sums in building and constructing the docks of this city,¹ which are thought to be some of the finest in Europe: one basin alone, it is computed, will hold forty sail of the line. Antwerp can boast, with truth, that she has given birth to some of the finest Flemish painters, amongst others to Rubens, the prince of the artists of that school; to Vandyck, Snyders, and Jordaens.

After supper Mr. Curling, Mama and myself resolved to sally forth to take a parting look at the beautiful Cathedral by moonlight; the evening was calm and lovely, the sky of an intense blue spangled with innumerable stars, and the moon shone with unclouded brilliancy. The soft quiet light mellowed every object, and methought the city looked much more beautiful in the soothing calm of a lovely summer's night, than in all the garishness of the noonday sun. I shall not soon forget that night's ramble through the streets of Antwerp; we appeared to be wandering through a city of the past, for if a priest passed now and again in the distance, the figure seemed rather to glide than walk along the noiseless streets, and instead of dispelling the delightful illusion in which I wandered, served rather to render it more strong and impressive. We returned to our hôtel, in the Rue de l'Empereur, about eleven o'clock, when the heat of our salon, the light of the tapers and the questions which immediately assailed us, soon put my visionary feelings to flight.

¹ The docks of Antwerp cover an area of more than two hundred and fifty acres.

"Since our visit to Antwerp, that fine city has been, like Brussels, revolutionised; and it is impossible to say what fate may await this portion of the once flourishing and happy Belgium."—*Author's note.*

Home again at Greenwich. *August, 1831.*

August 17th.—Messrs. Prout and Holland (Artists), Mr. Colnaghi and Mr. H. Foss to Dinner. Mr. Prout was very entertaining and gave us an amusing sketch of his own early history. He said he was originally intended for a tailor by his father, who was, I think, a good honest ship-builder, but disliking the idea of being called “Carrotty Snip,” he determined to embrace a nobler profession. He came to London, drew everything and sold his sketches for 2s. 6d. apiece to Mr. . . . Gradually he became known to the world, and insensibly acquired his present reputation as an Artist. Mr. Prout said that he had so carefully studied the works of Canaletti, that when he first visited Venice, he did not feel in a “stranger” land and could trace his way through the city without difficulty. He brought a volume of very clever sketches of Prague for my Father’s amusement and criticism.

September, 1831

Sept. 7th.—Dined at Lord Bexley’s, Foot’s Cray Place,¹ a very magnificent Dinner off a splendid service of plate : grandeur certainly does not tend to make people lively,

¹ Nicholas Vansittart, Baron Bexley, of Foot’s Cray Place, Kent, was fifth son of Henry Vansittart, the Governor of Bengal, who died in 1770.

Nicholas took his degree at Christ Church, Oxford, and had a distinguished career, which culminated in his being Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1812 till 1823, when he resigned ; he was then created Baron Bexley.

From 1824-28 he was Director of Greenwich Hospital. His wife was a daughter of William (Eden), first Baron Auckland

Lord Bexley died in 1851, in his eighty-fifth year, at Foot’s Cray Place, and the peerage became extinct.

The place was named after its original Saxon owner, Godwin Fot—and is styled Foet’s Cray in old writings and deeds—and the

for there was little conversation, and the company appeared to be afflicted with a chronic dulness. One of the party (an affected *Blue Stocking*) asked Mama if she had seen "the prefatory and supplementary Breakwaters at Plymouth?" and declared that "all poetical feeling was dead in England" when she was told that May-Day Games were relics of Heathenism!

Mr. Upcott, the Librarian of the London Institution,¹ and his friend Mr. Meyniac (an amusing Frenchman) to

river Cray which runs close by. The house was built after a design of Palladio's (for the house of a Vicentine gentleman near Venice), in 1758, by Bouchier Cleve of London, pewterer, on part of the demesnes of the Manor of Foot's Cray, which had been the property of Sir Francis Walsingham.

Lord Bexley voted against the third reading of the Reform Bill, 1832—after Wellington and the bulk of the Opposition had decided to abstain.

He boasted of having, at his retirement, left a clear surplus revenue of £7,000,000 per annum. (*Annual Register*, 1851.)

His creation of Baron was with the object of getting him out of the House of Commons and out of the way of Canning, who was then joining the Administration, and to whom he was politically hostile.

"To crown all, Vansittart is to be crowned with a Coronet! Laugh if you will, but it's a most serious relief to me." (G. Canning to Sir Charles Bagot, Jan. 3rd, 1823. *Vide The Complete Peerage*, ed. by Vicary Gibbs.)

¹ Founded in 1805 "for the advancement of Science and Art," the London Institution was temporarily lodged in No. 8, Old Jewry, a fine old brick house or palace built by Sir Robert Clayton, "the prodigiously rich scrivener," late Lord Mayor of London, in Charles II.'s reign (1672): "It contained a superb banquetting room, wainscotted in cedar-wood and 'incomparably' adorned with paintings of the Battles of the Giants," by Streeter. John Evelyn wrote of this old house; he was a frequent guest.

These paintings were later removed to Marden Park, near Godstone, Surrey, the family seat of the Claytons, acquired by Sir Robert from Sir John Evelyn of Godstone; now the property of Sir Bernard Greenwell.

"The house might still have had the site of that very laudable establishment, London's Institution," but for some misunderstanding with the Grocers' Company, to whom it now belongs.

dinner. Mr. Meyniac is a strong Bonapartist, served in Ney's division in the Russian expedition ; was wounded by the Cossacks near Moscow, and carried a prisoner into Russian Poland, where he was treated with every kindness by a noble Polish family. Mr. Meyniac absolutely adores the memory of the Empress Josephine, in whose private Guard he served : he says, with a Frenchman's exaggeration : " Elle n'avait qu'une faute ! elle était trop bonne ! " When shown an autograph of Napoleon, he kissed it, and almost burst into tears at the sight of a small dried branch of the Willow tree which shades the Emperor's grave at Saint Helena. This enthusiastic partisan was obliged to leave France on the restoration of the Bourbons ; he retired to America, and resided there some years. He now lives at Bordeaux, and has quitted the Army for the more peaceable calling of a Wine Merchant.

Sept. 20th.—Dined at Sir Richard Keats's, the Governor of Greenwich Hospital. I escaped what others pronounced a very dull evening by sitting next to Mr. Behnes the sculptor, an eccentric Irishman and a man of talent, who amused me much. He acknowledged himself a great phrenologist, told two or three curious anecdotes in support of the theory ; he was also, he said, a zealous collector of animals, having at one time possessed an Eagle, a Kangaroo, one of the celebrated Dogs

The Institution removed to King's Arms Yard, Coleman Street, in 1812, and thence in 1819 to Finsbury Circus.

Mr. Upcott was fellow Secretary to the Institution with Professor Richard Porson, the celebrated classical scholar (" Devil Dick," as Professor Young of Glasgow styled him in a letter to Dr. Burney). In 1808, Porson died in the rooms which as Librarian he occupied at the Institution.

(*Vide Londiniana*, vol. iv. p. 286, by Edward Wedlake Brayley. London : Hurst, Chance & Co., 1829.

Vide Besant's Survey of the City of London. Adam & Charles Black, 1910. *Old and New London*, Thornbury, vol. ii. pp. 38, 39, where a view of Sir Robert Clayton's house is given from an old print.)

of St. Bernard, a Maccaw, ten Doves, nine Dogs, and numbers of Rabbits, which were allowed the range of his kitchen.

Sept. 27th.—Mr. Tasker, Mr. Clutton, Mr. H. Foss, Mr. Nichol, and Mr. Alex. Chalmers (author of a *Biographical Dictionary* and other works), to Dinner—a pleasant party. Speaking of the instinct of Dogs, Mr. Clutton related the following anecdote of a Newfoundland Dog, the property of a friend of his residing at Cuckfield in Sussex. This dog had been trained to fetch letters from the Post ; two gentlemen laid a wager that the animal could not be persuaded to go to the Post Office in the middle of the day, because he had been accustomed to be sent at another hour. The Master called his favourite, and said, “Nelson, go to the Post Office, there is a letter there.” The obedient animal set off, and brought back a letter, which happened to be lying at the Office. The intelligent creature carried it to his master, delivering it into his own hands, crossing the street to do so, and refusing to give it to the gentleman who doubted his sagacity, and wished to take it from him.

Mr. Chalmers told us the following anecdote of a large Newfoundland dog of his father's. The animal was standing on the Quay of Ramsgate Harbour when a pert little dog began teasing him very much ; the Newfoundland bore this patiently for some time, and then deliberately pushed his puny tormentor into the water, being too dignified to fight him !

October, 1831.

Oct. 5th.—Messrs. H. and E. Foss, Mr. Hodgson, Mr. Behnes, the sculptor, Dr. Dibdin, the bibliographer, and Sir William Beatty, to Dinner. This latter gentleman was the surgeon on board the “Victory” at the Battle of Trafalgar, and Lord Nelson may almost be said to have died in his arms. He possesses, and once showed me, a

most eccentric relic of the great naval hero, viz. the eye which Nelson lost at the siege of Calvi, which Sir William had preserved and caused to be set in Crystall (*sic*)! Mr. Behnes told me that he once saw, in a narrow back street in Dublin, 750 canaries, all confined in cages, in one small room. The birds had been brought over for sale from the German Tyrol, where they are bred in immense numbers, and he gave me a curious account of the manner in which the Germans collect Ants' eggs to feed their Starlings and other Cage Birds.

Speaking of the celebrated Land Crabs of the West Indies, Sir William Beatty told me that on their periodical marches from the mountains to the sea, they always visit every *burial ground* on their road!—how revolting, that creatures which feed upon dead men's flesh should be collected as delicacies by the living, and fed in coops, for the refined palates of exquisite epicures!

Oct. 10th.—Miss Thomas told me to-day, when some one was mentioning some singular cases of mental delusion, that a gentleman of her acquaintance is haunted by the dreadful conviction, that he is daily visited by the Devil. His wife humours the strange monomania, and leaves him every day after Dinner, to hold his mad colloquies with his enemy. He is perfectly sane upon every other subject, and has no objection to repeating the substance of those conversations to his friends! A lady in London told me lately that during the delirium of a severe attack of fever she fancied herself a Sirloin of Beef, which was being hacked and hewed about!

November, 1831.

November 19th.—Dined at Mr. H. Foss's in London, a small and rather agreeable party. I sat next to a Mr. Ayrton,¹ who gave me a most entertaining account of

¹ Probably W. S. Ayrton, of Saltburn, friend and neighbour of the Burneys and a great friend of Charles Lamb, who dedicated to

the eccentricities of his friend, Mr. P.,¹ an excellent man, remarkable for his marvellous absence of mind, which constantly leads him into ludicrous situations. He had been dining at Charles Lamb's house at Islington, which stands near the river, into which he walked upon his departure. The water soon reached his chin, but the absent-minded man appeared perfectly unconscious of his situation, flourishing his gold-headed cane over his head, as he floundered about in the mud. He was rescued with some difficulty, and carried to a neighbouring Public-House, where he was placed in a warm bed, whilst his clothes were dried !

him his amusing *Free Thoughts on Composers*, in which occur the lines :

“ Some cry up Haydn—some Mozart,
Just as the whim bites ; for my part
I do not care a farthing candle
For either of them, or for Handel.
Cannot a man live free and easy
Without admiring Pergolesi,” etc.

W. S. Ayrton was a musical critic and director of the King's Theatre, Haymarket.

¹ As for “ Mr. P.,” since these stories, with small variations, are told of Lamb's friend, Mr. Dyer, of whom Lamb wrote in his *Essays*—“ Oxford in the Vacation ” and “ Amicus Redivivus ” (*Essays of Elia*)—it would seem that either Miss Burney's memory played her false as to the initial, or that Mr. Ayrton purposely misled her ! George Dyer, having passed through Christ's Hospital, became a scholar of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and later a Baptist minister, when he completely lost his sight. Many stories are told of this man's absence of mind, of which not the least amusing is that when baptising a woman by total immersion, he led her into and under the water—but then let go of and forgot her ! Had not the Deacon helped her out she would have been drowned.

The story quoted as to Dyer's walking into the New River is told incorrectly here :

“ Charles Lamb tells how one afternoon Dyer missed his way in leaving Mr. Lamb's house, where he had just paid a visit, and walked up to his waist into the New River. I never could find out how much or how little truth there was in this, nor in the statement, attested by Dr. Bowring, that, on leaving his house at Clapton,

One day whilst walking in London, Mr. P. ran against a lamp-post, upon which he took off his hat, made a low bow, and exclaimed, "I beg your pardon, sir!"

Upon another occasion he took up a hat off a friend's hall-table, and went out walking. During the course of his ramble, he met an acquaintance who accosted him kindly, and then remarked, that he was sorry to see him in such altered circumstances. Mr. P., quite surprised, assured his friend that he had "never been happier in his life." "I envy you your philosophy, my dear Sir," replied the gentleman, "but your circumstances must be sadly changed, when you wear a *Livery* hat with a gold band round it!" In a fit of absence, Mr. P. had put on the man-servant's hat instead of his own. This eccentric man married his landlady, a woman many years older than himself, and gave as a reason for doing so that "she had already had four husbands!"—a veritable female Bluebeard!

7th March, 1832.

Mr. Upcott, the Librarian of the London Institution, to Dinner. He possesses one of the finest collections of autographs in the Kingdom, and told us to-day how he

Dyer, who could not find his hat, turned a small coal-scuttle over his head, and walked off with this headgear." (Extract from Chapter III. of *Threescore Years and Ten: Reminiscences of the late Sophia Elizabeth De Morgan*. Bentley & Sons, 1895.)

"At the time George Dyer was fished out of New River in front of Lamb's house at Islington, after he was resuscitated, Mary brought him a suit of Charles's clothes to put on whilst his own were drying. Inasmuch as he was a giant of a man and Lamb undersized, inasmuch moreover as Lamb's wardrobe afforded only knee-breeches for the nether limbs—Dyer's were colossal—the spectacle he presented when the clothes were on, or as much on as they could be, was vastly ludicrous." (From a letter by Mr. Ogilvie—a fellow clerk in the India House with Charles Lamb—to the Rev. Joseph Twickell: see *Scribner's Magazine*, March 1876.)

Vide also "Charles and Mary Lamb," E. V. Lucas, vol. i., *Essays of Elia*; and "Amicus Redivivus" and "Oxford in the Vacation" (G. D. = George Dyer), *Essays of Elia*; and Crabb Robinson's *Diary*.

obtained a large number of curious letters and interesting papers many years since, from Lady Evelyn, which formed the nucleus of his now extensive collection.

Mr. Upcott was paying a visit at Wotton Place, the seat of the late Sir Frederic Evelyn,¹ many years ago, and one evening, seeing Lady Evelyn employed in arranging a quantity of Pheasants' feathers, he asked what hobby she was amusing herself with; she explained that the feathers were to be used to form a tippet or shawl, a kind of fancy work, which was then much in vogue with idle ladies, and then added—"Have you no hobby?" Mr. Upcott replied that "perhaps she might think his favourite pursuit more singular than he even thought hers, for he had a passion for collecting old letters."

"Well, that is odd; do you mean such things as these?"

And her ladyship, opening a drawer of her work-table, pulled out a packet of papers, and handed them to Mr. Upcott; the first letter which he opened was a long letter of Jeremy Taylor's, and the second an autograph epistle from Charles I.!

The autograph collector seized the precious documents and exclaimed—"Oh! what treasures, Lady Evelyn!" "Dear me!" said the old lady, "I have used a great many for thread papers, and Betty, the housemaid, has burnt a great many to light fires, but if you care for such ancient things, there are a great quantity of them in

¹ Sir Frederic Evelyn was a lineal descendant of John Evelyn of Saye's Court, Deptford, which was John Evelyn's home until he removed to Wotton Place in 1694. He had travelled a good deal, had joined the King's army, and had left it again in three days, "lest he . . . should . . . be exposed to ruine, without any advantage to his Majestie," and had married. Sayes Court he let, first to Admiral Benbow, and then to Peter the Great—"a right nasty inmate"—who occupied it in the year 1698. The house was pulled down in 1728-29, and a workhouse built on the site. The street which approaches it is called Tsar Street.

a black cabinet upstairs, and in trunks in a lumber room. Here is the key of the cabinet, and I will ring for my housekeeper to show you where it stands."

Off rushed the delighted autograph collector to inspect the promised treasures. He found them so much more valuable and interesting than he expected, that he actually sat up the whole night to examine them.

In that black cabinet was contained the manuscript of Evelyn's celebrated Diary, which was subsequently given to the world by publication. Lady Evelyn afterwards gave Mr. Upcott a vast quantity of the old letters and family papers, on which she placed so little value; these formed the basis of the extraordinary collection of autographs which he amassed, and kept at his apartments in the Literary Institution, of which he was Librarian.

I once saw this extensive collection, which contained many most remarkable literary curiosities; the series of Royal autographs, of both English and French Sovereigns, was wonderfully complete. Mr. Upcott showed me some highly interesting letters in the handwriting of Charles I.; his brother, Prince Henry; the unfortunate Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia¹ (written in cipher, when a girl); and the paper which was found in the hat of Felton,² the man who stabbed George Villiers, Duke of

¹ Frederick V., Elector Palatine, married Elizabeth, daughter of James I. He became King of Bohemia, but his reign only lasted one winter (the "Winter King"), for he was routed and deposed by the Catholic League, and obliged to take refuge in Holland, with his Queen. They lived in the sorest poverty. Elizabeth died in England.

² John Felton was a native of Suffolk. He served as a lieutenant under Buckingham, and being disappointed at not getting promotion he retired from the army. Immediately after he had stabbed the Duke he announced that he was the assassin, saying, when the people cried out, "Which is the man?" "I am he." He was observed to be hatless, and he said that his motives for the horrid assassination would appear if his hat were found; for, believing that he should perish, he had taken the precaution to explain them. Though threatened with the rack, he made no disclosures, and was

Buckingham. (This paper was subsequently stolen from Mr. Upcott's collection, and never recovered.)

Among other singular curiosities, was one of the silver handles of the coffin of Mary Queen of Scots; I forget by what chance it came into Mr. Upcott's possession, but he promised to leave it to me in his will, an offer which he will assuredly not perform.

April 18th.—Went to a Concert at Mr. Cartwright's, in Burlington Street; some excellent singing by Sale, Terrail, Hawes, Parry and Mme. Stockhausen; Mathews the comedian was also one of the party, and was very entertaining. Mme. Stockhausen quite won my heart by her gentleness, naïve manners, pretty looks and charming singing; but how came she to bestow herself upon such an uninteresting and dull individual as her husband?¹

April 19th.—I heard a singular instance, to-day, of the instinct by which dogs are enabled to find their way, from any new locality, back to their old haunts and homes.

A Newfoundland dog was carried from his master's house at the city end of London, whence he had never been known to stir, to Blackfriar's Bridge, over which he was thrown at night. At the end of two or three days the dog returned to his home in the city.

May 2nd, 1832.—A pleasant Dinner party at Mrs. Enderby's, Blackheath; among the guests several agreeable officers of Artillery. A son of General Needham, soon afterwards executed (1628). It is curious that another John Felton, nearly 60 years before, should have been executed in London, though for another kind of offence—namely, for affixing Pope Pius V.'s Bull of excommunication against Queen Elizabeth to the gates of the Bishop of London's Palace. "He was seized, and condemned, and received the crown of martyrdom, for which he seems to have entertained so violent an ambition." (*History of England*, pp. 369, 307. David Hume.)

¹ The "dull individual" in question was the harpist and composer, Franz Stockhausen.

recently returned from Canada, gave me an interesting account of a visit to Niagara Falls.

Mr. Needham says that the Americans are very savage with Mrs. Trollope¹ for her recent book upon America. The fact is, she did not mix with the higher classes, and therefore could not form any opinion regarding their manners; she perhaps gave a correct sketch of the habits of the society in which she moved, while in the United States; but as a picture of the higher ranks, it was grossly over-coloured and untrue. The American women are very handsome from fifteen to about twenty-two years of age, after which they speedily lose their beauty. There are no gradations of rank in America, only the high and the low, the rich and the poor. The people of Washington are great *gastronomers* and gourmands. One of their favourite dishes—Oysters stewed in champagne!

May 11th, 1832—Went over the Arsenal and Dockyard at Woolwich with Major Gordon, R.A.

The machinery at the Saw Mills is very complete and beautiful. Major Gordon told me that it is not very uncommon to find a nail in the centre of a large piece of oak, or elm timber; the nail had been probably driven into the trees when young, and the bark, enlarging gradually, had at last fairly enclosed it in the heart of the timber.

At the Dockyard we were as much astonished as delighted with all we saw; we stood in the gigantic skeleton of a 120 gun ship, and went on board the "Thunderer."² The scene at the foundry where the

¹ *Domestic Manners of the Americans*, 1832 (Frances Milton Trollope.) Mrs. Trollope was the mother of Anthony Trollope. It was during her residence in Cincinnati that she amassed material for her book, which attained a high degree of unpopularity among Americans. Her other works were deservedly popular.

² In the "Deptford Collection" of Prints in the British Museum is a very highly coloured plate of the "Launch of the 'Thunderer,'" Sept. 22, 1831, in presence of King William and Queen Adelaide.

anchors are cast, was very striking ; I could only think of Pandemonium, as I stood in its scorching atmosphere.

May 19th.—I heard to-day from a person, who has just returned from Paris ; he told me that there are still 100 cases of Cholera daily in that city, and that upon an average only one in nineteen attacked, ever recovers. The disease is most fatal to middle-aged persons ; children are seldom attacked. The French physicians now think cupping freely on the Chest the most efficacious remedy.

May 30th, 1832.—Dined at Mr. Cartwright's ; very pleasant. Sir Alexander Maxwell entertained me with several anecdotes of pet dogs and animals, for which he has a remarkable love. A favourite Labrador dog had been in the habit in the country of carrying parcels for Sir Alexander's Game-keeper's wife. On one occasion a large basket of apples was entrusted to the dog's care, to be carried to the next village ; a little puppy of the same breed stole one of the apples from the basket, and then ran off with it. The old dog apparently deliberated for some minutes, and then setting his load on the ground, pursued the puppy, recovered the apple, and replacing it in his basket, continued his journey homewards.

On another occasion, when out shooting, Sir Alexander purposely dropped his glove ; he called his dog, showed him the other glove, pointed to his hand, and desired the animal to fetch the missing glove. The dog returned three miles along the path, which he had never travelled before, and brought back the glove in triumph to his master.

Sir Alexander carried his favourite to Russia with him, but there he quarrelled with all the dogs he met, and having killed two, was finally obliged to be kept chained up. A dog of another species Sir Alexander taught to distinguish Sunday from other days. The animal was once chastised for following the family to church on that day ; he never attempted afterwards to leave the house

on Sunday, though he was the constant companion of his master's daily walks during the week. An extensive smuggling trade is carried on by the aid of dogs, trained for the purpose, on the Belgian frontier. Lace, cambric, and other articles are wound round the bodies of the animals, and being covered with a piece of tarpaulin, the dogs, if not discovered, will swim rivers, and carry their booty safely to their employers. Great numbers of these dogs are annually shot by the *gens d'armes* on the frontier, but many hundreds are still said to be trained to the trade. Theodore Hook, the witty author of *Gilbert Gurney* and the *Comic Annual*, was one of the guests to-day, and was very entertaining *after dinner*. In the evening we enjoyed some good Glee-singing from Messrs. Horncastle, Terrail, Lindley, Horsley, and heard a very fine Concerto for the Piano Forte played by the musical genius, Felix Mendelssohn.¹

June 7th, 1832.—Went with the Bishop of Llandaff to St. Paul's Cathedral in London to see the annual assembly of the "Sons of the Clergy." It was a sublime sight. While the 8000 children were engaged in singing the Coronation Anthem, a violent storm came on. The pealing of the thunder mingling with their voices and rolling through the building with a vast volume of sound, produced an effect which those who heard it will probably never forget.

June 9th, 1832.—A party of artists to dinner, consisting of Messrs. Copley Fielding, Varley, Harding, Lewis, Hart, Roberts, and Holland. Mr. Varley has an extraordinary mania for Astrology, about which he talked such nonsense, that if we had not been aware of his

¹ "I was with the Horsleys also, and in many other houses where I felt happy and at home," wrote Felix Mendelssohn in a letter to Fanny Hensel, 24th October, 1840. Mendelssohn's first appearance in London had been two years before, when arriving early at a concert in the Argyll Rooms he sat down to try the piano and extemporized beautifully, oblivious of everything, until he suddenly awoke to the fact that the audience were taking their seats.

crotchet we should certainly have thought him mad. Among other extravagance he told me that for 2000 years mankind has been following false lights, and that there is no real knowledge without *his* astrological key, which can explain all difficulties, and open the eyes of men.

He feels himself so powerful, that he laughs to scorn the derision of the world, knowing that "with one little word, not bigger than the top of his finger," he could make it tremble! were he to disclose some of the momentous secrets which he has discovered. Then tumults would arise which would not be appeased in three hundred years, and mankind would feel as if "millions of Serpents were let loose upon the world"!

Mr. Roberts told me that when he was staying at the Island of Mull, in the Hebrides, a few years ago, a bottle was picked up on the shore containing papers for the Admiralty! It had been thrown overboard by Captain Parry in the Northern Ocean, and had drifted from thence to the Hebrides. It had taken twelve months to perform this voyage, and was entirely encrusted with Barnacles (*Lepas*).

June 30th, 1832.—Dr. Davey and Mr. Fitch to dinner; the Doctor, who resides in Norfolk, told us, that on the day of the great Earthquake at Lisbon, in November, 1755, the sea rose preternaturally at *low-tide* to the highest Spring-tide mark, and then receded again immediately. This was observed at Hunston and at Yarmouth. A party of gentlemen who happened to be walking on the Beach, narrowly escaped being swept away by this Giant wave. By dint of hard running and climbing the cliff they saved themselves, but were left hanging to the cliff in such a dangerous manner that they had great difficulty in descending unhurt.

Mr. Fitch mentioned a curious fact, relating to the power of ascertaining the age of a tree by counting the concentric rings which mark its annual growth. A large

tree in the Cape de Verde Islands had been described in the Journal of an early French traveller, who stated that he had marked the date and circumstances of his visit to the island upon it. A subsequent traveller, fancying that he had found the tree described, had it cut down. On arriving at the three hundred and twentieth concentric ring, the inscription was found, and exactly coincided with the date given by the earlier traveller.

In the time of Archbishop Laud the Great Seal of the See of Canterbury was accidentally lost, during one of his progresses down the river; when Old London Bridge was taken down last year, this seal was found, and it is now in the possession of the present Archbishop of Canterbury.

July, 1832.—During this month we made an excursion to the Lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland, and spent a fortnight with the Bishop of Carlisle¹ at Rose Castle, the Episcopal Palace of the See, situated about four miles from Carlisle. The weather was fine, and we made some pleasant excursions from the Castle and altogether enjoyed our visit exceedingly.

July 9th.—Miss Gertrude Percy² has kindly given me the following memoranda of some curious customs observed in the Parish of Thursby, Cumberland.

MARRIAGES.

It was the custom for the schoolboys to fasten the Church doors during the ceremony, and not to allow the party to come out until they gave money. This was conveyed through the keyhole, and applied to the purchase of coals for the use of the School during the winter.

¹ Hon. Hugh Percy, third son of the 1st Earl of Beverley, who was also 2nd Baron Lovaine, born 1784. The Bishop's elder brother was the 5th Duke of Northumberland, grandfather of the present Duke (1923).

² "Gertrude," married 2nd Earl Amherst.

There is an entry made in the Register of the marriage of one female *twice* during the space of *ten* months, no other marriage intervening.

AN INFAIR, OR BRIDEMAIN.

This generally takes place at a Marriage, and is sometimes also called a "Bidden Weddin." It is more properly called an Infair, when a meeting of this kind is held on behalf of a sick person. The neighbours go about a few days previously with music, inviting the country folks, and mentioning the day and place of assembly. When the appointed day arrives, the couple sit in state, having plates in their laps covered with napkins. The persons invited put their gifts into these plates, and the acknowledgment for them is made by an inclination of the head, or "Thank you." Behind the couple stand the Fiddlers, playing the tune of "Come to the Cuddie Weddin." There is refreshment, consisting of bread and cheese and ale, and all who partake of it give at the same time a smaller gift, which goes to remunerate the Fiddler. When all have deposited their gifts, the whole concludes with a dance in the Barn, which is frequently kept up to a late hour. At a "Bidden Weddin" near Wigton about 1780, Mr. Joseph Burns of Bilk in Bromfield received as much as 120 collected in this way on the first day, and about 30 on a second day. An Infair was held for the benefit of a sick man, named William Lennox of Whinhow, in the Parish of Thursby, in 1829, when 21 were collected.

FUNERAL CUSTOMS.

The day before the funeral takes place at Thursby, the church bell is rung, and this is regarded by the neighbourhood as a general invitation to the Funeral. As soon as a death takes place, the neighbours flock in, and there is constant visiting till after the burial. A few

of the females go to Tea, and their husbands visit the house in the evening, when there are pipes and tobacco, bread, cheese and ale for them.

In some houses they sit up all night attending the corpse ; gifts are presented, either in money, or articles of domestic consumption, as butter, tea, sugar, etc. The *full* neighbourhood, *i.e.* the nearest neighbours within a certain compass, always give double the *half* neighbourhood. One or two shillings are the usual gifts in money. Upon the day of the Funeral, the family sit in a room apart, but a table is spread with refreshments : cold beef, veal, ham, spirits, ale and wine ; or bread and cheese and ale, according to the circumstances of the family ; every one partakes of some refreshment. In general they sing before the corpse in going into the Church. There is no passing Bell used at Thursby.¹

July 9th, 1832.—We went with Miss Percy to see Corby Castle, the beautiful seat of Mr. Henry Howard. His lady (who is a Roman Catholic) took us over every part of the mansion, and entertained us very much. The day unfortunately turned out extremely wet, which soon cut short our intended ramble over the grounds, and obliged us to spend the day in the house. Mrs. Howard was a most amusing *cicerone* ; she carried us over every part of the house, making many entertaining comments upon her possessions. She showed me, as great curiosities, some fossil fish from the neighbourhood of Verona, which she said “ became petrified by the stone growing over them ” ; the horn of a fossil quadruped, which was, she said, “ extant,” and a Roman Urn, which she gravely asserted was a “ Roman Coffee-Pot.” In the best bedroom she uncovered the chairs and sofas, to display the needlework of herself and her daughters, and told us,

¹ In the country in Northern Italy the custom still obtains of summoning the “ guests ” to funerals by means of the bells, so rung as that all understand that the funeral will take place in an hour’s time.

like Lady Margaret Bellenden, in *Old Mortality*, that the “darling wish of her heart was to see this room occupied by Royalty for one night.” Mrs. H. whispered with amusing gravity, when we were walking in the grounds, that within the last year they were haunted by fairies, and apologised for the length of the unmown grass upon a very steep bank overhanging the river, because the men were obliged to *be supported by ropes*, when the grass at that part of the terrace was cut. Many are the stories of the eccentricities of this lady which are told in the neighbourhood.

July 11th.—We spent the evening most agreeably with Mr. Southey and his family at Keswick. Miss Southey told me that it was the custom in the North of England for the children of poor people (even those whose children were generally running about the streets barefooted and half-clothed) to send their children every day to the Dancing Academy during the *season*, which was always in the Summer months. On this occasion, as if by magic, or the assistance of Cinderella’s Fairy Godmother, these little ragged urchins, who at other times were grateful for a few half-pence, appeared at the Academy in lace and ribbons, kid gloves and hair curled. Thus attired, they learned to dance quadrilles, country dances, etc., etc. Miss Southey and her Sisters themselves took lessons at one of these schools. The Clergyman of Keswick has quite a mania for educating the poor children of the parish to an unusual extent; Miss Southey was asked to undertake the instruction of the geographical class, but declined on the ground of *incompetency*. Mr. Southey showed us a collection of several hundred volumes (I think, 1500), principally foreign works, which had been bound for him by his daughters, in gay-coloured chintz bindings; they were all arranged together and looked very neat and pretty.

July 12th.—We spent an hour or two pleasantly with Mr. Wordsworth, the Poet, at his house at Rydal Mount.

He was suffering from one of his attacks in the eyes, over which he wore a green shade, which did not tend to improve his personal appearance; his forehead is broad and high. Mr. Wordsworth appeared to us a simple-mannered old man; not very polished, but apparently very kind-hearted. He conversed with my father upon the political state of the country, and inveighed against the Whigs, even more loudly than Mr. Southey had done yesterday.¹ He walked with us round his beautiful garden and pointed out the views of the mountains and distant lakes. Mrs. Wordsworth appeared very fond of her flowers; she is trying to naturalize a pretty pink *Potentilla* in the Cumberland Mountains, by sowing the seed in suitable spots, and has promised to send me a packet of it.

July 14th to 16th.—Spent these two days pleasantly with Dr. Ainslie, an old friend of my Father's, who resides at a place called Kellet, in Lancashire.

On the 14th, a Mr. Gilpin from Ulverstone was asked to dine at Kellet, to meet our party. This gentleman gave us the account of a singular escape which he had some years ago, on the celebrated quicksands of Ulverstone. He was crossing the sands one afternoon on horseback, when he suddenly found that the animal

¹ "Among the Whigs, especially in Edinburgh, it has been willed that particular Authors should be absolutely and literally unknown! . . . The reading public there (therefore) do not criticize Mr. Wordsworth; they think him below their criticism; they know nothing about what he has done. . . . They think him a mere old sequestered hermit who is eaten up with vanity and affectation, who publishes every now and then some absurd poem about a Washing-tub, or a Leech-gatherer, or a Little Grey Cloak.

"They do not know even the names of some of the finest poems our age has produced. They never heard of *Ruth* or *Michael*, or the *Brothers*, or *Hart-leap Well*, or the *Recollections of Infancy*, or the *Sonnets to Buonaparte*. They do not know that there is such a thing as a description of a Church-yard in the '*Excursion*.'"

(*Peter's Letters*. (Letter XL.) By Peter Morris. William Blackwood, Edinburgh, and T. Cadell & W. Davies, London. 1819.)

was rapidly sinking ; he made vain and frantic efforts to extricate himself, but man and horse would inevitably have been lost if some fishermen had not fortunately heard his cries, and come to his assistance. He contrived to get off the frightened horse, and when one of the men called loudly, "Lie down, and *wammel* out"—the Lancashire mode of expressing, "Lie down, and try to work yourself out"—with great difficulty, by the help of these men, Mr. Gilpin extricated himself with the loss of his watch and gloves, which were literally sucked from his pocket. The poor mare was also saved, but was so much strained and injured, as to be totally unfit for use ever afterwards. Two maiden ladies, old friends of Mr. Gilpin, when they heard the story, and the loss of the watch, replaced it by the gift of another handsome watch.

The clogs and wooden shoes worn by the Cumberland labourers are made of alder wood ; young oak saplings are used in the North of England for wheel spokes.

July 19th.—Returned to Greenwich from our tour to the Lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland.

July 22nd.—Professor Wilson,¹ the Editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*, to Dinner at Greenwich. He was at Oxford with my Father, and they had been intimate friends there ; they much enjoyed a long chat over the reminiscences of their College life. The Professor was in high spirits, and very entertaining. Among other personal anecdotes, he told us of the recent extraordinary escape of himself and some members of his family from being thrown over a precipice in Scotland. He was driving in an open carriage, when the horse becoming restive, ran away, and finally broke from the vehicle, which rolled backwards down a steep hill, and turned over at the bottom, leaving the party enclosed as in a box, from which they were all extricated unhurt !

¹ *Vide* Biographical Index.

Mr. Wordsworth, the Poet, thinks that the experiment with *Potentilla Formosa* is succeeding; it appears to take to the soil of the Cumberland mountains kindly.

March, 1833.—Capt. Friend has brought me from New Holland a young Kangaroo, as a *pet*! He is timid, jumping off at the slightest noise, but very tame; when feeding from my hand he will suffer me to stroke him, and does not appear to be frightened when strangers are not present. He feeds on potatoes, celery, oats, beans, and pea husks. The short front paws he uses as hands, holding pieces of grass or leaves very dexterously in them. Geranium leaves he devours greedily, and will eat lime shoots, rose leaves, apple and pear blossoms, lilac, vine leaves, etc. I am afraid of letting him go into the garden, as he eats all the green he can reach, and is so nimble, that when once loose, it is not easy to catch him again, as he can only be caught by the tail, and dragged in by it.

April.—A very severe epidemic, Influenza, very prevalent, attacking both sexes and all ages with great violence; very fatal to the old and young; 1000 persons said to have had it in one week in Greenwich alone; 120 Bank Clerks and 400 men in the Guards *laid down* (as the poor people say) by it at one time.

Our dear old Walnut-tree has quite lost its summer beauty in the gale last night, and the garden is strewn with broken boughs, dead leaves, and fallen fruit; it looks like the end of autumn. Much damage was done in London and its vicinity, and on the river.

On the 24th inst. we had a very violent storm; the windows shook as if it were an earthquake, and the Servants in the Hall declared that the whole house appeared to shake. My poor little blue bird was so much frightened that he tumbled down at the bottom of his cage apparently dead, but upon the cage being moved from the window gradually recovered himself.

November 30th.—My poor little Kangaroo was drowned in the garden ;—it was so gentle and inoffensive, that we are all sorry to have lost it, and I now wish that I had sent it to the Zoological Gardens long ago. He was so tame that he came often to the Dining-room window while we were at Dinner, for pieces of bread, of which he was very fond ; he enjoyed nothing more than playing with the little dog in the garden, running after him round and round the borders unwearied for half an hour together, and sometimes attempting to take up the dog in his front paws.

December 31st.—This has been a singularly tempestuous (*sic*) month. The Thames steamer (in which George and Charles Young were going to Devonshire) was twelve days in reaching Plymouth, being obliged to put into Dungeness owing to the tempestuous gales, which rendered it impossible to proceed on the voyage. At Lee, a gentleman and horse were drowned on the 24th from the sudden flooding of the little river there

This year the Gentian Acaulis has bloomed in my garden for the first time ; it has been planted four years ! Its usual season for blooming is the Spring, but it came out in September.

1834. (*Summer.*)

We are nearly annihilated by the excessive heat. To-day, August 18th, I had a chat with an old Greenwich Pensioner in the Park—a quaint old fellow. He told me that he well remembers seeing the “ Fiery Meteor ” which passed over England this day fifty-two years (1752). “ It was a *long concern* with a very long tail, and the learned *was* of opinion that if it had touched the earth it would have been of *some consequence* ! ”

October.—The weather has become cooler and more seasonable, though still very hot for the time of year. According to custom people are endeavouring to discover reasons for the unusually hot weather, as if it was not

enough to know that Providence, for some wise purpose which we blind mortals cannot see, wills that it should be so ;—the cause-hunters assign the Comet, which is now visible, as the reason ; it has perhaps as much to do with it as the ice at the North Pole. On Sept. 6th there was a remarkable Eruption of Mount Vesuvius, which destroyed twelve villages, and drove 800 persons from their homes.

October 17th.—Last night the Houses of Lords and Commons were burnt to the ground, together with the Speaker's House, the Library of the House of Lords, etc. This melancholy and awful Fire is said to be the work of some misguided, wicked incendiary ; these are indeed times to make "men's hearts quake for fear," for it really seems as if the Almighty had let loose upon the land a party of fiends, to work mischief and destruction.

JOURNAL No. 2. 1835

MAY, 1835.

May 16th.—Gardeners and old people say that this is the coldest and most ungenial Spring they have known for many years. It follows on a bitterly cold winter.

June 30th.—Our two pretty peacocks are now so tame that they will eat out of our hands, and come up regularly twice a day to the Library windows to be fed. They are very fond of sitting in the unfinished new Dining-room, into which they walk whenever the windows are left open, and have even been found upstairs in the new Bath-room on the second floor !

August 8th, 1835.—At ten o'clock on 30th of July, I was married in the Church of Saint Alphege, Greenwich, by my dear Father. After this solemn ceremony, rendered doubly impressive by the manner in which he performed the Service, I had to endure a most distressing scene in the Vestry, before signing my name, for the whole party were in tears, some even in hysterics. I know nothing which could tempt me to endure that hour of excitement a second time ! The Church, they say (for I saw nobody, though I *felt* they were there), was thronged with curious gazers, who filled all the front Pews, both in the galleries and body of the Church, and crowds had assembled at



FANNY ANNE WOOD,
at the time of her marriage
(August, 1835).
From a crayon drawing by Richmond.

the door, which not a little impeded our progress to the carriage, into which I was truly thankful to make my escape from so many strange eyes. Arrived at home, at Mama's request we consented to remain a short time to join the large party assembled at breakfast, after which I changed my dress, and we then started for Eastbourne. The parting with my own dear family and so many kind friends was *very, very* painful to me, and years cannot efface the remembrance of the agony with which I said Farewell to my dear Father.¹ I had kept up my spirits pretty well till that moment, but all my resolution forsook me when he gave me his parting kiss and *blessing*, and I felt so choked with many contending feelings that I scarcely knew where I was, till I had left the whole train of weeping friends, and the dear old house far behind.² By the time we reached Sevenoaks I was

¹ The Bride omits to give the name of her Bridegroom! He was Major James Wood, of the 5th Dragoon Guards, son of William Wood, a descendant of the ancient Scottish family of Wood of Largo. *Tait's Magazine* (April-June, 1852) gives at the head of a Memoir of the "Woods of Largo" this verse from an old ballad—

" Sir Andrew Wood he was a man
Of meikle worth, and brave;
He foucht weel for our noble King
In schips upon the wave."

(*Vide* Note to page 15 of Preface and Biographical Index.)

² "*The dear old house at Greenwich.*"—The house in which Dr. Charles Burney (Junr.) and his son Archdeacon (Charles Parr) Burney resided at Croom's Hill, Greenwich, was built (on the site of an old house of Lord Audley's) by Janzie Savory, Esqr., in 1788. He purchased a portion of the property known as "the Hooker Estate," because it was bought by Sir William Hooker, Lord Mayor of London in the Great Plague. This estate comprised Royal Hill, London Street, and Croom's Hill. Savory's house seems to have been a very attractive one, and the garden with its fine old trees specially delightful. The Burneys were much attached to their home, and grieved when, in 1839, the old house was demolished to make way for a railroad. On its site was erected a street of "mean houses, two-storied and hideous," which bear the

sufficiently recovered to enjoy the beauty of the surrounding country, which is rich in lovely Park scenery, till within a short distance of Tunbridge. From thence our road lay through Pembury, Stone-Crouch and Battel to Eastbourne,¹ which place we reached at eleven o'clock the same evening, and took up our quarters at the Anchor Hotel.

The day had been intensely hot, and till sunset the dust and heat were most oppressive, but as the sun declined a delicious little breeze sprang up which greatly refreshed the weary travellers, after their fatiguing and exciting journey.

On the fourth of August we removed from our comfortable quarters at the "Anchor" to a small but clean and comfortable house near the Beach; we are perfectly happy in it.

All the last week the farmers have been extremely active in cutting and carrying the Corn. Nothing can exceed the richness and abundance of the Harvest in this neighbourhood: on every side the eye meets extensive fields of golden grain, seeming to invite the hand of the

name of "Burney Street," leading from Croom's Hill to Royal Hill. In the "Deptford Collection of Prints," in the British Museum, may be seen the plan and elevation of these "mean houses."

In the possession of the Burney family are two drawings in water-colour, by Holland, of the old house at Greenwich, showing a fine old Queen Anne red brick house with a pillared portico, and high rather narrow windows with green French "jalousies," giving rather the impression of a foreign house.

The second drawing is of the interior of the Hall, whence a handsome well-proportioned staircase with twisted oak bannisters and wide steps leads to the upper stories. Busts of the Caesars (in white marble or plaster) set in the staircase wall; vivid red curtains to the windows, and glimpses of the green shutters make a charming picture of what was evidently a delightful and noble old house.

¹ Eastbourne, now the third largest town in Sussex, developed late, for up to 1860, apart from a group of houses on the shore called "Marine Parade," the only Eastbourne was the old town more than a mile distant inland. The Parish Church is very ancient.



MAJOR JAMES WOOD,
at the time of his marriage
(August, 1835).

reaper, and promising plenty and prosperity to thousands. It is a glorious sight, and one which never fails to touch my heart with feelings of humble gratitude towards that merciful God who ordained "Seed-time and Harvest." The last rays of the sun just light up the distant points of the landscape, and touch with crimson the clouds which surround his setting glory, and now he is sunk till another day behind the far-off hills, leaving a mellow tint upon the landscape, which at this season soon deepens into the gloom of twilight.

August 20th.—I am very gradually becoming accustomed to my new situation and change of life, which at first appeared so strange that I fancied myself in a day-dream. I am beginning, too, to grow reconciled to my new dignity, can bear to hear myself called "Ma'am" without starting, and am not now afraid that everybody should discover that I have not been married three weeks. My dear Husband is very kind to me, and I am perfectly happy with him, but when alone Memory will sometimes carry me back to my distant home, where I have spent so many years of mingled pleasure and pain. I see all the dear familiar faces, hear all the well-known voices, smell the scent of the evening flowers in the dear old garden, and almost linger for the footsteps which are far away. It is not that I am unhappy, but I love to think of the past, and of those who have known and loved me so long, and then I can turn again in the soothing consciousness that I have another friend who will cherish and guard me in sickness and in health with love and tenderness. May God bless him for all his kindness, and make me a solace and comfort unto him through coming years!

After our departure from Greenwich on the 30th of July, the day's festivities were closed by a Ball to about 150 friends and acquaintance in the new Dining-Room, which was first used on this occasion.

Extract from a letter from Mrs. E. to me, dated 6th

August:—"I never witnessed greater attention, gaiety and good humour; Papa was as lively and pleasant as in the days of his youth, here, there, and everywhere, talking to old and young, sensible men and silly women, and delighting them all. Mama, having to play the Hostess, could not spare much time to be *larmoyante*, and excepting one or two 'dear Fannys!' and the accompanying tribute of a sigh for her absence, she got on as friskily as her Daughters and looked almost as young. The later it grew the more alive were we, and the more determined 'to keep it up,' as it is called; so at three o'clock old and young performed a part in the 'Coquet' Dance, and Papa was so gallant to the fair sex, that he invariably favoured each with such a lengthened twirl, that a great exhibition of ankles was the result. The later it grew the more lively we became, and after Papa's leading off, 'Come haste to the Wedding!' which I performed with Edward, the former insisted on having a Quadrille, and chose the 'Lancers,' in which I was figuring with him, when all the gentlemen took flight through the open windows, and joined in a game at *Leap-Frog* upon the Terrace, Papa being at the head of the party!" Thus concluded the revels at five o'clock in the morning.

August 22nd.—Greatly do I enjoy the quietness and seclusion of this comfortable snug little domicile after the dirt and discomfort of the Hotel, and after so many months of bustle and worry. The weather has been unusually hot; the country people say they have had no rain of any consequence since last harvest. The springs are all dried up and the scarcity of water is very great. Some attribute it to the Comet which is approaching the earth. At a sitting of scientists in Paris in April of this year the re-appearance of Halley's Comet was foretold for the present year.

August 25th.—The rain to-day came down with such violence that, though it did not last more than an hour,

many of the ditches which were before dry were quite filled and the road and parade were several inches deep in water.

One day so closely resembles another in its occupations and pursuits that I have nothing to record in my Journal, except that I continue to be very happy at this quietest of all quiet places. Its unfashionable dearth of amusements and excitement would ill suit those who seek a refuge from *ennui*, but it is just the place for those who can be happy without Balls, Concerts, and fashionable Promenades.

September 20th.—One day lately we took a walk to the Village of Eastbourne, where I made a sketch of some old cottages. The farmer to whom they belonged, told us that there was an old and curious custom kept up till within a very few years in the great Barn of his Farm-yard, where a Breakfast of Ham, Bread and Eggs was given once a year to the Labourers of the Farm (originally the Farm Servants), but the custom was now discontinued, and the money appropriated to this purpose (£20 per annum) had been given to enable the Labourers to send their children to the Charity School of the Village. This is no doubt a better use of the money, but I could not help thinking it a pity that this memorial of old English hospitality should have passed away. Trifles such as these have helped to keep up good will and kindness between the Landlord and his tenants; but in these days of expediency and economy every penny must reply satisfactorily to the queries “whence comest thou?” and “whither goest thou?”

In spite of the changeable weather we have very pleasant walks on the Beach with the Major's great Water Dog, “Sailor,” who is an excellent companion, being very docile and an admirable swimmer.

Oct. 9th.—It is impossible now to walk out after Dinner, but we have long snug evenings, the Major reading aloud to me whilst I work or draw, and we

find that the hours pass very rapidly. We have just finished the *Gipsy*, by R. P. James, with which we were much pleased; the interest of the Tale is well sustained, and there are many passages of beautiful sentiment scattered through the work. Our little drawing-room looks very *cozzy* and snug with a bright fire, the curtains drawn and the well-polished Tea-kettle *singing* on the hearth! When people are inclined to be happy, how very little suffices to make them so! Half our wants are imaginary, and the result of minds rendered peevish and exacting by idleness and *ennui*; may I never live to become a victim to either Demon!

All the past week the Fishermen have been busily employed in preparing for the Herring Fishery, which commences here to-morrow. It is a pretty sight to see the rough-looking Sailors in their great water-boots, picturesque-looking hats and caps, mending their long nets, furling the red sails, and getting in their stores for sea. I love to sit upon the Beach and watch them, now standing full in the broad sunshine, and then suddenly thrown into shade by some passing cloud, and I have often longed for the pencil of Prout to transfer many a picturesque group to my Sketch Book.

This morning our Landlady was telling us that the sailors still find curiosities, gold-dust, coins, bracelets, etc., etc., on the shore near Beachy Head, washed up from the wreck of the "Nympha," a big Spanish Galleon which was lost there in 1747. She had been taken as a prize a short time before off Cadiz, and from thence taken to Lisbon and Portsmouth, and on her passage to London was wrecked in the night upon the rocks, where she went to pieces. She was richly and heavily laden with gold-dust, specie, quicksilver, velvets, gold and silver laces, etc., etc., etc., and was considered one of the most valuable prizes ever brought to England. Much of the quicksilver was regained, but of course the loss of property was immense; the country people came in

crowds to the shore, and took everything they could find as lawful plunder; they drank enormous quantities of rum and spirits, and sixty of them perished in one night among the Hills, from the effects of cold and their dreadful excesses. For many years after the Shipwreck great quantities of things were washed upon the Beach after heavy gales, and many persons are said to have made large sums of money by their share of the rich spoil. Even so lately as the summer before last, two gold Spanish Moidores were found upon the rocks in one day, by a party visiting Beachy Head, and gold-dust is still occasionally found after rough seas. One poor man used to go for years with a large iron spoon in search of it amongst the pools of water and crannies in the rocks, and one summer actually made £9 by this strange trade.

Oct. 13th.—This has been a busy day for the little world here; all the children in the village, about 150 in number, have been scrambling upon hands and knees for apples, which are annually *scrambled* to them by their charitable Patroness, Mrs. Ogle, a lady who always appears to be employed in deeds of kindness to the poor; she is one of the most influential persons here, a kind of “Lady Bountiful,” and well does she deserve her popularity, for her ample fortune is really turned to good account, in the relief of the necessitous.

Oct. 16th.—Last night we saw the great Comet very distinctly, and could distinguish its long tail at intervals with the naked eye; its size and brilliancy appearing much greater than those of the surrounding stars. They say it will not be visible much longer, as it is travelling fast to the westward.

Oct. 19th.—Dear Papa’s Birthday! May he live to enjoy many many very happy returns of it!—The day being most beautiful (though cold), my dear Husband and I determined to take advantage of it, to see the

ruins of Herstmonceux Castle.¹ Our road ran through Pevensey,² or *Pemsey* as the country people here call it, and from thence through very pretty lanes. Who would live in dirty, smoky, crowded London, when they can enjoy the freedom and quiet of the country? Never did I more truly *feel* the force of the line in Cowper than this morning, "God made the Country, man made the Town." Some people would call this affectation and folly; they may style it what they please, but it is not the less true that every day of my life my distaste for London and its garish pleasures becomes greater, and my veneration for the country stronger.

Herstmonceux, ruined as it is, is still highly interesting, and till some fifty years ago, when its tasteless Goth of a possessor pulled it down to obtain materials to build a new house in the Park, was one of the most perfect specimens of a castellated house in England. Our guide, an old man of nearly seventy years, spoke of the

¹ Herstmonceux (or Hurstmonceaux) took its name from Waleran de Monceux, Lord of the Manor about 1200 A.D., and "hurst," a wood. The Castle was built about 1440 by Sir Roger de Fienes, warrior of Agincourt. The Lords Dacre, his descendants, lived here till 1708, one being hanged in 1584, at Tyburn, for a poaching affray in which a gamekeeper was killed. In the eighteenth century the Castle was held by the Naylor family and their connections—the Hares; till, in 1777, Canon Hare "disgracefully dismantled it to build with its material the ugly mansion called "Hurstmonceaux Place." Wishing to evade entail, Canon Hare's second wife got Wyatt, the notorious "architect," to declare the Castle *ruined*. Yet twenty-five years before Horace Walpole had visited it, and described it in a letter to Richard Bentley (August 5, 1752).

In Augustus Hare's *Memorials of a Quiet Life* he tells how he and his brother, Julius, were brought up at Hurstmonceaux Place,—Julius (Archdeacon Hare) becoming in due time the Rector of the parish, which post he held for twenty-one years.

(*Vide Rambles in Sussex*, by Edmund New; and *Sussex*, in Methuen's Little Guides' Series.)

² Pevensey—(ey = an island)—points to the days when the sea overflowed the flats called "Pevensey Level." The harbour and channel to the sea were navigable for small ships up to 1700.

place with that kind of affectionate regret with which old people always contemplate the scenes of their youth, and every stone and brick of the building seemed to recall past and happier times to his memory.

In the inner court stands an ancient Holly Tree, said to be 400 years old. Many years back a considerable quantity of money was found buried amongst the ruins, together with some parchments stating that the hoard was intended to keep the Castle in repair; the country people who found the gold, burnt the papers and appropriated the coin to their own use; but the current tradition is that "they all came to untimely ends." In "Wall's End Bay," I found a minute species of *Echinus*, which I never met with anywhere else. We reached home to Dinner at four o'clock, highly delighted with our excursion.

The Bay of Naples itself could not look better than the sea here has done for the last week.

Oct. 21st.—A very curious print of the wreck of the "Nympha" off Eastbourne in 1747 was published shortly after the accident. I have been vainly attempting to procure a copy. The figures are all dressed in cocked hats, bag wigs, and old-fashioned long-waisted coats; they are very numerous and are all numbered—the explanations, which are extremely entertaining, being affixed at the bottom of the print. One or two amuse me much; thus, No. 3 is the "Body of the Doctor who was drowned in attempting to save himself by swimming." No. 4—"Mr. Richardson of Alleiston falling (head over heels) from the *Clift*." No. 5—"A French Privateer which was destroyed by the firing from Crow-link Battery"—the said Battery looking as if all its artillery would not have injured a fly. No. 6—"Mr. Fletcher, Riding Officer, who secured a quantity of money to the owners." No. 10—"The Cave where the wreckers fatally drank the spirituous liquors they took from the ship."

Oct. 28th.—A calm lovely day, which makes us indeed

regret to quit this quiet place to-morrow (for Tunbridge Wells), to which we have become quite attached, and where we have been so very happy.

Yesterday afternoon I took a long walk on the shore to bid adieu to the Beach and Sea. I found some good sea weeds, fine *Asteria*, or Star Fish, and a curious creature, which the Fishermen call by a rather inelegant name—the “Sea Louse.” I have picked up three on the Beach this summer after heavy seas, and the sailors say they are seldom found on this coast; I know not whether the animal is common elsewhere; I never saw it before. In form it does somewhat resemble a very large wood-louse, being about three inches long; its colour is a dirty greyish brown, and the sides are covered at regular distances with short stiff hairs or bristles, of the most beautiful green, purple and pink, which give it a very singular appearance. The Conger Eel is sometimes caught on this coast of an immense size; they have been taken here weighing 70 lbs. The common people eat them and consider them good, but I believe they are never sold in the Fish-markets. Our Landlady’s first Husband was a Fisherman, and was drowned with four comrades off the French coast some twenty years ago, *in sight of land*; by a little exertion from those on shore the poor men could have been saved. I never met with more genuine hatred than that expressed for the whole French nation, by worthy Mrs. Dumbrill, on account of this circumstance, and she says the feeling is almost universal amongst the Sailors and Fishermen here, for they declare that “a Frenchman will do nothing without a reward, and will see a fellow-*cretur* perish without offering to help him.” She told me that many years ago her Husband was shrimping one day towards Beachy Head, when he perceived at a short distance from him an immense Conger Eel in active pursuit of a fine Grey Mullet, which continually sprang from the water to escape its powerful enemy. The chase lasted some

minutes, till at last the poor Mullet, quite exhausted, leaped upon the sand; the Eel however followed so closely that a moment afterwards it seized its victim and swallowed the Fish at a mouthful. The Fisherman having watched the close of the contest, now approached, and with great difficulty killed the Eel by repeated heavy blows upon the head with the handle of his shrimping net, but not without some danger of being knocked down by the violent lashings of the powerful creature's tail, which it used with great force and dexterity. When he had killed it the man immediately opened the Eel, and found the Mullet quite entire, with not a scale rubbed off. The Fish weighed 7 lbs. and was sold for 1s. 6d.; the Eel was 8 feet in length, and weighed 30 lbs. Two gentlemen who happened to be upon the shore witnessed the whole scene, and were so much amused by it, that they sent an account of it to be inserted in a Newspaper.

We left Eastbourne at eleven o'clock on October 28th, and reached Tunbridge Wells about four to Dinner; found all the party at Priory House in good health and delighted to see us.

The road from Eastbourne runs through beautiful country after passing Horsbridge, our first stage. The flat marshes round Pevensey always remind me of Holland, and if one could substitute Windmills for the ugly Martello¹ Towers the resemblance would be still more striking.

We shall be just in time to see the Woods in their rich garb of Autumnal glory, of which a few "nipping Frosts" will too too soon deprive them. I never see a

¹ When there was the scare of invasion of our shores by the French Fleet (assembled by Napoleon on the north coast of France), steps were taken for the safety of the coast, and an Italian, by name "Martello," suggested the erection of these towers. Mr. Pitt and his Administration thought it well to adopt the plan, and to mount guns in the Towers (1806). They have since then been occasionally sold for a mere song.

thick Wood, with its deep shadows, winding paths, varied foliage, and silent mossy glens, where the delicate Anemone, purple Violet, and pale-eyed Primrose love to dwell, but I wish that I were a Gipsy, free to wander whither Fancy led me, far from the noise and enervating air of a great Town. If the Woods of England are so beautiful, what must be the solemn grandeur of the boundless Forests of the Western world?

Oct. 31st.—Truly this is a lovely country! I never saw any place abounding with so many charming subjects for the pencil; such picturesque cottages, such fantastic rocks, such magnificent trees! At this season one could almost weep to think that such beauty is but the forerunner of speedy decay! It seems impossible that the gorgeous colours tinting the woodland foliage can ever fade, those lovely trees ever be stripped of their leafy honours! Yet in a few short weeks they will be cold, bleak and bare, leaving nothing to remind one of their beauty! Every crevice in the rocks is adorned with graceful ferns, whilst the most minute and beautiful species of the Moss and Lichen tribes cover the surface in all their brilliant hues, and wonderful variety. Each tree has its own peculiar colouring, varying from the deepest red and orange, to the palest yellow. The Holly is one of my favourite trees; it always reminds me of Christmas,—of its happy Family Meetings, merry games, and *cozie* warm Firesides.

November 9th.—The weather has set in cold and cheerless,—the month seems inclined to keep up its old character. Last Sunday Papa read Prayers in the Chapel of Ease for Mr. Pope. I never remember to have felt so uncomfortable in any place of worship, as at this Chapel. Very smart are the Bonnets and Pelisses, but the consequence of this *free Seat* system is that nobody knows where to go; those who go first get the best seats. I could scarcely convince myself that I was not in a Theatre, and never returned home less benefited

by attending Divine Service, for I found it almost impossible to say my Prayers in the midst of that gay, staring Congregation; how I did wish myself at dear quiet Eastbourne Church.

One day last week we walked to the High Rocks, some very picturesque masses of sand-stone rock which lie on part of Lord Abergavenny's extensive property. Nature made this spot lovely, but some Barbarian with wretched taste has actually stuck up Tea Houses, rustic Cottages, Booths and Stalls in the lower part of the grounds, and hung Lamps upon the trees, thus giving a place which is naturally wild and beautiful the air of a Cockney Tea-Garden; never was there a worse piece of taste than making trim parterres, and filling them with Laurels, Dahlias, etc., etc., in the midst of a Wood! What absurdities will not people not commit to collect a little money! The High Rocks reminded me strongly of parts of Derbyshire,—round Matlock, when one had climbed high enough to lose sight of the atrocious *Tea Boxes*.

November 10th.—Lady Dampier, Mr. Pope and Dr. Powell to Dinner,—very dull. This good old lady is an extremely old friend of Papa's, and a very nice person, though a decided Gossip, and a fair specimen of the commonest class of residents here, viz. : ancient Widows who give select Evening Parties, at which assemble about twenty ladies to three old Gentlemen (there are only five *young* men in Tunbridge Wells, three of whom are Physicians), to play at Whist, yawn, drink a cup of Coffee, listen to a little indifferent music perhaps, and return home wearied to death with doing nothing, at eleven o'clock. There is little Dinner Society among the residents; these *social* meetings, which are frequent in the winter, being entirely the fashion, and wearying enough must be their eternal sameness. They say Gentlemen are enchanted the first day with the beauty of Tunbridge Wells, yawn through the second, and

gallop away from it the third, but it is certainly the *Paradise* of old Ladies. It is really difficult to account satisfactorily for the wonderful preponderance of the female over the male sex at this place, and still more difficult to understand *why* the Lords of the Creation appear to consider it so hateful an abode.

The first thing which must strike every stranger here is the unvarying dulness which seems to pervade the very *air* of Tunbridge Wells ;¹ in vain do Sir Francis

¹ Tunbridge Wells was accidentally discovered in 1606 by Dudley, Lord North, who noticed a spring (in the then uncultivated Forest) "which bore on its surface a shining scum and left in its course down a neighbouring brook a ruddy ochreous track." He took a sample to London to an analyst, when it was found to be water of high medicinal value. At that time there was only one cottage near the Wells, and for some time there was no town, so that when Queen Henrietta Maria visited them she had to encamp on the Bishop's Down. Macaulay gives a brilliant account of the springing up of the town after the Restoration :

"At present we see there a town with brilliant shops and luxurious private dwellings. After the Restoration the Court visited Tunbridge Wells—there was then no town, but within a mile of the spring a few rustic cottages were scattered over the heath. Some of these cabins were moveable and were carried on sledges from one point of the common to another. To these huts men of fashion, wearied with the din and smoke of London, sometimes came in Summer to breathe fresh air and to catch a glimpse of rural life. During the season a kind of fair was held near the fountain.

"The wives and daughters of the Kentish farmers came from the neighbouring villages with cream, cherries, wheatears and quails. To chaffer with them, to flirt with them, to praise their straw hats and tight heels was a refreshing pastime to voluptuaries sick of the airs of actresses and maids of honour.

"Milliners, toymen and jewellers came down from London, and opened a bazaar under the trees. In one booth the politician might find his coffee and the *London Gazette* ; in another were gamblers playing deep at basset, and on fine evenings the fiddles were in attendance and there were Morris-dancers on the elastic turf of the bowling-green."

(Macaulay's *History of England* : "State of England in 1685." Longman, Brown, etc., London, 1850, vol. i. p. 347. Taken from *Memoirs de Gramont* ; Hasted's *History of Kent* ; *Tunbridge Wells—A Comedy*. 1678.)

Burdett¹ and Mrs. Booth drive about in carriages and four; in vain are the handsome houses occupied by rich and titled people; in vain are there two Libraries, Parades, gay Shops, Riding Masters and Ladies' Horses; in vain is the country beautiful;—all combined cannot dissipate

¹ Sir Francis Burdett, 5th Baronet, of Foremark, County Derby, born Jan. 1770, died Jan. 1844, married Sophia, younger daughter of Thomas Coutts, in August 1793. Their youngest daughter, Angela Georgina, was the widely-known Baroness Burdett-Coutts, created by Queen Victoria, June 1871.

Sir Francis Burdett's Parliamentary career was long and exciting. He was Member successively for Boroughbridge (Yorkshire); Westminster, and North Wiltshire.

He was no respecter of persons, conventions, nor Governments; was fearless in advocating Parliamentary Reform and Catholic Emancipation, Freedom of Speech, Prison Reform, etc., showing himself to be ahead of his times. . . . He became the darling of the people and the leader of the wildest Radicals. At last the Government ordered his arrest for "breach of privilege." (He having had one of his speeches printed and sold.) His supporters surrounded his house in Piccadilly (No. 80), to defend their idol from arrest, and not until the Life Guards were called out was he taken and put in the Tower; where, however, he was only detained a couple of weeks.

Sir Francis helped to save Rotten Row from having houses built each side of it.

When practically all the reforms which he had struggled for all his life were at last passed, the intrepid Baronet settled down as a Conservative.

In Mr. Ralph Richardson's *History of the Banking House of Coutts and Co.* his end is said to have been "a lamentably pathetic one." "In January 1844 his wife died and he became inconsolable . . . refused food, . . . and at last succumbed, dying literally of starvation a few days after his wife's decease . . . for 51 years he and his wife had lived happily together and even death could not separate them."

In contemporary caricatures and cartoons Sir Francis figured largely, always as upholder of the liberties of the people against corruption, tyranny and autocracy generally.

"Old Glory," as his constituents in Westminster called him, was escorted through the streets on one occasion by cheering thousands, raised high above the people on a "Triumphal Car." He was a passionate and bold reformer; as an orator effective, and of most fascinating manners and presence. Like Wordsworth, he had been inspired early by the ideals of the French Revolution.

the cloud of Dulness which seems to hang over the place. It is not half so quiet and retired as Eastbourne, but to my feelings ten thousand times duller, because there is so much more pretension to gaiety. When I first came I expected to find the Pantilles as in the days of "Camilla," crowded with fashionable Loungers such as "Sir Sedley Clarendon" and "Mrs. Arlberry"; but alas! in these degenerate days one would be much more likely to stumble upon half a dozen "Mrs. Dubsters"; for the Pantilles, whatever they may have been, are now nothing but a collection of old-fashioned Shops, with a covered paved walk running in front of them, and one can scarcely believe that they once formed the *Rendezvous* for all the wits and beauties of a fashionable Watering-Place! The season, however, is now over, and it is perhaps hardly fair to judge of the liveliness of a place at such a time. On the night of the 17th, the Aurora Borealis, or Northern Lights, were seen in many parts of England. They were unusually brilliant and beautiful. In London so vivid were they that an alarm of Fire was given in the direction of Hampstead, where the light appeared most remarkable, and many of the Firemen actually set out with their Engines to assist in putting out the supposed Conflagration!

Nov. 27th.—I have spent a month most pleasantly and happily here,—this place certainly wins upon one on further acquaintance.

It is with regret that I find we must leave for home next week.

Nov. 30th.—Papa and Mama gave a *Rout* to the Tunbridge folks of their acquaintance, which turned out very pleasantly.—In the morning I called with Papa upon Mrs. Grattan, the Widow of the celebrated Irish Barrister. She is now a very old lady, and so great an invalid that she rarely sees visitors. She was in early youth a renowned *Beauty*, though a stranger can see no traces of it left now, in the poor decrepit creature who

by a stroke of Paralysis is quite confined to her arm-chair. Her appearance is most singular, and reminded me strongly of one's childish notions of a venerable Lady Abbess. Her dress is always of plain black silk ; upon her head she wears, first an odd kind of linen cap, or *curch*, which partially conceals her grey hairs, over which is placed a long black silk Hood ; this hangs over her Shoulders and Back, and is surmounted by a black Lace Veil thrown back and carefully arranged, so disposed as to exhibit grey hairs, *curch* and hood. Her face is almost ghastly, in its expression of age and sickness, and when I looked at her, sitting placid and composed in a high-backed arm-chair, in the old-fashioned room, I could hardly persuade myself that I was not gazing at some ancient picture of 200 years back, instead of an old Lady of eighty-two in the nineteenth century.

Dec. 16th.—We have returned to Tunbridge Wells, after a visit to my dear Husband's relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Collins, at Maize Hill, Greenwich. I have now entered upon new duties and feelings, having undertaken the charge of three young Wards of my dear Husband's, during the Christmas Vacation. They appear to be amiable, tractable and affectionate children, and I sincerely hope that I may be able to perform my duty to them firmly and conscientiously, and at the same time to win them to love me, for dearly do I like to "sun me in the light of happy faces." I am truly glad to return to Tunbridge Wells, for the whole fortnight we spent at Maize Hill was most fatiguing and worrying—nothing but receiving and paying stupid Wedding visits, doomed to hear and say the same nothings a dozen times a day, to people I never saw, or even perhaps heard of before, then packings, unpackings, shoppings and journeyings to that great Babylon, *London* ; so altogether, though very glad to see our kind friends the Collins', it was a positive relief to escape a repetition of all these trials of temper,

and minor evils of life. I feel that rest and quiet are absolutely necessary for me, after so much excitement, which has sent me back here wearied, nervous and dispirited.

Dec. 27th.—We are at length settled in our new abode, a house which we have taken for the next four months. I am beginning to understand the tempers and dispositions of our three young guests, which are very dissimilar. They seem perfectly happy with us and quite contented. But I cannot really conceive of anything more vexatious than G's mingled stupidity and obstinacy over the lesson which I give him daily in Geography,—it is a glorious trial of Patience ; as such I intend to continue the task during the remainder of his vacation, by which means if I cannot do him any service I shall at least be learning a lesson of forbearance and temper.

We constantly see dear Papa and Mama, for Priory House is close by. Our Christmas Day we spent with them, and ate our Xmas Dinner there. It was one of the most inclement days I ever remember, never ceasing to snow since early morning ; a furious N.E. wind has drifted the snow so rapidly that I can now form some idea of the awful effect of a snowstorm on the Moors. We had the pleasure of seeing all our Family circle unbroken by the absence or illness of any of its Members, —long may it be so !

I love Family meetings on fixed days ; they keep up old ties and feelings, and draw friends and relatives together, who but for such occasional “Gatherings” gradually become strangers to each other. Above all do I love Xmas *home* parties ; the cheerful blazing hearth, the merry jests, the old customs and traditions of the season, even the Mince-Pies and Plum-Puddings, the Holly and the Mistletoe with which every cottage window and Chimney are now decked,—all have their interest to me, and deeply do I deplore that the philosophy and March of Reason, which have made such rapid strides

in the present day, should so tend to have knocked down all the veneration for the habits of our forefathers, which used to be so characteristic of the English. Who thinks of doing anything now because his Father or Great Grandfather did so fifty years before?—Nobody. Who thinks of keeping up the Family place of Worship, holding fast to the Family Friends, and jealously watching over the honour of the Family name, because his Fathers for many generations did the same?—Not one individual in a thousand. Everybody now builds a new house upon the site of the old one, or lives in London or goes abroad, leaving Tenantry to starve, and Parks and Gardens to become wildernesses; everybody likes to hear a fashionable and *new* (therefore “fashionable”) Preacher, instead of following in the good “old paths,” and thus arise Dissenting Chapels and Dissenting Ministers. All this thirst, this mania for novelty, must end in the deterioration at least of the national character of the higher classes, to say nothing of the ruin of the Peasantry, once England’s boast and pride. For myself I fear I am the very slave of habit, for I love old houses, old friends, old music, old feelings, old faces, old walks, old songs, and old books; I sometimes think that I carry my love and veneration for the past to such a point that it becomes almost a weakness. How the memory of past pleasures connects itself with various common and insensible objects! The sight of Daisies and Buttercups always excites a pleasurable feeling in my mind, recalling the days when I used to make necklaces of their blossoms; the Cowslip and the common wild Hyacinth endeared to me by the mysterious influence of association; thus are innumerable sights and sounds of everyday life robbed of the power of wearying us by repetition! Cowper has some beautiful lines in his “Task,” beginning “There is in souls a sympathy with sounds,” etc., etc.

I do not remember to have seen the ground one white unbroken field of snow as it was on Xmas Day, since

some seventeen years ago when I was a little girl,¹ and with Papa and Mama paid a visit to the celebrated Dr. Parr, at his Living of Hatton, in Warwickshire.

I well remember that when we reached the Rectory on Christmas morning, every tree, shrub and plant was covered with the beautiful *foliage* of a severe hoar Frost, and the ground white with snow. How much more vivid is my recollection of that pleasant visit, than of many things which have passed in the last five years of my life ! How distinctly do I recollect my childish shyness, my fear of the Doctor with his great Wig, Velvet Breeches, silver Buckles and silk Apron ; how I used at first to run and hide myself, when I heard his voice upon the stairs ! and how at length I lost my shyness, and sat with delight upon a little stool, to listen to “Blue Beard,” and “Beauty and the Beast,” which the good old man used to narrate with much spirit for my amusement. No Fairy Tales since, dearly as I always loved them, were like these ! Then there was a pretty Kitten with which I used to play for hours,—it was called mine. Then how distinctly do I recollect the misery of being sent for by Dr. Parr to the Dining-room in the middle of Dinner, when a large party of strangers were assembled there ; how I cried and pouted and would not go, till a second imperative message arrived from the Doctor, and when I did summon courage to obey, how unhappy and shy I was. Then I recollect how fond I was of the House-keeper, and old John, the Doctor’s Servant and factotum ; how distinctly can I recall Master and Man mounted on their steeds, and trotting soberly along at one unvarying pace, daily on the same road,—two of the strangest figures that ever were seen,—the Doctor always in his singular costume even when riding out, while the Servant (from habit, I suppose) seeming to have imbibed somewhat of his Master’s quaint appearance

¹ Fanny Anne Wood was seven years old at that time.

and style. Those were happy days and will never be forgotten.¹

¹ Dr. Samuel Parr, the renowned "and very eccentric scholar," was certainly not regarded by his contemporaries as the little daughter of his friend, Archdeacon Burney, regarded him! De Quincey's paper on him, entitled "Dr. Parr, or Whiggism in its Relations to Literature," while comically hostile to the Doctor, yet shows up some of his milder side and better qualities. He says: "About Dr. Parr there circled another interest" (than "full-blown pedantry and extraordinary erudition in obscure and sterile fields"). His profession as a Schoolmaster, his reputed learning, and his political creed as a Whig, brought him into direct personal intercourse with the great Whig leaders . . . with the Episcopal Bench of that Church which daily he insulted, with one-half of our British Peerage,—indeed he had *flagellated* many scions of the most aristocratic families, thereby incurring a good deal of undying rancour,—and with select members of the Royal family. . . . Dr. Parr was a little man and wore a most plebeian wig . . . when he entered a room he "cut his way through the company and then *lunged* into an arm-chair, and then forthwith, without preface or apology, began to open his talk upon the room. . . . I was petrified by his voice, gestures and demeanour . . . he had an infantine lisp, and accompanied it with all sorts of ridiculous grimaces and little stage gesticulations. His person was at once coarse and in some degree mean . . . his features were ignoble yet with an air of drollery that did not sit well upon age or the gravity of his profession." "He conceived that his eye was peculiarly searching . . . and that it frightened people . . . and his . . . form of words for expressing the severe use of this basilisk function was, 'I inflicted my eye upon him.' The thing was all a mistake; his eye could be borne very well. . . . Dr. Parr was the son of a man in the humbler departments of medicine." Dr. Johnson said of him, "He is jealous of attention and indignant at neglect," and he called him "the petty tyrant of his fireside." Certainly his temper must have been uncontrollable, for there is an anecdote which tells how once he rose from table in the midst of a fierce discussion with Mrs. Parr, "took a carving-knife, and, applying it to a portrait of that lady, hanging on the wall, he drew it sharply across the jugular, and cut the throat of the picture from ear to ear!" On leaving College, Parr became a master at Harrow. Failing to get himself elected Head Master, he set up a rival school near Harrow, at Stanmore. There he "brought upon himself the ridicule of the neighbourhood . . . by riding in high prelatical pomp through the streets on a *black* saddle, bearing in his hand a long wand . . . with an ivory

We have already met with much kindness and civility from the residents here, many of whom have invited us to their Xmas festivities, at which we are well pleased, as it gives us an opportunity of giving a little variety to our young guests.

Another year has now run its course, and has to me brought events of the greatest interest and importance, many blessings, and some few trials ; what the opening

head like a *crozier*, and by stalking at times through the town in a dirty striped morning gown." When the school failed he became master of Colchester School. In 1778 Parr was elected to Norwich School, but resigned the post in 1785 when he took the living of Hatton in Warwickshire, which, despite his ambition to become a Bishop, he never left for any "more elevated abode." Though "he displayed very unusual skill in Latin composition, yet that, if we except Bell-ringing, was the one sole thing, in the nature of accomplishments, which Samuel Parr seems to have possessed,—that! and... the art of slaughtering oxen!... Never was Samuel Parr seen to greater advantage than when animating the hopes, supporting the fortitude or ministering to the comforts of the poor prisoner in some gloomy cell... if all others forsook the wretched and fled, Parr did not... wherever distress was real. . . . Sam Parr! these things will make the earth lie light upon your last abode! Sam Parr, I love you!"... The Doctor wrote as he lived; now bending to momentary gusts of passion; then recovering himself through cloudy glimpses to a higher standard... De Quincey concedes to him a foremost place in the matter of Epitaph writing—finding in them "an unique body of excellence." He sums him up finally thus: "As a moral being Parr was naturally good and conscientious, but... the mere football of passion." Dr. Parr's scholarship was the pride of Harrow School; at fourteen years old he was at the head of the school. De Quincey also speaks of Parr's "sonorous smithery of harsh words, dark and pompous,—from which nothing adequate emerged... but simply a voluminous smoke.... In smoke the Doctor's day commenced, in smoke it closed; smoke literal and abominable to his ox and his ass, to his man-servant and his maid-servant, and to the stranger that was in his gates. To me there always seemed to settle a smoke symbolical upon the whole sum of the Doctor's life—all that he did and all that he tried to do."

(*Vide* "Dr. Samuel Parr" in *Thomas De Quincey's Collected Writings*. Vol. V.: Biographies, etc. David Masson. London: A. & C. Black. 1897.)

year may bring, none can say, and deeply does every such fresh era in one's existence prove, that "the veil which covers from our eyes the events of futurity, is one woven by the hand of Mercy." If life and health are vouchsafed to me, may I be enabled to turn the next twelve months to account, so that when another year has spun its mingled yarn of good and evil, I may feel that I have not laboured in vain.

"I never hear the peal which rings out the Old Year without a gathering up of my mind to a concentration of all the images that have been diffused over the past twelve months, all I have done or suffered, performed or neglected, in that regretted time. I begin to know its worth, as when a person dies. It takes a personal colour; nor was it a poetical flight in a contemporary when he exclaimed,—'I saw the skirts of the departing year.'"
("Elia.")

1836.

January 1st.—We spent New Year's Day very merrily and happily at Priory House, with dear Papa and Mama. On the 4th they gave a very pleasant dance there.

Mr. Keene showed us some highly interesting and curious old Furniture (consisting of a Cabinet, Sofa, and six chairs) which belonged to the beautiful and unfortunate Anne Boleyn. They all are richly carved in grotesque figures and patterns in Walnut Wood, and all bear the mark of a crown surmounting the Rose, which was the cognizance of Anne, Mr. Keene tells me; they came from Kent Hatch, an old house in Kent, which was her residence during part of her brief reign of Royalty. This mansion, after falling successively into the hands of various possessors, was at length purchased by a vulgar illiterate London Tradesman, who cared nothing for the place, except as a matter of speculation. He let it to a Farmer, and his Tenant finding it much out of repair, wrote to the Landlord to know what he should

do with it : the reply was, that " the Farmer was to pull down all the rooms but the Kitchen and a few of the Offices, in which he could reside, and to sell all the old furniture, of which the galleries and apartments were full, for anything it would fetch." The interesting old mansion was accordingly destroyed, and the curious furniture sold to the neighbouring Peasantry (the sale not having been advertised), at the rate of 2s. 6d. a chair, etc. etc. In the course of a few months, however, Gentlemen and Brokers riding through the country, saw high-backed Chairs, carved Sofas, etc., standing at the doors of poor cottages, and upon enquiring into their history, they were soon bought by lovers of curiosities, for 5s. 7s., 10s. apiece, and in this manner Mr. Keene purchased his specimens from a country Broker, into whose hands they had fallen.

January 15th.—To-morrow is my dear Husband's Birthday,—God bless him! We had a party at home, when Papa and Mama, my brothers Charles and Edward dined with us ; and my sisters and various friends came to spend the evening afterwards.

This evening we went to an Evening Party at Mrs. Tighe's, who is styled the " Queen of Tunbridge Wells." ¹

28th.—A nice little Dance at Mrs. Hailey's—an old Lady between seventy and eighty, who has as much

¹ The great-grandson of this lady, Mr. Walter Tighe of Rossannagh, Wicklow County, Ireland, has told me of this " Queen of Tunbridge Wells " that she was extremely well known there. She evidently entertained lavishly, for there are numerous references in Mrs. Wood's private little diary to dinners and " evening parties at Mrs. Tighe's." Mr. Walter Tighe, when in the 10th Hussars, went about to the various hotels in Tunbridge Wells as " Billeting Sergeant," and at one the old proprietor, on seeing his signature, asked if he was any relation to that Mrs. Tighe who had been such a figure in the Society of the thirties and forties at " The Wells." When Mr. Tighe answered that he was her great-grandson, the old man insisted on entertaining both Mr. Tighe and two of his friends for two or three days, refusing to make any charge whatever!—he said that he had been her " Page."

good humour and activity of mind, and even of body, as many modern Ladies of eighteen. In her house she has a number of curious things, among which she showed me an enormous specimen of the *Helix Pomatia*, a species of snail which was, I believe, introduced into England from the Continent by Sir Kenelm Digby.¹ These snails were kept as great curiosities, and *fattened* regularly upon particular *diet* to increase their size ; I think I have read that there were some in the Gardens of Hampton Court Palace. The specimen which Mrs. Hailey showed me had been given her when she was a child, and came from an old-fashioned Garden at Enfield where she was in the habit of going to play when a child of six or seven years old. She said that she distinctly remembered

¹ " This snail,—*Helix Pomatia* or Exotic Snail,—differs little from the common species. Sir Kenelm Digby introduced it into England as food or medicine for his lady, who died of a consumption. The attempts made to transfer them from the southern woods of England further north have been unsuccessful. In several parts of Europe they are used as food during Lent, being fattened in large reservoirs, the floors of which are strewn with herbs and flowers. This species formed a favourite dish with the luxurious Romans, who fed them on bran and wine till they grew to such a size that, according to Varro, the shells would contain ten quarts. Admitting the truth of this account, the temperance of the younger Pliny will no longer be a subject of admiration, whose suppers consisted of a lettuce for each guest, three snails, two eggs, barley cake, sweet wine and snow. Père Sicard and M. Fronton conjectured that the *Helix Pomatia* furnished the wandering Israelites with food in the Desert ; for they themselves travelled over the same ground and found that in the valley leading to the shore of the Red Sea, opposite Mount Sinai, they are so plentiful under the trees and shrubs that it may literally be said that it is difficult to take one step without treading on them."

(*The Conchologist's Companion*, published by G. & W. B. Whittaker, Ave-Maria Lane. 1824.)

The Editor was told by Col. Lawrence (of Arabia and All Souls' College, Oxford) that in excavating Roman villas in the south of England the shells of the *Helix Pomatia* have been found.

"In Gloucestershire the limestone nurtures the big 'Roman snail.'" (From a critique on *Wild Flowers Month by Month*, by E. Steeple, in *Times Lit. Suppt.*, Nov. 1823.)

that the Snails were kept in a kind of court covered with grass, which was surrounded by very high walls, over which they could not crawl ; she thinks that there must have been fifty or sixty of these Snails in the court, and the Gardener had strict orders never to destroy one of them, and to take extreme care of them. The shell which Mrs. Hailey has, belonged to one of these creatures, and is evidently of great age, being much worm-eaten and discoloured.

February 1st, 1836.—Took the children back to school, and went to spend a couple of days at Maize Hill, Greenwich, with the Collins'.

Feb. 8th.—Drank tea with Mr. and Mrs. Smart,—a pleasant evening. Mrs. Smart told me a touching anecdote of Pope Pius VII.—that in the Gardens at Fontainebleau a particular stone is shown as the boundary of his daily walk, though he had permission to walk over the whole garden ; which proves that the poor old man felt his captivity deeply. Nothing would ever induce him, after he returned to Italy, to speak a word of French, and the English Captain of the Vessel which conveyed him from France, could never prevail upon him to converse in any other language than Italian, though the Captain spoke very good French, and scarcely a syllable of Italian.

Feb. 21st.—Heard from dear Papa that he had resolved to sell the dear old house and garden at Greenwich to the Railroad Company, in the event of their procuring an Act of Parliament to carry their vile scheme through the Royal Park !¹

How the times must be changed, when a parcel of needy adventurers dare to broach such a proposal as

¹ Greenwich was a Royal residence from 1300. Queen Elizabeth kept her summer courts there. In the Park is a hill, down which, so ran the tale in the Greenwich of the Burneys' day, the crowds who made holiday at the annual Fair amused themselves by rolling over and over !

anything but an act of Lunacy, which ought to entitle them to a cell in Bedlam ! People used to talk of "an Englishman's house being his *Castle*" ; in these days the proverb will soon become obsolete, for since the world has determined to work by steam, and all the abominations (called improvements) which it has brought in its train, no one can say that either his house or his lands are his own ; an Act of Parliament giving countenance to the absurdest schemes, and treating the "liberties of the subject" in the same *de haut en bas* style, with which it is the fashion to knock down all old prejudices and customs, in these days of Reform !

On the 29th inst. the detestable Greenwich Railway Bill was thrown out of the House of Commons by a Majority of 117 votes !

March 3rd.—Drove with Mrs. Robertson by the High Rocks and Waterdown Forest to call upon Mrs. Saint at Groombridge Place,¹ a highly curious and interesting old House, with a Moat surrounding it, and containing two or three fine lofty wainscotted rooms of dark carved and panelled Oak. The mansion is mentioned by Evelyn in his *Diary* as being the residence of his friend Mr. Packer, whom he visited there. The quaint Journalist

¹ Groombridge Place, a late medieval house remodelled late in the seventeenth century by Wren for Philip Packer. "It is a beautiful house, attractive and moated, with radiantly beautiful gardens." The property passed through the hands of the families of Cobham and Clinton ; then by sale to the Wallers of Lamberhurst, one of whom (Sir Richard) fought at Agincourt, and took the Duc d'Orleans prisoner. Later on he had the custody of Orleans's brother, the Conte d'Angoulême. The Waller of James First's time alienated Groombridge Place to the Earl of Dorset, Thomas Sackville, whence it passed by sale to John Packer, Clerk of the Privy Seal (see Evelyn's *Diary*). After several generations the Place was in the hands of the Camfield family ; and then in those of Mr. Robert Burgess, of Hall Place, Kent. His nephew, the Revd. John Saint, inherited the property, and in 1917 Miss Saint was living there at the advanced age of eighty. At her death her nephew in Australia sold the place.

describes it as a "melancholy looking spot, well wooded and watered." Tradition asserts that the Duke of Orleans, who was taken prisoner at Agincourt, was confined here for twenty-five years.

March 15th to 26th.—A sad, cold, backward Spring. Yet in spite of the nipping winds the woods are carpeted with wild flowers, but they seem to shrink from the cold, and are very shy of peeping out till Spring is fairly come.

We have been up to London, or rather Greenwich, and have returned in much better spirits than we set out, for the verdict of the Oculist respecting my dear Husband's sight (which gave us anxiety, or rather alarm) is quite favourable. Oh! how very thankful do I feel to return home, after these days of fatigue and anxiety. How delightful is the quiet and independence of my own house; I think that I never valued it enough before!

Beautiful days. Every day and hour now appears to forward Vegetation, and I fancy I can almost *see* the trees budding into leaf, and the flowers springing into beauty beneath my feet. How dearly do I love every harbinger of Spring, from the "crimson-tipped Daisy," and delicately pencilled Wood Anemone, to the familiar sound of the Cuckoo's note, which always seems to stir old memories in my heart.

March 29th.—The Major went up to Blackheath to bring down Margaret and Jane Wood for their Easter Vacation.

April 5th to 9th.—Rain! rain! rain! The snow in places is ten and eleven feet deep. On the Continent as well as in Great Britain the Winter and Spring appear to have been most severe,—on the Arno at Florence there has been skating.

April 29th, 1836.—My 24th Birthday, the first of my married life, and I believe the first which I ever spent but under Papa's roof.

May 15th. Sunday.—The great Eclipse of the Sun, visible all over Great Britain, lasted 1 hour and 40 minutes. The unnatural darkness was rendered more striking by the cloudlessness of the day. The birds, who before were particularly lively and active, seemed aware that something unusual was going on, for in the gradual obscurity one did not hear the voice of a single singing-bird. An Eclipse of the Sun has not been visible in England for the last sixteen years. Divine Service was delayed in the afternoon till 4.15, here as in almost all the churches of London.

18th.—We drank tea to-day at Lady Dampier's. Mrs. Abell told me an amusing anecdote of a *Kangaroo* Hunt in Australia. Her brother was one day out hunting with his Dogs, when they perceived a large Kangaroo (seven or six feet in height), called by the Hunters "old men," to which the Dogs immediately gave chase. The venerable Patriarch of the Leaping race despatched several of the Dogs with ease, when the Servant (a little man, not more than three feet high) thought he could single-handed cope with his powerful game. He accordingly approached to fire, but the Kangaroo made a sudden leap, seized the dwarf in his two front paws, hugged him most lovingly, and leapt off with increased speed, carrying his terrified enemy in triumph! Capt. Balcombe¹ was so convulsed with laughter, that (instead of assisting his unfortunate Servant, who screamed in agony, thinking his last hour was arrived) he laid down on the ground to recover from his convulsive fit of merriment, while the Kangaroo never stopped till he had safely deposited his affrighted burthen in a *deep pool of water*, as if in derision; from this the poor little man was rescued, and in the meantime the Kangaroo made his escape! This was a pleasant evening.

20th.—Went to Bayham Abbey, the seat of Lord

¹ This Capt. Balcombe was one of the "two little boys" (sons of Mr. Balcombe of The Briars, St. Helena) mentioned at p. 107.

Brecknock, and on to Buckhurst ; we spent a delightful afternoon there with the Paulets.¹

The ancient mansion of Buckhurst lies about half a mile beyond the house (not yet finished) called "Stone-land," the residence of Lord De La Warr (who came into the estate by marriage with the Daughter and Co-heiress of the Duke of Dorset). Only one of the angular Gateways still remain, and the House was allowed to fall into complete decay.

We proceeded to Buckhurst Park, the Seat of Lord De La Warr. From the Entrance Lodge the carriage road leads through a grove of magnificent Beech trees, which alone are worth going thirty miles to see ; for size and beauty exceeding any I have ever seen, even those at Windsor. The evening turned out wet, so we were unable to wander about the Park, but we went over every part of the house, which is undergoing repairs. When completed it will make a comfortable house, but seems to me extremely small for the establishment of a Nobleman with ten children. Lady De La Warr's garden pleased me much.

Even the genial lovely month of May, usually so life-inspiring, is cold and dreary this year. In the middle of a tempest lately, and during Divine Service on Sunday, a fire-ball fell in a churchyard at Bedford, making a report like a cannon. Two ladies who were at the Service distinctly saw it through the windows.

Mr. and Mrs. Collins are with us and we make many excursions. At this lovely season even the

¹ *Lord and Lady George Paulet.* He was the son of the 13th Marquis of Winchester ; the first Marquis was Sir William Paulet (1551), confidant of Henry VIII., and Lord Treasurer of England through three reigns, contriving to stand through them all "by being a willow, not an oak"—(his own words). Lord George Paulet married a cousin of Major James Wood, Georgina, daughter of Major-Gen. Sir George Wood, of Ottershaw Park, Surrey, who served in the Bengal Army during the Administration of Warren Hastings, etc. (*Vide* Note, p. 97.)

commonest hedgerow, with its gay border of primroses and violets, is to me an object of interest and admiration. How much pure pleasure is lost by those who do not love flowers!

June 8th.—Spent a very dull evening at Mr. Pope's; people ought to be paid for going to yawn away three or four hours in a hot room on a fine Summer's evening.

13th.—Went with Mrs. Robertson and Dr. Wilmot to see the Private Establishment of Mr. Newington at Ticehurst for Insane Persons. The grounds contain ninety acres of garden and pleasure grounds; Hot-house, Pinery, Green-house, Aviaries of Gold and Silver Pheasants, Canaries, etc., a Chinese Gallery, with mats, Indian Chairs, and Chinese paintings; a Billiard-room, Summer-houses, etc. The Establishment is kept in the utmost order, and every attention seems to be paid to the comfort of the Patients, at the same time that no precaution is neglected to ensure their safety, and to render all attempt at self-destruction abortive. Each person has a separate bedroom, in which sleeps also his Keeper or Attendant. In one gentleman's apartment we remarked a piece of wood painted white reaching from either side of the room and dividing it into two parts. Mr. Newington told us that this was a fancy of the unfortunate occupant's, who thought that this lathe of wood separated him so completely from the attendant, that he called one side of the division his own apartment and the other his Keeper's. In his sitting-room he had had a large curtain put up for the same purpose, and was so tenacious of his dignity that even in the coldest weather it was difficult to persuade him to allow the man to approach the fire on his master's side of the curtain. Mr. Newington described him as a violent and dangerous patient, and very gloomy. Over the head of his bed we observed some pencil *scratches*, which he called sketches; his principal *amusement* was Drawing, and he sometimes executed things which

displayed considerable talent. In some of the rooms where the Patients were very violent, the Beds were screwed down to the floor, and it was found necessary to remove the handles from the door of one Gentleman's apartment, who had repeatedly attempted to destroy himself. One unfortunate man has been in this Establishment as an *Incurable* for forty years ! We only saw one Patient walking in the grounds ; a very old-looking woman, queerly dressed, who seemed not much to like our party entering the garden, for she walked at an extraordinarily quick pace, and watched us with much attention. Ticehurst is a beautifully situated place, commanding fine views into both Kent and Sussex. I was much pleased with our excursion, and with the polite reception which Mr. Newington gave us. His manners are mild and conciliating, and his observations evince that he is a man of acuteness and judgment.

June 15th.—The Major and I accompanied my sisters home to Greenwich, and we went to Maize Hill for a day or two, proceeding afterwards to Croom's Hill for a short visit, for the Anniversary of my brother Charles's¹ twenty-first Birthday, which we kept with proper

¹ At this time Fanny Wood's eldest brother, Charles Burney, was at Magdalen College, Oxford, whence in 1837 he graduated. Seventy years later (in 1907) he died. In a letter to *The Times* Sir Lewis Dibdin, Dean of Arches, thus wrote of Archdeacon Burney (when he died he was Vicar of Surbiton and Archdeacon of Kingston on Thames). After testifying to his "charm and sweetness of disposition as a friend and companion," Sir Lewis went on : "He was a man devoted to the work of the Church of England, yet with the interests and sympathies of a good citizen ; sagacious and of untiring industry." (In this connection his great-niece, the Editor, remembers how the Archdeacon once told her that from his youth upwards he had made a practice of rising at four o'clock every morning.)

The young Charles Burney of these pages already gave promise of the man of whom his friend, half a century later, could write thus ; whom his children idolised, and his parishioners and contemporary dignitaries in the Church regarded with affection and esteem. His cheery temperament and his habit of *punning* recalls

rejoicings upon his attaining his majority. There was a large family Party to dinner, and a gay Dance in the evening, which was continued with great spirit till four o'clock the next morning.

The Major having returned to the Wells with Margaret and Jane Wood some days before, I returned home with Charles as my escort; I am quite glad to come back to quiet and regularity, being almost knocked up with fatigue, excitement and company. I find the air here cooler than at Greenwich, where it was oppressively hot.

July, 1836.—The uninterrupted fine weather has tempted us to make several expeditions and picnic parties with the children. Lord George Paulet has accompanied us on some of these excursions.

the genial manners and jolly humour of Admiral James Burney, his great-uncle. (*Vide* Preface.)

When writing his *Fanny Burney*, Austin Dobson was in the habit of going down to Surbiton Vicarage to pore over the "unique extra-illustrated copy (in manuscript) of her Diary and Letters, of 1842-1846,"* and to listen to anything which the Archdeacon could tell of the Burneys of past generations; doubtless his host's geniality and power of ranging himself alongside of interesting people and things (a capacity born perhaps of quick sympathy) lent an added charm to these visits.

When the Archdeacon passed away there went with him a link with an, alas! irrevocable past. Meeting him, one did not seem to be in the dull, uninspired world of a sapless School of Divines, nor yet in that of the ascetic narrow theologian, devoid of charm if not of intellectuality! Rather did that broad-smiling countenance, under the somewhat redundant hat affected by Archdeacons, appear to belong to one whose dignity was derived from his own intrinsic worth and not from any stilted ostentatious conventionality. He seemed to be nourished on the milk of human kindness, and that, together with a certain joy in life and enthusiasm for all that tends to the perfection of mankind, gave to an otherwise unimpressive figure—Charles Burney was small of stature if great of heart—the force of real human interest, marking him as the product of a time greater than that in which he actually lived.

* This Grangerized Edition of Mme. d'Arblay's Diary and Letters "is a storehouse of interest," says one who has had access to it.

15th.—Lady George Paulet's baby, born on the 16th of June, was a month old yesterday. I went with the mother for a drive. (*Vide* Note, p. 90.)

22nd.—The Baby was christened to-day at the new Church. The Major and Lord Frederick Paulet were the Godfathers, and Lady Cecilia Paulet the Godmother,—the father and mother acting as proxies in their absence. We spent the evening very agreeably with the Paulets, whom I am delighted to see so happy and comfortable together, and thankful that we have been made instruments to restore peace between them.

July 30th.—The first anniversary of our Wedding Day.

August 1st.—Since we have made Tunbridge Wells our residence I no longer think it dull, having spent nearly nine months there most pleasantly; I left it with much regret,—our neighbours have been so kind and friendly. We went to Maize Hill to pay Mr. and Mrs. Collins a visit. The atmosphere of Greenwich makes me long for wings to soar above it.

11th.—Went to see the Tunnel¹ in the morning; much pleased and astonished at this wonderful work, which seems too daring and extraordinary ever to be accomplished, though Mr. Brunel, its sanguine projector, deems himself certain of completing it in three years' time. Perhaps when, a thousand years hence, our modern Babylon may have become a city of the past, and lie, like ancient Rome, in ruins, this subterranean

¹ This Tunnel under the Thames, begun in 1825 and finished in 1842, was Sir Marc Brunel's most remarkable undertaking; in it the great French engineer was helped by his son, Isambard.

In the *Evening News* for Wed., Dec. 12, 1923, Mr. W. Grierson, the chief engineer of the G.W. Railway, wrote: "It is worth remarking that Brunel's Paddington Station, built in '54, served its purpose for 61 years, for it was not extended until 1915. That shows what extraordinary foresight he had." He adds that five or six of Brunel's old wooden viaducts there are still on the Falmouth branch line, which would not support the modern engines, however.

road may be discovered by some curious antiquary, and exhibited as a memorial of the ingenuity and enterprise of former ages.

12th.—Went to the Surrey Zoological Gardens,¹ and passed two or three hours very agreeably there. Saw three Giraffes, three young Lions, and three fine Elephants, a noble Bengal Tiger and Tigress, a very tame Camel, four Bears, three handsome Brahmin Bulls, a beautiful pair of Zebras, a pair of Llamas, a pair of Wapiti Deer (somewhat resembling the elk), various Antelopes, Leopards and Panthers, and a considerable variety of that hideous race, the Baboons and Monkeys. The Gnu, a curious animal from the Cape, I think, lives in a Paddock by itself, and is exceedingly savage; last year in a fit of rage it gored and killed its Keeper, and the man who has now charge of it told us that whenever it is let out of its house the first place it goes to in the paddock is the spot where it killed the late Keeper. There are

¹ “The Surrey Zoological Gardens were established in 1831, by Mr. Edward Cross, upon demesne which had been attached to the Manor-house at Walworth. Thither Cross removed his menagerie from the King’s Mews, where it had been transferred from Exeter Change (in 1828). The Gardens were laid out by Henry Phillips, author of *Sylvia Florifera*, when a glazed circular building, 100 feet in diameter, was built for the cages of the carnivorous animals. Here in 1834 was first exhibited a young Indian one-horned rhinoceros, for which Cross paid £800; it was the only specimen brought to England for twenty years. Three giraffes were added, one of which was 15 ft. high. To the Zoological attraction was added a large Picture-model, upon the borders of the Lake, three acres in length (*sic*); the first picture, Mount Vesuvius (with the natural lake for the Bay of Naples), was produced in 1837, when fireworks were also introduced for the Volcanic eruption. These picture-models were of great extent, that of Rome occupying five acres, and a painted surface of 260,000 square feet! They probably originated in the Ranelagh spectacles of the last century, for in 1792 was exhibited there Mount Etna, 80 feet high, with the flowing lava, and altogether a triumph of machinery and pyrotechnics. Other sights, with Outdoor Concerts, have been added to the attractions of the Gardens. (Admission 1s.)”

(From Timbs’s *Curiosities of London* (1855), p. 781.)

four large Ostriches who have the drollest mincing walk, exactly like an affected woman crossing a dirty street, with her petticoats above her ankles. There are several extremely handsome Demoiselle Cranes which came over with the Giraffes; they were brought down the Nile fastened to the tame Camel. Altogether I do not know a more entertaining place for an afternoon's lounge than these Gardens, though the company is not certainly so select as at the Regent's Park, which *I* think a trifle,—when one goes to see Wild Beasts I care nothing for the Human Creatures I meet at the Show.

Before we left the Wells we went to see Penshurst Castle,¹—the children accompanying us. The fine old Seat has been uninhabited for thirty years, and is in a sadly dilapidated state in consequence. The present possessor, Lord de Lisle, is repairing it, but is far too poor to be able to spend all that is requisite to restore it properly; it is a vast pile of buildings. The State rooms are few, but interesting from the associations which they recall of “Good Queen Bess”;² of the Earl of Leicester; Sir Philip Sidney; and many another right noble Lord and Lady, mention of whom always conjures up in one's imagination visions of Masques and Tournaments, Tilts, and Royal Progresses.

¹ Penshurst belonged originally to the Norman family of Penchester or Pencestre, who occupied it for two centuries. From them it passed (in the fourteenth century) to Sir John Pulteney (Lord Mayor of London four times), whose Great Hall still remains the Hall of feudal times. Here it is said that the Black Prince and his wife, the “fair Maid of Kent,” held Christmas revels. Round this Hall successive owners have grouped building after building—the result being the magnificent castellated house of to-day. King Edward VI. granted Penshurst to Sir William Sidney, the grandfather of Sir Philip. The place has remained in the hands of this illustrious family ever since.

² If a little picture (not always shown to the public) at Penshurst be not a libel, then the “Virgin Queen” did certainly on occasion overstep the bounds of discretion. The painting shows her perched on the knees of one of her favourite courtiers.

24th.—After a short visit to the Lindsays at Charlton, and another to the Collins' at Maize Hill, we went to Ottershaw Park, to spend a few days with Lady Wood.¹

25th.—Wandered about the beautiful Park and Garden, making sketches, while the rest of the party went to the Egham races.

26th.—Drove to Virginia Water,² which really is a beautiful spot, but it is a costly toy.

29th.—One of the Fish Ponds in the Park was dragged for our amusement, and the Carp caught in the net carried to the Store Pond near the House: an entertaining scene from its novelty.

31st.—We left Ottershaw Park³ with uncommon

¹ Lady Wood, widow of Major-General Sir George Wood, K.C.B., was the daughter of Mr. Remington, of Boston End House, Gloucester. Sir George served in the Bengal Infantry. "Between Sir George and Warren Hastings there existed a personal friendship. In 1784 he accompanied Mr. Hastings to Lucknow, and received recognition of his services in letters of approbation from Lord Moira, and other officials. At the storming of the 'hitherto esteemed impregnable fortress of Gwalior,' in August, 1780, he was present as Aide-de-Camp to the Commanding Officer (the storming party on that occasion was led by Captain Bruce, a brother of the great Abyssinian traveller). Many years later there was another siege of this fortress, when, curiously enough, two of Sir George's grandsons were present—both in the 8th Hussars. One was young George Paulet (son of Sir George Wood's second daughter, Georgina, who married Lord George Paulet; *vide* p. 90); and the other Horace Montagu (son of Sir George Wood's eldest daughter, Frances Mary, who married the Rev. Horatio Montagu)."

(From *Memorials of the Woods of Largo* (printed for private circulation), 1863. By Mrs. Montagu.)

² This tract of land, with its dammed-up stream forming a fine lake, was bought and laid out in the time of the Regency, in the prevailing fashion, to imitate Canadian landscape. Once a year it was the custom of the Royal Family to go to Virginia Water for a day's excursion, picnicking there. The place naturally enjoyed a reputation which it has since lost.

³ "The Estate of Ottershaw Park was claimed by the Abbot of Chertsey in 1223 and the claim was established. In 1540 it was owned by John Dainster, Baron of the Exchequer—then by his

regret, having passed a week most agreeably with our hospitable entertainers.

The Park contains upwards of 600 acres, and is well wooded and watered; I found many spots for sketching in it. From Ottershaw it was not very far to Gatton Park¹ and Lady Wood said her husband and his brother Sir Mark met almost daily.

One day we drove to Windsor through the Great heiress and daughter, who married Owen Bray of Shere; in the seventeenth century it became the property of a yeoman family called Roake; later it passed to John Sewell, Master of the Rolls, who erected a fine mansion in the Italian style on the site of the old house. This mansion in its turn gave place to another fine house, built at the end of the eighteenth century by Mr. Bohem, and owned successively by Sir Mark Wood, Richard Crawshay, and others."

"Ottershaw Park was a stately old house, but recently F. Eckstein, Esq., has pulled it down and built a large new house."

(*A Pilgrimage in Surrey*, by J. S. Ogilvy (1914), vol. ii. p. 185.)

¹ Gatton Park, the residence of Sir Mark Wood, Bart., from 1808 till his death in 1829, and then of the 2nd Baronet, has had many owners.

Sir Mark rebuilt the house, part of which had been pulled down. After the second Sir Mark Wood's death, without heirs male, Lord Monson acquired the place, which he enlarged and altered. The Cellars, called "Sir Mark's Cellars," are now outside the wall of the house. The 7th Lord Monson completed the house in the Italian style, and lined the fine hall with Italian marbles; there was also a good collection of pictures and statues.

In 1888 Lord Monson (Viscount Oxenbridge) sold Gatton to Mr. Jeremiah Colman (since created a Baronet), and he is the present owner.

(Vide *A History of Surrey* (in the Victoria Histories of the Counties of England Series), vol. iii. p. 199.)

"Gatton occupies over 500 acres and stands in a highly picturesque position. . . . A little motor omnibus runs through Redhill to Merstham, along the very road where Cobbett jogged on his pony one May morning nearly 100 years ago, looking at Gatton, 'which is a very rascally spot of earth'—and grumbling as he went at the many new houses all the way from London." (What would he say now?)

(*A Pilgrimage in Surrey*, by J. S. Ogilvy (1914), vol. ii. p. 185.)

Gatton was a rotten Borough.

Park. Next day I rose at an early hour and went with Mr. Collins into the little Park, where we sketched Herne's Oak,¹ memorable as the tree mentioned in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, and then walked to the Gate of the "Adelaide Cottage," the Queen's favourite retreat, to which we obtained admission through the good-nature of the Gardener. It is a lovely quiet spot, and must be truly refreshing to visit after all the garish splendour and feverish excitement of the palace. The grounds have been laid out and decorated by Sir Herbert Taylor; the house is nothing but a very pretty *Cottage ornée*, containing three small but elegant Sitting-rooms, all on the ground-floor. In one of the Drawing-rooms were some beautiful specimens of Needle-work by the Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, Lady Gower, Lady Isabel Thynne, etc.—all Birthday gifts to Her Majesty. When at Windsor the Queen generally comes down from the Castle three or four times a week with a party of ladies, about three o'clock, to wander about the Garden, and partake of new milk and cakes, which they call their *Tea*. One of the gardeners told us that the Queen sometimes brings a bevy of twenty ladies at one time, when they dine early (sometimes on the Lawn), and amuse themselves, "some in reading, some in working samplers and things, some in walking and talking," and, concluded our Guide, "as they takes no notice of we, we takes no notice o' they."

12th.—After breakfast we drove to Richmond, where we stopped till the evening, and reached Maize Hill

¹ "Herne" was a mythical hunter of traditionary fame; the demon-hero of a legend which persists in most northern wooded countries and forest-lands besides our own—in Germany and Scandinavia.

Perhaps the passage alluded to is really from *As you like It* and not *Midsummer Night's Dream*—"An Oak, whose boughs were mossed with age, And high top bald with dry antiquity" (*As you like It*, Act iv. scene iii.).

The legend is developed and worked out by Harrison Ainsworth in his *Windsor Castle*.

about nine o'clock. With Richmond I was much disappointed; the scenery is too tame to bear looking at for any length of time. The place is to me essentially *cockneyish*—almost as much so as Greenwich itself.

13th.—Took a drive to the Beulah Spa,¹ with which I am much disappointed, very *cockneyish*; coarse, grinding gravel walks, through interminable alleys of *stunted* young Oaks, not one of which have any right to aspire to the dignity of being called *trees*! How miserable they looked after the fine woods which we have so lately left at Tunbridge Wells and its neighbourhood.

Sept. 28th.—Charles came from Oxford to spend a few days here. Anne Warner² came for a short visit.

October 21st.—We returned to Tunbridge Wells for the Winter, thankful, indeed, to find in our own snug quiet home a refuge from all the worry, anxiety and vexation to which we have lately been subjected. The frost has set in, and there has been a deep fall of snow.

25th.—Another Christmas Day has returned: it seems to me but yesterday that we were all met together at the Priory to celebrate the last one. Before another anniversary of this day comes round I shall in all probability have become a Mother, and so shall have a number of new additional duties, for the proper performance of which I must implore that assistance which alone can enable me to become all that I ought to be in this and every other relation of life. My dear Husband and I continue to enjoy the Peace and retirement of our own quiet home, for which we have so long sighed during all the feverish excitement of the last months.

1837. January 2nd.—The frost has broken up very

¹ Beulah Spa was the site of a spring much resorted to in the early nineteenth century and later. It was situated in Norwood near the Crystal Palace. The building and grounds still exist in the form of a residential hotel.

² Miss Anne Warner became Charles Burney's wife (*vide* Diary, Sept., 1839).

suddenly, and so rapid is the thaw that after a few days the earth looks green again. Only in some hollows and deep places is there anything to remind one of the white mantle now thrown off.

My darling Baby was born at a quarter past ten o'clock in the morning. Most mercifully hath the Lord dealt with me, and humbly do I feel how great ought to be my gratitude for all His mercies lately vouchsafed to me. May the remembrance quicken me in the performance of every duty, and be the means of bringing me nearer to that God who, "when I was in trouble and heaviness and my soul refused comfort, delivered me from the snares of death." If my child is spared to me may I have grace and strength faithfully to discharge my duties towards her! "Lord! Thou knowest my weakness. Help me, O my Father, to love Thee and obey Thee as I ought; and raise my dull spirit to such true reverence and adoration, such gratitude for Thy past benefits, such hopes in Thy future mercies, as may best recommend the homage of my humble prayers and praises." (*Feb. 1st, 1837.*)

Her Uncle Edward has addressed some Lines to my dear little Baby, written when she was only five days old. (On 30th, Baby began to smile.)

"Baby, Baby, scrap of life,
Thou darling, puling thing,
Infant soother of all strife,
The rarest joys you bring.

Welcome! notwithstanding all your screams!
Come! welcome to Earth's light,
Come! in fulfilment dear of Mother's dreams,
And bring her pure delight.

Though Aunts and Uncles, old and young,¹
With trembling think of age,
And make complaint that you have flung
A shade o'er life's gay page;

¹ At this time Edward Burney was about 17 years old, his sister Fanny Wood being 25.—*Editor's note.*

Though spiteful Memory recall the past
 And truths we can't deny ;
 Driving us now to think how fast
 Our time is fleeting by ;

Yet still I have a wish at heart,
 Dear little Niece ! for you :
 That thou may'st ever joy impart
 To those to whom 'tis due !”

18th.—The hard weather has been followed by a violent, and in many instances dangerous and fatal epidemic, which seems to attack all ages and stations, and to leave no part of the Kingdom unvisited. Accounts are daily pouring in from all quarters of the prevalence of this disorder, which, like the Influenza of 1833, is most fatal to the old, and to persons already enfeebled by illness. The medical men are almost worn to death, and in some places cannot perform their duty, even with additional assistance ; whole families are disabled by it, and Masters and Mistresses are obliged to perform the most menial offices for themselves and their children.

Dear Baby improves rapidly. Everybody who has seen her, pronounces her to be a remarkably fine, healthy child ; she already exhibits many marks of intelligence, and if her large bright eyes tell truly, promises to be a very merry little sprite a few months hence, if she is mercifully spared to me. She now knows me perfectly.

23rd.—The whole of this month has been bleak and cold, with very cold gales and more snow. Down in the West country two ladies (one over eighty) were obliged to pass the whole night inside the snowed-up Mail-coach, from which they could not be extricated till it was dug out in the morning ; nothing similar has been experienced since 1815.

Captain Remington, Lady Wood's brother, brought Margaret and Jane Wood down to the Wells for their Easter vacation.

24th.—My darling Baby was christened by the name of

"Fanny Paulet"; Mama and Mrs. Collins standing as Godmothers, and Lord George Paulet as Godfather. Baby went out walking for the first time. Her Uncle Edward is with us for a few days. The biting winds are rendering this season very unhealthy; it would seem that 240 years have elapsed since the temperature of Rome was like that of the present year.

25th.—My 25th Birthday; my little pet is four months old to-day. Her hair is regularly cut by the Hairdresser. I took her with her Nurse to pay a visit to dear Papa and Mama at Croom's Hill. Mr. Henry Foss and Mr. Nicoll were dining with us last night, and the latter related many interesting anecdotes of the Duke of Wellington, which had been mentioned by Mr. Croker to him (in a morning visit at Mr. Jesse's, soon after Mr. Croker's visit to Oxford with the Duke, before his Installation). On entering Oxford over Magdalen Bridge, the Duke asked Croker what College they were passing? "These are the walls," replied his companion, "against which King James II. ran his head."¹ "Oh! Magdalen," immediately said the Duke of Wellington. When Croker had related this anecdote, Mr Foss said, "Croker, you are embellishing; do you mean to say that the Duke actually made this remark?"—"I am only relating a fact," said Croker, "and you are much mistaken if you think that the Duke of Wellington is not both well read and well informed, for though perhaps not conversant

¹ King James II., in an excess of zeal (not tempered with wisdom), employed methods held to be unconstitutional by those he displaced, in order to open the doors in Church and Universities to Catholics (expelled by the administration under Elizabeth and Cromwell). Cambridge resisted; but Oxford, notably Christ Church and Magdalen, was not so successful in repudiating the King's "encroachments on their prerogatives." And the King knew no moderation, although Rome itself counselled it. When he visited Oxford "he rated the Fellows of Magdalen," and even threatened them—a fatal course! (*Vide Green's History of England*, chap. ix. p. 671. Macmillan. 1888.)

with all the minutiae of History, few persons are better versed in the History of their own country." Speaking of the Army, the Duke observed that it was "wonderful how much more influence an Officer of gentlemanlike manners and conduct had over the common soldiers than one of low birth or unpolished habits." Croker asked "if the Duke had found many *gentlemen* among the French Generals?" "No! Bourmont (I think) was the most so." "Was Napoleon a gentleman, do you consider?" "Oh! no!" said the Duke, laughing, "he was not. I will tell you an anecdote to prove it. When Napoleon sent his Brother Joseph to Spain, he ordered (of Briguet, the celebrated watchmaker in Paris), a very curious gold Watch, which was to cost 300 Napoleons, and on the back of which was to be engraved a minute and beautiful map of Spain; this watch was intended for a present from the Emperor to his Brother. After the Battle of Vittoria, however, Napoleon was so angry with Joseph, that even in the hurry and vexation consequent upon this signal defeat, he actually wrote to Briguet to countermand the Watch, which was thus thrown upon the poor maker's hands. When the Allied Armies were in Paris, Briguet told this story to an English Officer, to whom he was showing the Watch as a curiosity, adding that he should now be glad to take 120 Napoleons for it. 'Will you so?' said the Officer. 'Then I will become its purchaser.' The watch was presented to me," said the Duke, "by this Officer—one of the Pagets—and here is the difference between a French Emperor and a poor English gentleman."

Croker asked the Duke, "What quality of his own mind had, in his opinion, most materially assisted in making him what, without flattery, he must be called, the greatest General of the age?" "The study of man," replied the Duke. "When my family sent me to a French Military Academy to complete my studies, and I found that the Army must be my profession, I turned my

thoughts to the study of man and his powers. I calculated upon how small a quantity of daily food a soldier could support a campaign, how many miles he could march in any given time, how long he could sustain great fatigue, etc.—in short, I made *man* and his physical powers and capabilities my incessant study, etc., and to this more than anything else do I mainly attribute my success as a General.” This was said with great modesty.

Mr. Nicoll related another anecdote about the Duke, told him by Lord Clive, at whose table the conversation took place. Speaking of War, someone observed how great a difference the invention of gunpowder must have made. “I do not think it has made half the change that is usually ascribed to it,” said the Duke; “in fact the art of war has made very few advances since the time of Caesar; what was in his days practised by his Roman soldiers, is practised with few variations in our own.” “I am glad to find that Your Grace admires Caesar,” said Lord Clive. “Admire him,” replied the Duke, turning to one of his Aides-de-Camp who was at table; “when did you ever know me without a Caesar in my pocket during a Campaign?” This remark shows that the greatest General of modern days has taken as his model the greatest General the world ever saw.

June 3rd, 1837.—Drove to Penshurst. The public rooms looked to me more than usually dismal and neglected, for one could not fail to remember that since we visited this place last year poor Lady de Lisle lies buried with the Sidneys in the family vault in the Church of Penshurst, and her lamented death seems to throw a gloom upon the mansion and its tenants. The old Housekeeper told me in a whisper that when the remains of her late Mistress were brought down from London to be interred, the Funeral Procession did not reach Penshurst till late at night, and the Coffin was placed that night in the large room still called “Queen Elizabeth’s Chamber.”

What a strange and singular resting-place for the remains of the daughter of William IV.¹—the faded and time-worn chamber of the great Elizabeth! Methought the very pictures looked more dim, and the desolate apartments more sad in their remains of gaiety and splendour, as if they too partook of the gloom which Death has thrown over this ancient mansion.

7th.—Drove after Dinner to Summerhill, the seat of Mr. Alexander. This fine old mansion is one of the handsomest old Country-houses I ever saw, and its situation is beautiful. The Estate was given by Queen Elizabeth to Sir Francis Walsingham, and his daughter Frances carried it successively to her three husbands,—the great Sir Philip Sidney, the unfortunate Earl of Essex, and Richard de Burgh, Earl of Clanricarde in Ireland and St. Alban's in England, from whom it descended at length to Margaret, Viscountess Purbeck,² who was a woman of magnificent spirit, and lived in exceeding pomp and splendour; she gave the ground on which the Chapel at Tunbridge Wells is built. After various other changes this Estate came into the Woodgates' possession, and when their affairs fell into decay, it was again sold, and purchased by Mr. Alexander. It was anciently the residence of the Earls of Clare, "Bailiffs of the Chace of South Frith" (or Forest) of Tunbridge, and of course always went with the Castle,

¹ This Lady de Lisle and Dudley was the daughter of William IV., and sister of the first Earl of Munster, the son of the King by the famous actress, Mrs. Jordan. The children bore the name of FitzClarence and were all accredited to the Earldom of Munster, for Mrs. Jordan's eldest son was created Earl. All the children were specially granted precedence as if they had been younger children of a Marquess.

² Margaret, Viscountess Purbeck—this is an extinct title. Sir George Villiers, Sheriff of Leicester, 1591, by his second marriage with Mary (daughter of Anthony Beaumont), had amongst other children, John (Sir), created Viscount Purbeck. These Villiers were the founders of the Jersey family (Earls of Jersey).

till it was forfeited to the Crown by Edward, Duke of Buckingham, in the reign of Henry VIII.

17th.—Crowborough Beacon is a wild common covered only with heath and peat earth for several miles, and must be a most dreary, lonesome spot in the winter. So, however, seemed *not* to think a healthy-looking, white-haired woman of seventy, whom we met cutting peat for fuel there to-day. She told us that last winter she must have perished with cold and hunger, if she had not been able to earn a little money by the sale of her pig, and yet this poor creature said she “thought it the nicest place in the world” (having resided in this bleak desert from the time she was eleven years old), “and she did not wish to live elsewhere.” How strong is the force of habit and association!

When the Collins party left they took the Major with them, and he returned three days later with Margaret and Jane. While he was absent came the news of the Death of our *King, William IV.*, at Windsor, on June 20th (1837), at two o'clock a.m.

26th.—To-day the Princess Victoria was proclaimed Queen at the Wells.

July 2nd.—To-day Mrs. and Miss Abell drank tea with us. Mrs. Abell was kind enough to tell me many very interesting anecdotes of Napoleon, who when first sent to St. Helena was, for three months, an inmate of her Father, Mr. Balcombe's house,—a beautiful cottage called “The Briars.” Napoleon appears to have lived upon terms of the greatest intimacy with Mr. Balcombe and his family, he being the principal Landowner on the island.¹ Mrs. Abell was between ten and eleven years

¹ “Balcombe,—Agent du Trésor, chargé de pourvoir à l'entretien de Napoléon et de sa suite. C'était, dit Montholon, un digne homme, qui nous rendit toute espèce de services, mais sans jamais manquer à ses devoirs envers son souverain. On prétendait, dans l'île, qu'il était fils naturel du Prince de Galles. Comme il s'était acquitté de ses fonctions convenablement, et même avec amabilité, Lowe le prit en horreur, et l'obligea de quitter l'île en mars 1818. Napoléon

of age when the Emperor arrived at St. Helena, and had just returned with her elder sister from a School in England, from which they were removed to settle on their Father's property. The news of the arrival of Napoleon was first brought to St. Helena by the "Icarus" (Capt. Devon), and was not believed; however, in a few days more the Fleet which was convoying the Emperor appeared in sight, and the intelligence was no longer disputed. Sir George Cockburn was the Admiral of the "Northumberland," the ship in which the Emperor went out, and he seems throughout to have treated his illustrious prisoner as became an English *gentleman*. Mr. Balcombe when the vessels came to an anchor went down immediately to the town, and, hearing that Napoleon was to land in the evening, Mrs. Balcombe and her daughters soon followed. The crowd was so dense that Mrs. Abell says she remembers seeing nothing but a little man, wearing a grey Great-Coat with a star, *shuffling* along with his peculiarly awkward gait, followed by a dense multitude, and his suite (which consisted of nearly 100 persons), pressing close upon him. The Balcombes returned to "The Briars," and Napoleon slept that night in the town. The following morning he went to inspect his future residence at Longwood, accompanied by Sir George Cockburn and the officers

lui donna Frs. 72,000 et un brevet de Frs. 12,000 de pension. Peu après son retour en Angleterre il fut nommé Pourvoyeur-général de la Nouvelle Hollande. Balcombe avait deux filles, Elisa Jane et Betzy, qui savait le Français; celle-ci âgée de 14 ans en 1815, devint Mistress Abell, et ne mourut qu'en juillet 1871. Elle est l'auteur d'un ouvrage que nous avons cité dans notre Préface." (*Journal inédit de Ste. Hélène*, 1815-18, du Général Baron Gaspard Gourgaud. (2 vols). *Vide* note to p. 71, vol. i.)

"Balcombe," says Lord Rosebery, "was a sort of general purveyor to Napoleon, sometimes called by courtesy a banker, and the traditions of the island declared him to be a son of George IV. As a matter of fact his father was the landlord of the New Ship Inn at Brighton." (*Napoleon: the Last Phase*, p. 133. London. 1900.)

Mr. Balcombe was also Agent to the East India Company.

of his suite; the Balcombes, hearing of this plan, were watching with a telescope the movements of the party, when to their astonishment, instead of taking the path which led back to the town, they saw them descending the narrow path which led down the mountain side to their own house. They were soon at the gate, where all but Napoleon dismounted. He slowly rode up the pretty neatly-kept lawn (hitherto considered free from intrusion). On his right hand walked Sir George Cockburn, on the left General Bertrand, and behind him others of his suite. He slowly dismounted and entered the little hall, where he was introduced by Sir George to Mr. Balcombe, his wife and family as "General Buona-parte." Mrs. Abell says that she had made up her mind, when she heard that he was coming, not to speak a word to him, and was so frightened that she thought of hiding herself, and told her mother her resolve. Mrs. Balcombe desired her, however, to summon up all her courage and think of her best French phrases, as she had made some progress in the language at school. After a few introductory sentences Napoleon begged to have a chair placed in the garden; he then turned to "Miss Betsy" (Mrs. Abell), and asked her if she could "speak French." She replied timidly, "Oui, Monsieur, un peu." He asked her where she had learnt it. "At Mrs. Clarke's," she answered. "Who is Mrs. Clarke?" said he, laughing. She explained "that it was at school." He next demanded "if she knew anything of Geography?" When she replied in the affirmative, he asked her to name the Capital of England?—London. And of France?—Paris. Of Italy?—Rome. Of Russia?—the child replied "Petersburg is the present capital, Moscow was formerly." "Who burnt Moscow?"—at this question the frightened child dreaded that she was likely to make the Emperor very angry if she told the truth, so she said that she "did not know." "You do know that I burnt it; now did I not?" At last she summoned

courage to say, "No, Sir, I believe the inhabitants burnt it to get rid of you." At this he laughed heartily, called her "Coquine," and pinched her ear.

Before this little dialogue took place, Napoleon had expressed himself as so much pleased with the beauty and situation of "The Briars," that he should like to remain there, instead of returning to the town (*i.e.* Jamestown, a mile and a quarter distant), until Longwood could be prepared for his reception. Sir George Cockburn requested to know whether Mr. Balcombe could accommodate the Emperor, and upon his expressing himself ready to receive the great man, preparations were immediately made for that purpose; one room in the house was given up to him, and his Marquee (called his Pavilion) was erected on the Lawn.

I can only make unconnected memoranda of all the interesting particulars Mrs. Abell kindly gave us of this visit, but she has promised to lend us a manuscript of her own, containing a few rough sketches of her recollections of Napoleon.¹ Before reading these, however,

¹ Mrs. Abel's Notes were published in London in 1844, under the title *Recollections of the Emperor Napoleon*, by L. A. Abell. They had been printed in part in the *New Century Magazine*. A second edition appeared in 1835, and a third in 1873.

The *Recollections* were printed in the *Revue Hebdomadaire* (Paris) for Dec. 1897 and Jan. 1898, and in volume form the same year, with Preface and Notes by M. Aimée le Gras. O'Meara, Las Casas, Montholon, Sturmer, and Balmain all corroborate "Betsy's" anecdotes in the *Recollections*, but some English writers have called them in question.

Speaking of Napoleon's visit to "The Briars," she wrote: "Napoleon occupied one room which had been built as a Ball-room, and had a lawn railed round in front, and a Marquee was pitched connected with the house by a covered way. It was divided into two compartments, of which the inner one was Napoleon's bedroom; in the outer slept Gen. Gourgaud, on the camp bed which the Emperor had used all through his campaigns. A Crown was carved by his devoted servants in the turf floor between the two divisions; thus the Emperor could not pass through without placing his foot on this emblem of royal dignity."

I wish to enter into my Journal all that I can recall to memory of the conversation we had with her on the subject, as of course I cannot copy anything from her MS. Mrs. Abell says that after her first interview with the Emperor, all her fear of this "terror of the Nursery," with whose exploits all Europe, all the world had rung, entirely wore off, and she and her sister conversed with him as familiarly as possible, and Mrs. Abell, having great spirits and being a very decided *Romp* in those days, treated him as she would have done a Playfellow, frequently making him the subject of her fun, which appeared to delight him.¹ In fact his intercourse with those children was the only unrestrained one that the noble exile enjoyed, and when playing and joking with them he seemed to forget that he was a prisoner on a barren island. One day the Emperor, his suite and some of the Balcombes had been up to see how the preparations at Longwood went on, and were descending the

¹ In Lord Rosebery's *Last Phase* (London 1900) occurs the following note, p. 134: "Betsy was about fifteen years younger than her sister; her pranks were a piquant novelty to Napoleon; she boxed his ears, she attacked him with his own sword. The suite were naturally disgusted at the familiarity with which she treated their master, and Napoleon himself wearied of her, and denounced the whole family as 'canaille' and 'misérables' . . . still at rare intervals she amused him to the last."

When, in June 1816, there arrived at Jamestown the Marquis de Montchenu, "Envoy of his most Christian Majesty Louis XVIII.," he, being a very mischievous person, "as prone to petty slander as a porter's wife," put a construction upon the games of the roguish Betsy with Napoleon which incensed Mr. Balcombe, and provoked a keen desire for revenge on the part of the girl. As the matter got into the papers through the correspondence of the Marquis, Betsy became bent on seizing his wig (it was "powdered and bob-tailed and gained him the name of the 'French Hair-dresser'") and cutting off the tail. This plan, to which the Emperor himself had incited Betsy, offering her a fan if she carried it through, was given up at the persuasion of her mother. (*Vide* p. 147 of *The Drama of St. Helena*, Paul Frémeaux, in the translation from the French. London, 1910. Andrew Melrose.)

narrow mountain path leading to "The Briars" in single file, Napoleon in front, Elisa Balcombe and some of the Officers following close upon him. Mrs. Abell was the last of the party; she quietly waited till they had reached the steepest part of the path, and then ran full speed down the path, putting her hands upon the back of her sister, who was next. She of course fell over the person who was before her, and so they all rolled pell-mell one upon the other, like a pack of cards, till the foremost stumbled upon Napoleon himself, who laughed heartily at the absurdity of their all kicking about together. Not so Las Casas.¹ The dignity of the little man was offended; he seized poor "Mademoiselle Betsie" by the shoulders, called her "méchante fille," etc., etc., and finally threw her down violently against the rocky bank, which hurt her, and the mischievous child began to cry. Upon this Napoleon seized Las Casas and, holding him fast, told Mrs. Abell that he would hold him whilst she beat him, which she did with a right good will till the little man began to call for quarter. Then Napoleon, loosing his hold, Las Casas took to his heels, when Mrs. Abell ran after him, the Emperor laughing heartily and calling out to him that "if Mdle. Betsie caught him, she would give him another beating."²

¹ The Count Emmanuel de Las Casas, who with his fifteen-years-old son was part of Napoleon's suite at Longwood. Later, Hudson Lowe removed him because he had attempted to send news of the Emperor to Prince Lucien in Europe. Las Casas in an imposing and overwhelming series of letters protested, also entering in his famous *Diary* his complaints and threats. Hudson Lowe retorted in equally verbose style, and, pleased to have found an adversary to meet him at his favourite sport of letter-writing, ordered him back to Longwood. Las Casas refused, even when Lowe insisted. To the Governor's regret he left St. Helena in Dec. 1816.

² Mrs. Abell wrote: "I never met with anyone who bore childish liberties so well as Napoleon. He seemed to enter into every sort of mirth or fun with the glee of a child, and though I have often tried his patience severely, I never knew him lose his

Buonaparte always dined at nine o'clock at that time, and used his splendid service of Gold Plate daily when he was at "The Briars." Every ceremonial of respect was observed just as if the repast were being served at the Tuileries; a cover and seat was always left opposite to the Emperor for the Empress Marie Louise.

One evening Napoleon met the four Balcombe children in the garden, and asked Mrs. Abell if she had dined. She replied, "Oh, yes, Sir, long ago." "Well, never mind," he said; "you must come and dine with me now." He would not be denied, so, much against their will, the children went, and sat during the meal without eating anything, till the Emperor asked "Betsy" if she was fond of custards. "Yes, very." He ordered some to be taken to her. A small silver salver was brought, upon which were eight glasses of custards or creams. "You must eat all those," said Napoleon. "I can't," said the little girl. "But you *must*." Finding her refractory after eating one or two, he took a spoon and himself gave her the custard till it ran down her face, and at last almost made her ill. The Emperor was in fits of laughter the whole time. After dinner, as he said that she had been a good girl for eating the custards, he said that if she liked he would show her and her sister some of the fine things he had brought from France. He ordered them to be brought from his room, and displayed some of his beautiful miniatures, etc., of Marie Louise, his Son, Pauline, etc., to their astonished eyes. He particularly directed their attention to a magnificent sword, presented to him by the City of Paris, the hilt and scabbard of which were of exquisite workmanship and highly enriched with diamonds and precious stones. After admiring them very much, Mrs. Abell

temper or fall back upon his rank to shield himself from the consequences of his own familiarity, or of his indulgence to me." (It may be mentioned that "Betsy" was a particularly pretty little girl, with long fair hair, and "cat-like eyes.")

seized the sword, saying, "The scabbard is so handsome, I dare say the Sword is very good." She then drew it, and brandishing it about, made a feint that she was going to stab the Emperor with it, calling out "Je vais vous tuer, Monsieur!"

Her sister bade her desist, told her she was a very naughty girl, and the attendants attempted to seize the sword, which, however, she held tightly, and getting Napoleon into a corner, continued to pretend to thrust at him, saying she was going to kill him in revenge for his forcing her to eat the Custards. The Emperor laughed at first, but seemed to get rather frightened at last, and thinking the joke was going too far, he gave her a severe pinch on the ear, which made her drop the weapon.

He one day asked Mrs. Abell which were "the bravest, the English or the French?"—"The English," said the child, "for they beat the French at Waterloo!" He did not seem to like this allusion to his defeat, but on reflection, probably thinking it better to treat it as a joke, he laughed, and called her "petite Coquine."

Upon another occasion the children were at high romps, and Napoleon, coming in, Miss Betsy insisted upon *blindfolding the Emperor*, which she actually did, and he appeared to greatly enjoy the game at Blind Man's Buff, and was delighted to lay himself down on the floor, in the middle of the room, so the blinded one was sure to tumble over him. When he removed to Longwood, he would sometimes sit on the steps of the Pavilion and play for hours with Madame Bertrand's children. He frequently played in the evening while at "The Briars" at Whist for Sugar Plums, with the little Balcombes and his Officers and suite. Chess he played remarkably well; Lady Pulteney Malcolm¹ beat him

¹ The wife of Admiral Sir Pulteney Malcolm, who was at the head of the Naval Station and (June 1816–July 1817) the Governor's second and collaborator. Lady Malcolm was the author of

one day, his attention having been distracted by some nonsense of Miss Betsy's; he was much annoyed and even seemed to consider it as *ominous*.

He once offered Mrs. Abell a splendid Locket set with precious stones, and her Sister a beautiful Ring of valuable diamonds, which they were not allowed by Sir Hudson Lowe to take. The Emperor presented Mr. Balcombe with a very handsome gold Snuff Box, set with large diamonds. Mr. Balcombe carried it to Government House and requested to be allowed to keep it, and permission was granted. Napoleon's usual dress was a green coat and star, white breeches (when riding high black French Boots), and a little three-cornered cocked hat.¹ The Balcombes had heard much of Napoleon's horsemanship, and they one day entreated him to allow them to see him mounted. He good-naturedly sent to the stables for his favourite horse, "Hope," which came from the Cape. This noble animal was perfectly black, and so fiery that nobody but his Master could manage him. The steed was brought to the door, and, to the

a *Diary of St. Helena* (edited by Sir Arthur Wilson. London: A. D. Innes & Co., 1899), in which she relates her husband's stay at St. Helena, and a good deal of Napoleon's conversation.

¹In his *Autobiography*, Dr. Henry (assistant-surgeon to the 66th Regt.) recounts how he and other officers visited Napoleon at Longwood,—how he was dressed in dark green ornamented only by the glittering star of the Legion of Honour, with white breeches, white silk stockings, and shoes with gold buckles of an oval shape.

As Betsy Balcombe, Mrs. Abell first saw the Emperor Napoleon when he was on horseback, "and covered with orders, and his saddle and housings were richly embroidered with gold, and were of crimson velvet."

As to his appearance on horseback, Mrs. Abell in her *Recollections* says that "Napoleon's position on horseback, by adding to the height of his figure, supplied all that was wanting to make me think him the most majestic person I had ever seen. . . . His appearance on a horse was noble and imposing. He had a superb jet black horse, . . . which I thought looked worthy to be the bearer of him who was once the ruler of nearly the whole of Europe."

amazement of the spectators, Buonaparte vaulted upon the creature's back without saddle, stirrups or bridle and rode several times round the Lawn with the greatest ease, with nothing but a halter round the horse's neck. Mrs. Abell says that she never saw anyone ride so gracefully, and that he was in fact a perfect horseman.

One of his favourite amusements consisted in having his immense maps and charts spread out upon the floor, where he would spend hours in fighting over again his Battles and Victories, with black and red pins to represent the French and English, or Austrians, etc. He would even enter with the deepest interest into every movement and counter movement of each engagement, and would even argue that he might have gained the Battle of Waterloo. He used to sit for hours in the Bath.¹ While at "The Briars" he was a great deal in the garden—a remarkably pretty and shady one, commanding a fine view. He also spent much of his time in dictating to General Bertrand in the garden, and in reading.¹ After

¹ "I remember a time," wrote Las Casas, "when writing History was a passion with Napoleon. Almost always he dictated walking. I noticed that he always gave himself up entirely and completely to the pursuit in which he was engaged . . . he never appeared to notice noise going on around him even when it was considerable." (*Vide Memorial de Ste. Hélène: Journal de la vie privée et du conversation de l'Empereur Napoléon à Ste. Hélène. Par le Comte de Las Casas. Londres, 1823. 4 tom.*)

"At times, propping his book on a desk fixed to the side of the bath, the Emperor would read while in it." (*The Drama of St. Helena, P. Frémeaux, p. 161.*)

"Books, wide open and with the corners of the bindings broken, littered the floor round the worn-out calico-covered sofa in his bedroom, where he usually read reclining. He read very rapidly; if an author wearied him he would hurl his book across the room with an ill-humoured gesture. On his instalment at Longwood Napoleon had requested the British Government for books, and supplied a list of those he desired. He presently received about ten cases, filled in part with unexpected works, inferior editions, and odd volumes. Apparently the Stock-in-trade of a London bookseller had been forwarded. At the same time a bill was sent

he went into residence at Longwood, where Sir Hudson Lowe established his cruel and unjustifiable system of *espionage*, meanness and insult, surrounding the place in every direction with spies and sentinels, the Emperor frequently did not leave the house for days (and even weeks sometimes, I believe) together. Finding that he could not walk even in his own garden without being closely watched and followed by a sentinel as guard, Napoleon actually had a ditch dug in the garden where he used to walk, saying that "the sentinel could not see him." The first time the Emperor saw Sir Hudson Lowe he turned to someone with him—I think Mr. Balcombe—saying, "That man's face bears the marks of *crime*." He never would see the Governour (whom he detested) except when he insisted, which happened every now and then. These interviews were always scenes of violence and altercation, the Governour always loading his prisoner (into whose presence he had forced himself, as a matter of form) with reviling and abuse.

Lady Lowe was a very pretty woman, with pleasing manners ; she frequently sent to know if Napoleon would see her, but was always refused. Latterly the noble prisoner was so strictly guarded, that it was rarely the Balcombes could see him, and they were always obliged to procure a regular *pass* from Government House. The day following these visits, the family at "The Briars" were always bidden as guests at the Governour's, and

in to Napoleon—an exorbitant one. Thereafter the Emperor applied to private correspondents. As every smallest pamphlet destined for him had to bear Lord Bathurst's visa, Napoleon rarely saw the arrival of new books. When any did arrive he unpacked them with his own hands. If they were sufficiently numerous these were red-letter days for him,—days on which sometimes he did not leave his sofa for twelve hours. He read chiefly history, memoirs, and lampoons, besides military science, geography, and narratives of travel. Among writers, Voltaire was his favourite ; among poets caring for scarcely any but Ossian." (*Idem*, p. 163 *et seq.*)

Lady Lowe was always employed after Dinner in endeavouring to learn from them what had passed the previous day at Longwood; her enquiries they generally contrived to evade, or they answered her queries very laconically.

Sir Hudson Lowe's rigorous measures appear to have been quite unnecessary, for escape on the part of his prisoner was impossible; the whole island was surrounded by ships, and one man-of-war constantly cruised to the Leeward, and another to the Windward of the Island, on which no landing can be effected but in two places, which were of course well watched and defended. Mrs. Abell thinks that at one time Napoleon might have escaped by passing for Cipriani,¹ his *maître-d'hôtel*, who resembled him very strongly and who was allowed, from his office, to go down daily to the town, sometimes even on board the ships. The Emperor's friends at one time were in treaty with a famous smuggler, who was to provide some kind of vessel for his escape, which was to be made to sink for a certain number of hours till the danger of re-capture was over, and then to rise again. Pauline and Madame Mère gave up part

¹ Dr. Henry writes: "Napoleon's faithful servant, Cipriani, who had followed all the vicissitudes of his fortune, was one of the most Republican Jacobins I ever met, and a person of a class that I imagined had almost ceased to exist in France under the Imperial rule. M. Cipriani was very ferocious in his anti-religious sentiments; he always carried a volume of Voltaire in his pocket, but was no admirer of his tolerant principles. He declared war to the knife on all kings, all emperors (except his master), all priests, and all religions. . . . On Feb. 24th, 1818, this man was seized, while waiting on the Emperor at dinner, with such intense internal pains that he writhed on the floor. Two days later he expired. It was shortly after this incident that Napoleon uttered his pathetic remark to his valet (one of the few faithful French servants remaining to him), 'If this' (referring to the thinning of the ranks of his retainers by sickness or tedium) 'goes on, only you and I will remain here; you will read to me, you will close my eyes, and return to France to live there on the legacy I shall leave you.'" (Vide *The Drama of St. Helena*, p. 201 *et seq.* By Paul Frémeaux.)

of their jewels to raise money to forward this scheme, which was abandoned for want of sufficient funds, and the jewels were returned.

The respect paid to Napoleon by his suite was the same as if he were still Emperor of France,¹ and though always designated by the English as "General Buona-parte," his followers never acknowledged him by that title. Mrs. Abell once met Count Montholon out riding, and asked him "how the General (meaning Napoleon) was?" "If you mean General Bertrand, he is quite well," was the reply. Mrs. Abell says that she never saw any countenance which varied so much as that of Napoleon, according to his varying thoughts and emotions. At one moment his eyes looked quite small and sunken in his head, and his complexion had a leaden hue, but when anything animated or interested him, his eyes instantly became large, lustrous, and beaming with expression and intelligence, while a smile seemed to light up his whole countenance. His hair was of a very dark brown, and was soft and beautiful; when the Balcombes left the Island in 1819 he had only one grey hair.

While at St. Helena a child was born to the Bertrands.

¹ "Etiquette was severely enforced at Longwood. In his walks Napoleon's companions escorted him bareheaded; indoors, even when ladies were present, he usually wore a hat, only raising it at their entry; he would bid them to be seated, although his suite were expected to stand . . . the extreme honours which he exacted from his entourage were a protest against the designation of "General"—an assertion to his gaolers of that rank of Monarch which they denied him. He retained Count Bertrand as "Grand Marshal," although his house was so far from resembling a palace. All his retainers at Longwood wore the former Imperial livery, and discharged their duties with the same solemnity as at the Tuileries. The Emperor's dinner was served in magnificent silver plate (portions of which service were sold to provide money); several footmen assisted Cipriani, who carved the meats. Yet the Dining-room was not only dark and gloomy, draughty and noisy, but meanly decorated and furnished, so that the setting to all this ceremonious parade was but shabby." (Vide *The Drama of St. Helena*, p. 174 *et seq.*)

Mme. Bertrand sent this babe, well wrapped up, to Longwood, when it was only a few days old, with a message to the Emperor that "she had sent his Majesty a subject, who was the first who had ever passed the gates of Government House without a *pass*," alluding to the strict system of Sir Hudson Lowe.

Mrs. Abell says that Madame Bertrand was a queenly-looking woman, and very graceful, altogether the most elegant-looking creature she ever remembers to have seen. Mrs. Balcombe was also very handsome and was thought by Napoleon to resemble Joséphine. One day Mme. Bertrand carried a miniature portrait of the Empress to "The Briars," telling Mrs. Balcombe that she thought it like her. Mrs. Balcombe admired it much, and Mme. Bertrand left it with her. In the evening she showed it to Napoleon, who seized it immediately, said it was very like, and asked her how it came into her hands. She told him, and he then said, "This portrait can never be returned," and from that time till his death he always kept it. His *love* for Joséphine seems to have outlived every other feeling, and yet he could sacrifice *such* a woman to his ambition! He had portraits of her and of his son and Marie Louise in every variety of costume and attitude and conceit; one of the most extravagant of these represented the first as an Angel. Mrs. Abell says that she has seen him shaken with emotion and almost to tears in speaking of his son; this was the only subject upon which she can remember to have seen him evince much emotion. When he was watching Mrs. Balcombe's little Boys playing, he would often say, "I wish I could show you my Son." He had one picture representing him in a little cradle in the form of the Helmet of Mars. Sir Hudson actually kept back for many months a small Bust of the child which was sent to the Emperor, and it was not without much difficulty that it ever reached him. Mrs. Balcombe was in the habit of amusing her two little boys in the evening. One

evening she was walking in the garden with Napoleon, and the children becoming very impatient one of them ran to the Emperor, and seizing him by the coat began pulling him towards the house, crying out, "I say, Bony, I want Mama to come." Napoleon laughed, but seemed puzzled by this cognomen, which he desired Las Casas to translate. This he did literally, telling him that it meant a *bony person*, when the Emperor laughed and said he did not think that could apply to him, for he "was not thin."

Napoleon himself selected the spot where he was interred; it lies in the centre of a desolate valley,—Mrs. Abell says,—and it is called, I think, the "Devil's Punch Bowl." Around it are bleak, barren mountains, and it is the only verdant spot for a considerable distance, for a natural spring keeps three Willow Trees and a patch of verdure constantly green and fresh.

One evening there was to be a public ball to which "Betsy," as a great indulgence, was to go, dressed in a little white silk frock made for the occasion. Napoleon asked whether she was going to the Ball, and being answered in the affirmative, he asked what she was going to wear; the child ran upstairs in order to fetch the frock, wishful, with youthful vanity, to display it. "Very pretty," said Napoleon, adding, however, that she could not have it, for she was a naughty girl, and, snatching it from her, he ran shuffling away with it to the Pavilion, crumpling and holding it out of her reach. She followed in pursuit; but he kept it till the afternoon before the Ball; then returned it, saying that he had "made Cipriani iron the dress, and pull out the crushed roses." He made her promise to dance with General Gourgaud at the Ball, and she did this, but found the poor Frenchman so slow to comprehend the mysteries of a Country Dance, and so determined to execute correctly the proper French steps, that she left him in the middle of the dance, and went and sat down!

At one time the supply of money from England running short, Napoleon ordered Mr. Balcombe to have part of his magnificent dinner service of gold plate broken up for money, and this order was executed. (See Note to p. 119). When there was a scarcity of firewood Napoleon desired his attendants to break up a very handsome table, just sent from England for his use, and this was actually done.

When Buonaparte first landed he could not speak a word of English, but such was his quickness or perseverance that in three months he could read a newspaper.

Before the Balcombes left St. Helena, in 1819, they requested permission to pay a farewell visit to the Emperor. He received them very kindly, but they (not having seen him for three or four months) were shocked at his altered appearance, which was melancholy, for he seemed scarce able to rise, his eyes were sunk, his cheeks bloated with fat, and the flesh of his feet hung over his shoes. He asked them what he should give them each as a remembrance, when they requested a lock of his hair. He had four large pieces cut off, one for each of the Miss Balcombes, and the others for their parents. When Mr. Balcombe took leave of him he handed him a letter for Marie Louise, to convey to Europe, and insisted on his taking a blank cheque which was signed "Napoleon," and which he desired him to fill up to any amount he pleased, telling him it would be honoured in any part of France.

Mr. Balcombe carried the letter and blank cheque on board the ship which conveyed his party to England without mentioning the circumstance to anyone. The Emperor said that he should constantly look for the marriages of the Balcombe sisters in the papers, "as they were now growing up, and then," he added smiling, "there will soon be one little child, and then another little child."

July, 1837.

8th.—King William IV. buried at Windsor.

Baby and her Nurse and I escorted Susan¹ home to Croom's Hill, that we might pay a visit to dear Mama, whom I have not seen since the 30th of November, 1836.

27th, 28th.—I am taking Baby, who has begun to crawl, to see old friends—to the Collins' at Maze Hill; to dear old Mrs. Bicknell ("Bicky")—she is, alas! much changed.

August.

The Major, having taken Jane back to school and Margaret to visit a friend at Eastbourne, has rejoined us here with her; and we all return to-day to Tunbridge Wells.

September.

13th.—Capt. Matthew Smith at Greenwich obtained permission for us to visit Mr. Wells' house and grounds of "Readleaf," which lie about a mile beyond Penshurst in a fine Park. The Hall is filled with pictures in oil by Landseer and Lee of animals, birds, and fishes, which form a kind of sporting gallery, for almost every kind of game is there, drawn from the life. There are two superb china jars large enough to hold each one of the Forty Thieves; old china of great value and rarity is scattered all over the sitting-rooms, which are furnished in a style of admirable simplicity so as not to distract the eye from the treasures of art. The collection of pictures in Library, Dining Room, "Artists' Painting Room," and in another room appropriated to specimens of modern art, are examples of Guido, Canaletto, Ostade, Wouvermans, Vandyck, Rembrandt, Poussin, Claude, Berghems, Cuyp, Mieris, Quentin Matsys, Murillo; also Wilkie, Turner, Callcott, Wilson, Lee, Landseer, Cooke. There

¹ Mrs. Wood's third sister, who became Mrs. Frederick Arkwright, of Willersley Castle, Derbyshire.

are two delicious heads by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and several beautiful unfinished sketches. But the garden is even more lovely than all I had ever heard of the perfection of "Redleaf" would have led me to suppose. It is worthy of the Fairies, if they still condescend to visit this dull "worky day" world. I positively envied the Gardener his *Post of Honour*, for such it is to have the care and management of such a spot of enchantment. Mr. Wells found this now sweet place as a miserable farm-yard. I scarcely think it would have been possible to render this garden of beauty more beautiful than it has been made by the exquisite taste of Mr. Wells. What will not perseverance, taste and money effect? All is in such perfect keeping that nothing seems overdone,—one forgets that it is the work of Art as much as of Nature. Every tree and plant appears to thrive as if, like Voltaire's trees, "they had nothing else to do." The gardener pointed out a mound of rock-work covered with the creeping cypress, which looked like a green Pincushion. He said that Mr. Douglas, the botanical Traveller, threw himself full length upon it, when at "Redleaf" last, saying that he had taken many a night's rest upon that plant in America.

Mr. Wells' passion for art is so great that some one of his favourite Painters is always staying with him. Mr. Lee, who painted the animals, etc., in the Hall, was to-day making a very clever oil sketch in the open air. Callcott only returned to London yesterday, and Landseer was here last week.

There are no forlorn sickly exotics in this garden, pining for brighter skies and warmer climes; they all look,—the plants in this garden,—healthy and happy, as if they felt grateful for the care bestowed upon them.

Our visit to "Redleaf" will always remain in my memory as one of the pleasantest days I ever spent. Long may Mr. Wells live to enjoy this little Paradise of his own creation: when he dies may it never fall into the clutches

of some Goth without a spark of taste or feeling, who would sell the pictures and suffer the garden to become like that of the Sluggard,—full of Weeds and Thistles.

16th.—My dear parents have left us.

26th.—We went to Waterdown Forest in search of a beautiful species of white Heath which grows there, but which I was not so fortunate as to find, it being too late in the season to distinguish the colours; all the fading flowers of the various kinds assume much the same tint. By the light of a glorious sunset even this bleak barren Moor looked beautiful, far more so than I had supposed possible. Copley Fielding would have made a charming Picture this afternoon of this subject.

28th.—At a Morning Concert to-day at Nash's Rooms there was so good an attendance that Mori made £70. We had Thalberg, Mori, Miss Fanny Woodham, Cimbilei, and Brizzi, the first being of course the Lion of the day. Very wonderful he certainly was, but to me his playing lacks the power to excite more than astonishment at his marvellous strength of finger, power of execution, and extraordinary facility and rapidity. He never touches my feelings or imagination, and his countenance is so impassive and unvarying in its expression of quiet amiability, that I verily believe that if by any possibility an *automaton* could be made to execute the same passages, I should have nearly as much satisfaction in listening to it! He strikes the keys as if his fingers were of iron, or sheathed in steel, and executes the left-hand passages with amazing dexterity, and apparently with as much ease as those with the right hand. Yet he disappointed me, for I cannot but think him deficient in feeling and expression; when I wish to be astonished I would hear Thalberg,¹ but

¹ "Thalberg in his way is just perfect. He plays the pieces he has mastered and there he stops." (Letter by Felix Mendelssohn to Moscheles, March 21, 1840.)

"Of the pianoforte players Thalberg is really the most inter-

when I wish to be charmed, I would hear old Cramer or Hummel.

Mori played beautifully, making his Violin truly a *musical* instrument, instead of an instrument of *torture*, which it so often becomes in the hands of *amateur* performers.

November.

1st.—The month has come in surly mood, cold, windy and dreary.

3rd.—My Brother Charles took his Degree at Oxford, as Bachelor of Arts.

December.

4th.—My little Darling Baby now often calls her Father. She can raise herself with ease to a sitting posture, and is beginning to make efforts to walk.

The Major fetched Jane Wood from School, and I took Baby up to Croom's Hill to spend our Xmas with Papa and Mama under the roof of the old mansion where I passed the first twenty-three years of my life. How I love its old walls and happy memories of the past which come thronging on my mind when I think of the many many pleasant days I have spent within them! Alas! some who shared them are already gathered to their fathers, and soon few will remain of the friends of my *childhood*; none can ever again be so dear! I feel that I shall never love later-found friends as I did those of my infancy, those with whom I grew from childhood to womanhood; my heart shrinks back from the cold friendships, the *calculating* friendships of maturity and experience, and vainly wishes for the kindly eyes and greeting voices of those early friends, whose "vacant

esting. Sound and genuine in his style, he does not seem to seek after effect, . . . all follows and develops itself so naturally that one easily overlooks the lack of unity and a certain Italian mannerism." (Letter to Felix Mendelssohn from Moscheles, written from London, August 14, 1836.)



THE LIBRARY OF DR. CHARLES BURNEY ("the Grecian," d. 1817),
AT ST. PAUL'S RECTORY, DEPTFORD.

places" can never be re-filled. To me whenever I go to the dear old house it seems more natural to write "I am going *home*" than to put "I am going to Croom's Hill," and I see that I have indeed done so in the little book in which I keep my record of the weather.¹

January, 1838.

2nd.—Several of dear Papa's young artist friends to dinner. Mr. Holland kindly lent us his Portfolio of beautiful sketches in Portugal—executed for next year's "Annual"—to look at.

4th.—Walked to Deptford with Papa, to call at the Rectory. Mr. Ffinch (the incumbent) being out, we obtained permission from the servant to walk into the garden, into which I have never been since the death of my dear and kind Grandfather Burney.² Though I was not six years old when he died, how clearly did I recall numerous circumstances of my early life, upon entering the large room in the garden which was his Library (now made a shelter for plants in the winter), and bring to mind the merry games of romps I have had round the wooden Gallery which encircles the room, which in those happy days looked so comfortable and habitable with its well-stored Book Shelves and fine Portraits³ on the walls by Reynolds and Lawrence. Alas! so changed and cold and desolate does it now look in its

¹ In the "little Journal" referred to, Mrs. Wood does note under the same date—"I am taking Baby to spend Xmas *at home*" (meaning her Father's house).

² Dr. Charles Burney (junr.), Fanny Wood's grandfather, was Rector of St. Paul's, Deptford, for some years before his death in 1817 (*vide* Preface).

³ The portraits were those of the first ("the Musical") Doctor Burney, of Dr. Johnson, of Edmund Burke, of Garrick; and were painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds and by Sir Thomas Lawrence. The latter's portrait of the second Dr. Charles Burney ("the Grecian") was added; and there was also a group of some of the

dismantled state, that it required a strong effort to believe that I was indeed standing on the spot where so many days of my careless childhood were passed. There too was the small room where I used to play with my Grandfather's three favourite hares, my only playmates in that house; how forlorn the whole place looked! Well, I am glad I have *once* revisited the old garden and library, and now I never wish to enter either again as long as I live, for every recollection connected with the spot is painful to me. Nineteen years ago! and still the memory of my kindest and earliest friend lives in my heart and draws tears from my eyes when I think how he would have loved and cherished me had he been spared to see me grown to Womanhood. And my darling Baby, too! how proud he would have been of his great-grandchild.

5th.—Went up to London and sat with Aunt d'Arblay for nearly an hour; found her very low and much altered. We talked of her poor son Alex, whose melancholy death she will never recover. She is waiting

Mus.Doc.'s children, as well as a little picture of Mrs. Siddons on her knees acting in *Jane Shore*—the occasion on which a little voice was heard from the "gods" saying to the pathetic starving heroine: "Oh! please take my orange!"—a tribute to her powers which the great actress considered the greatest she ever had.

In a letter to her son from Bath, April 30, 1816, Mme. d'Arblay refers to the sale at Streatham (after Dr. Johnson's death), saying: "Your dear Uncle (Charles, second Doctor) has bought the picture of my dearest father at Streatham. I am truly rejoiced it will come into our family, since the collection it was painted for is broken up. Your Uncle has also bought the Garrick, which was one of the most agreeable and delightful of the set. . . . In the Library, in which these pictures were hung (at Streatham), we always breakfasted; there I have had as many precious conversations with the great and good Dr. Johnson as there are days in the year. Dr. Johnson sold the highest of all—'tis an honour to our age, that!—£360! My dear Father would have mounted higher, but that his son Charles was there to bid for himself, and, everybody must have seen, was resolved to have it." (*Diary and Letters*, part vii., 1816.)

patiently to rejoin him and his father in that haven to which they have preceded her.¹ Poor old lady! the last link of the chain which bound her to earth has been suddenly snapped by the chilly hand of Death, and now she must indeed feel *alone*.

7th.—Dear Baby's first Birthday; may God bless and preserve her! She stood upright for the first time by supporting herself against a chair.

10th.—My Brother Edward came of age; a Dinner-party to celebrate the anniversary, consisting of all the Warners, Miss Bentley, two of the Youngs, and Mr. Henry Foss; quite a family party.—The Royal Exchange of London was burnt to the ground this night.

12th.—Mr. Holland came to see us to-day. He gave us an interesting account of his late visit to Lisbon, and other places in Portugal. Says that the Beggars and old people at Oporto and Lisbon are positively frightful. The Peasant Girls in the North of the country are a fine-grown handsome race, tall, with clear, dark complexions, and a profusion of long black hair; they are extravagantly fond of ornaments, and it is not unusual to see a woman decked out in gold chains and ear-rings to the value of thirty or forty pounds, whilst they have neither shoe nor stocking to their feet. They carry immense weights upon their heads with great apparent ease.

On her first Birthday her Uncle Collins addressed to dear Baby some verses written by himself, calling her "the sweetest child that e'er was born"—which she

¹ At this time Mme. d'Arblay wrote in her private Note-book: "1837—the most mournful, most earthly hopeless, of any and all the years of my long career! Yet, humbly I bless my God and Saviour, not hopeless, but full of gently-beaming hopes . . . of the time that may succeed to the dread infliction of this last irreparable privation and bereavement of my darling, loved, and most touchingly loving, dear, soul-dear, Alex." (January, 1837.)

(At the time Mme. d'Arblay was 85 years old, and her great-niece, Fanny Wood, was 25.)

certainly is. My dear Husband's 41st Birthday occurred on Jan. 26th. Baby and I came home in order to celebrate it and her own first anniversary.

28th.—Little Jane does not seem to be very well, and the Doctor is not easy about her.—How much older one grows from circumstances than from years ! the last three years of my life have in feeling added at least ten or fifteen years to my age. I sometimes feel as if I had two ages and characters, when I think of our Wards who are fast growing up (and whom chance has made our adopted children as it were), and of the heavy responsibilities the charge of them incurs. I seem to myself a woman of forty. But when I romp and play with my own dear Baby, then I feel as if again five-and-twenty, and almost as young in heart, mind, and feeling as I was before I became a Wife and a Mother.

The Portuguese are a most indolent, dirty race ; if a tree falls, or a large stone lies in the road, they never think of removing it, and will pass it or go over it with their Ox Waggon for six months together. The late Revolution has banished, or frightened into seclusion all the Monks and Friars, who swarmed at the time Beckford visited the Convents of Batalha and Alcobaça, which are now shut up, totally deserted, and quickly falling into decay and ruin. Mr. Holland says that he might easily have stabled his mule in the great Church at Batalha, if he had been inclined to do so. Lisbon was hot, dirty and fatiguing, but Cintra lovelier even than he had dreamed ; always green, fresh and cool from the heavy dews which fall every evening ; the morning fogs, by keeping the verdure constantly watered, render Cintra a Paradise of beauty and freshness during the intense heats of Summer.

During the night the temperature was below zero—there is intense frost. I read that several times lately the river Thames has been blocked with ice ; the ebbing and flowing of the tide occasionally left openings

through which a few coal craft and boats were steered with some difficulty.

Feb. 3rd.—Jane is certainly very poorly, and good Dr. Hargreaves seems to think her very delicate, as indeed I fear that she is ; every care must be taken of her in this bitter weather ; she keeps her room, poor child.

21st.—The following statement which I read to-day in a little work called *Ten Minutes' Advice to Labourers*, has made me feel how *culpable* it is to waste so many hours in sleep and idleness, when life is slipping by with a rapidity which is unmarked till one looks back to five or ten years, and remembers how short they appear in retrospect—how long to look forward to.

“The difference between rising at five o'clock and seven, in the course of forty years (supposing a man to go to bed at the same time he otherwise would), amounts to 29,000 hours, which is the same as adding several years to his life.” Alas ! how many hours have I lost by the habit of late rising ! I will from this day endeavour to break through this most injurious and idle propensity.

24th.—Dear Papa came down to us, bringing the joyful and unexpected intelligence that he has been presented by his friend—Dr. Warburton—to the Living of Sible Headingham, in Essex, to hold for ten years, during the minority of his Nephew. I am delighted with this good fortune, and only regret that we must leave the dear, dear old house in which we were all born, and in which we have spent all our young lives. Was it a presentiment that I should never pass another Christmas under its kindly roof, that made me so anxious to go *home* this Winter ? (*vide* Note to p. 127). It will cost me a severe pang to say adieu for ever to that dear home of my childhood, which is connected in memory with all whom I ever loved and honoured from my earliest years, all the pleasant days of my careless youth. How many forgotten events and things rush back upon my mind, when I think of those bygone days ! Poor Goldsmith

was right when he said that Memory was a "fond deceiver; To former joys returning ever, turning all the past to pain."

To whom does not the memory of their early years bring vain regrets for joys that can never return, young hopes blighted, warm feelings blunted and deadened by the cold realities of a selfish calculating world, which when viewed in perspective seems all warmth and sunshine; few, alas! realise in after life their dreams of youth and hope. But after all, the fault lies in our own minds; we form an ideal standard of perfection and happiness, which is inconsistent with the nature of all human things, and impossible to attain to in a state of probation and trial; when shall I learn this difficult lesson? When I next visit Croom's Hill I must say Farewell to the hospitable¹ old mansion for ever, for in all probability I shall never see it again, nor set foot within its walls; that, however, would be less painful to me than knowing that it had fallen into the hands of a *stranger*, perhaps a vulgar speculator, who would turn the grounds into a *Tea Garden*, build a staring Smoking-Box under the beautiful old Walnut Tree, and turn the house itself into an Hotel or Coffee House; rather than this, I would cheerfully see it rifled and dismantled, and pulled down to the ground, to make room for a nest of small houses, or even the odious Railroad itself!

28th.—Jane's 16th Birthday. She is certainly better, but the Doctor desires another opinion, for her strength does not seem sufficient to vanquish the trouble. We feel anxious, therefore.

March, 1838.

The month has come in cold, blustering and stormy. To-day, however, the sun shone and permitted Jane to go out for a drive,—the first time since her illness.

¹ "hospitable"—the writer's father, Chas. Parr Burney, was known for his hospitality.



View of the Seat of the late SIR GREGORY PAGE on Blackheath in Kent

31st.—In spite of a burst of delightfully warm weather, like Spring (which we hailed with a double joy after so severe a Winter), Jane does not advance in health. A Consultation has taken place between three Doctors, and it is decreed that a warmer climate is absolutely necessary for her. Next month, therefore, we shall remove to Torquay, which is said to be a much milder air than this; and then, when Winter comes, we must quit England for an indefinite period and take the poor girl to Madeira.

April.

2nd.—Baby and I went up to Croom's Hill to take leave of Papa and Mama and bid a last adieu to the dear old house, previous to the Family quitting Greenwich, and our party going to Torquay and then embarking for Madeira.

5th.—Went down with Papa and Mama, Charles, and Edward, to Sible Headingham to see Papa's new Living.

I was much pleased with the Rectory, which is a capital house, with an excellent garden and sixteen acres of land. The Church is handsome, and the churchyard with its fine Avenue of Lime-trees quite to my mind. We dined and slept at the Inn at Castle Headingham.

6th.—We employed to-day in walking about the village (after making some necessary arrangements about the move). The ruin of the old Norman Keep of Headingham Castle is beautiful, finely situated and remarkably perfect.

8th.—Went to the Collins' at Maze Hill for a couple of days, and returned to Croom's Hill. A few days afterwards I returned to Tunbridge Wells to make preparations for our removal to Torquay.

N.B.—This Diary ends with an old print—"A View of the Seat of the late Sir Gregory Page on Blackheath in Kent"—doubtless preserved for the sake of the interest attaching to it.
—*Editor's note.*

This large winged mansion was built in 1796, on the site of Westcombe Manor, which was the property of the Biddulph family (created Baronets by King Charles II. in 1664). Sir Michael Biddulph died in 1718, when Westcombe Park was sold to Sir Gregory Page, Bart., who was succeeded by his nephew, Sir Gregory Page-Turner.

The place was let to Captain Galfridus Walpole, brother of Sir Robert Walpole, and Treasurer of Greenwich Hospital for a time.

The lease came into possession of Charles, 3rd Duke of Bolton, the lover of Lavinia Fenton, who played "Polly Peachem" in the *Beggars' Opera*. The Duke took her to Westcombe, where they lived until the death of his Duchess, when he married her. He never allowed Lavinia to return to the stage. The night after the Duke took her away to Westcombe the audience at the *Beggars' Opera* were surprised and disturbed at the appearance of another "Polly," for it was said that the extraordinary success of the play was due to Lavinia Fenton's popularity. "When she died her son, the Revd. Mr. Powlett, became the proprietor of Westcombe. It was let successively to Lord Clive, the Marquis of Lothian, his widow the Marchioness, the Duchess of Atholl, Mr. Halliday, William Petrie, Esqr., and Mr. William Holmes, its present owner" (1820). (From Lyson's *Environs of London*.)

TORQUAY.

May, 1838.

We are making our final arrangements before proceeding into Devonshire, to pass the summer there for little Jane's sake. The days are taken up in paying our farewell visits to all our kind friends and acquaintance at The Wells.

4th.—Left The Wells by the Brighton Coach, having engaged the whole of the inside for our party. I left with considerable regret, for the last two and a half years I have spent so many pleasant days and hours at Tunbridge Wells, and there appears little probability that I shall ever re-visit it again.

Our journey was uncomfortable, it being a day too warm for the time of year, and withal very dusty.

We reached Brighton about six o'clock, and left it again at eight o'clock next morning: a most disagreeable day of driving rain and piercing, bitter North-East wind, which at Shoreham blew a perfect gale, rendering the journey to the poor Major, who was outside, far from pleasant.

The road could not be uglier or more uninteresting, but after leaving the sea at Arundel it became very pretty. At Chichester we dined, and then the way became very tedious. We were heartily glad to arrive at Southampton at six o'clock.

6th.—Certainly Southampton is one of the finest towns in England, and in the evening we all enjoyed a sail to

that pretty ruin, Netley Abbey, a run of about three miles down the river.

7th.—Again this afternoon we sailed down to Netley Abbey, and walked through some fields to see the extensive and fine ruins. The present possessor, a Mr. Chamberlayne, inherited it unexpectedly, as well as a large fortune, from his Uncle, an old man of singular habits, but great generosity and public spirit. His nephew bears an indifferent character here, and is so lavish and foolish in his expenditure, that he may chance to end life (as he commenced it) without a farthing. The only praise we have heard bestowed on him is, “that he drives the handsomest carriage and the four finest horses in the neighbourhood.” He has already mortgaged part of his estate, and cut down a vast quantity of Timber, and it is reported that he is going to *let* Netley Abbey to a speculating Company at Southampton, who talk of shutting up the ruins from strangers, except on particular days, and then extorting a fee for seeing them! The same people also talk of building an *Hotel* close to the ruins! Our informant seemed, like ourselves, to regard Mr. Chamberlayne as unworthy to possess so fine a property.

8th.—We left Southampton in a large Pleasure-boat; a pleasant sail we had down the river to Cowes. The beauty of that town vanishes the moment you set foot on shore. Nothing, I think, can well be dirtier, narrower and uglier than the streets appeared.

Re-embarking in the evening we stood out to sea, to await the “Brunswick” Steamer, which stops for passengers on her voyage from Portsmouth to Plymouth and puts in at Torquay on the way.

She soon came in sight, and by seven o’clock we were safely on board, bag and baggage.

The evening was lovely and the Moon nearly at the full; but with our descent into the Cabin the spell was broken; happy those whose olfactory nerves are not

very acute ! All the unpleasant perfumes were rendered less supportable by the noises which never ceased.

Despite all inconveniences dear Baby slept soundly through the night, and when we entered Torbay I was obliged to take the poor little darling up fast asleep, so as to be dressed to go on shore,—she only smiled at me in the sweetest fashion, and then her little eyes closed again. At two in the morning I had been already on deck with a young lady who, like me, was pining for air. Later I actually preferred to sit on the *Cabin Stairs*, wrapped in a Blanket, to attempting to sleep in my berth ! With the daylight I was on deck again, and at six o'clock we landed at Torquay. Little Jane also bore the voyage well.

The entrance to Torbay is fine, and as you sail further into the Bay the scenery becomes more striking and the approach to Torquay is beautiful. We proceeded to Hearder's Hotel, but after Breakfast and making our toilette, the Major and I went out to find other quarters while the girls slept off their fatigue.

After a trudge over the sands and back we at length found just what we were in search of in "Rock House," a house *very* prettily situated in a garden. Here we are all to be boarded and well lodged, in rooms with a pretty sea view, for seven guineas a week, exclusive of Tea, Sugar, and Malt Liquor.

Though the cold N.E. wind still blows, I can see the country growing in beauty, as each successive Spring flower appears, and each tree comes forth in its gay, fresh green livery. . . . How beautiful is Spring !¹ I sometimes feel, on one of its sunny mornings, as if I should like to be transformed into one of the Butterflies which are dancing with such apparent delight from blossom to blossom in the warm sunshine, which makes everything,

¹ In one of her tales (*Lady Bird*), Lady Georgina Fullerton observes that "with some persons their admiration of the beauties of Nature induces a kind of ecstasy."

animate and inanimate, look *happy*! How pleasant it is on such a morning to wander into a wood (as I have done); no sound heard but the murmuring of the distant waves upon the Shore, the low hum of the Honey Bee, or the plaintive note of the Wood Pigeon,—how sweetly is the air scented by the wild Hyacinth and the young cones of the Pines and Fir-trees. The long grass is thickly studded with Primroses and Dog-Violets, and there too is the pretty purple Orchis, the golden-flowered Gorse, the Arum with its long curious green spathe, the brilliant little blue-eyed “Speedwell” (*Veronica*) contrasting so well with the delicate white flowers of the “Starwort,” and the gay pink blossoms of the Cranesbill; and higher up, among the rocks, are graceful ferns, whose beauty I am never tired of admiring.

12th.—There are many shells to be found here.

13th.—The Major and I walked to Cockington, a village about two and a half miles from Torquay. The little Ivy-covered Church is situated in a large well-wooded Park, close to the handsome Mansion of the Squire, called “Court House.” The place looked altogether as if it belonged to the “olden times,” and there was an air of tranquillity and peace about the spot which made me fancy (it was Sunday) that the worshippers who assemble every Sunday in that humble Village Church are followers of the “good old paths.” I have seen nothing so pretty in England except Bidborough Church, near Tunbridge Wells, for a long time. I made a little sketch of the pretty Church. Court House is the residence of the Revd. Roger Mallock, whose family purchased the estate from the Carys in 1654. On one wing of the house is the date 1560, and on the other 1679; the former was probably placed there by the Carys, the latter by the Mallocks, who restored and added to the house.¹ It is a handsome stone mansion, and

¹ “Squire Mallock of Cockington and Squire Cary of Tor Abbey—both which houses on account of their situation at the sea-

stands in the midst of a beautiful Park and grounds which have been planted with taste. There are large Fish-Ponds well stocked with fish. The Lords of the Manor of Cockington could anciently inflict capital punishment, as could also those of Paignton and Tormohun.¹

15th.—Walked with the Major to Paignton, a large village about three miles from Torquay. There is an ancient Episcopal Palace, in ruins. The Manor of Paignton belonged, in very early days, to the See of Exeter, the Bishops of which had a Palace here. In 1265 Sir Henry Pomeroy was obliged to make compensation to Bishop Branscombe for having scaled the fences of the Palace and hunted down the Prelate's Deer, with a large party from his Castle of Berry.² The Manor of Paignton was conveyed by Royal requisition to the Earl of Pembroke by Bishop Veysey; in 1644 the Earl sold it to Sir Henry Cary, since which the property has passed through a variety of hands.

A road from hence led us through a Marsh (reminding me of Pevensey in Sussex), to the sea-shore, upon which

side were very noted for concealments of *rum* and smuggled goods. Their barns were often packed with such goods, doubtless without their connivance, but to the exceeding profit of some persons unknown, and to the loss of that common enemy, the revenue." (From Prince's *Worthies of Devon*—quoted in *Highways and Byways in Devon and Cornwall*, by Arthur Norway, p. 69.)

There is a good story telling how Bampfylde Moore Carew, son of the Rector of Tiverton—he who "discovered the important secret of how to entice any other man's dog to follow him," and became Prince of Beggars and King of the Gipsies—humbugged the Excisemen on Exeter quay: how, disguised as a common sailor, he led them and the reluctant constable of Tor town to Squire Cary's house at Tor Abbey; how there he tricked them anew, for on pretext of securing the back of the house before he showed them the smuggled hoard, he gave them the slip and, clapping spurs to his horse, got safe away.

¹ Anciently Torre-Mohun.

² "Berry (Bury) is probably a corruption of 'Burg' for a Burgh or Castle."—Baring-Gould's *Devon*, p. 97.

stands a singular old moated mansion called "Torbay House"; we could learn nothing of its history except that it was formerly the property of Colonel Seale of Dartmouth, who died without a Will, when it fell to the Crown. I never saw shells in such abundance anywhere but at Shell-Ness in Kent, and at the village of Scheveling or Schevenen, near the Hague, but at those places there was far less variety than on the Polsham Sands. After I had filled my basket we turned homewards, intending to return by the shore, it being low water. We proceeded at a rapid rate till we came to the ravine in the cliff, down which ran a small inland stream forming a pool at the foot of the cliff, about two feet deep, and we discovered to our dismay that we must either walk back over the way we had come, or scramble up the cliff on hands and knees without any path; a very unpleasant alternative. Fortunately, just then an old man who was at work in a field on the top of the cliff, perceiving our distress, came to our assistance. He told us that the wind being easterly the sands were impassable at that point, and offered to help me to scramble up a most tumble-down sort of looking place—"if the gentleman could contrive to get up first." Finding there was nothing else to be done, the Major with some difficulty managed to gain the summit of the cliff, and then my gallant old Esquire assisted me to mount, or rather scramble, up the same place, by standing behind me and pushing me up the steepest parts; and so finally by dint of scrambling, kneeling, and jumping, and by being pushed by my friend below and pulled by the Major above, I did reach the top in safety, my dress being not a little soiled by the red clayey soil and the dirty hands of the good-natured old man to whose kind offices I was so greatly indebted. He appeared well pleased with the shilling which my husband gave him for his civility, and when he had fairly landed us on *terra firma* he joined us in laughing heartily at the absurdity

of our position ; though all the time he was assisting me to ascend, he had remained as grave as possible, and kept reiterating, " I'm an old man, Ma'am ; never mind me ; I'm a married man, Ma'am ; I'm not a young man, Ma'am." After this adventure we quickened our pace, and crossing the Abbey sands soon reached home, after walking eight miles.

There are Adders and Snakes in this garden ; the Major killed one, but another escaped. Last summer a little girl of three years old was missed, and found under a hedge, somewhere near here, quite dead, with an Adder coiled round her throat ; probably she had found the Viper, touched it, or perhaps attempted to play with the venomous reptile and it then bit her. The common people here have a strange superstition about Snakes, viz. that " if any person kills the first snake he sees he has vanquished all his enemies for that year " ; they also believe that " a snake will not die till after sunset," even though apparently dead, for they assert that its vitality remains till the sun goes down. Snakes are said to be very numerous about this place, and I have heard some ridiculous and marvellous tales of them, which seem to be implicitly believed by the lower classes.

One of these legends states that a snake has been seen near Tor, as *long as a man's body*, and that this wonderful reptile met a labouring man one evening returning home from his work through a wood. The creature jumped up and bit him ; the man ran away, the Snake in full pursuit ; the man ran on till he came to a Farmhouse, in which he sought shelter, but his nimble enemy had given three or four more *jumps* and *bites* at his victim before he could reach the house. Medical assistance was sent for, but the Surgeon said that there was nothing he could do, " for that the man's body would swell till his heart burst "—and the wonderful Snake escaped !

This story was told me as a *positive fact*. So much for the " march of intellect " in Devonshire.

18th.—We walked to the village of Tor, returning by Torre Abbey and the Sands. It was melancholy to see, in the churchyard, the number of victims to Consumption, their ages varying from seventeen to thirty-three or thirty-four. The people at Torquay say that most of their patients come to them “too late, too ill to get well,” and so merely to die. I heard the other day of a gentleman who was brought here at an immense expense from Yorkshire, in a carriage of peculiar construction, built on purpose for him; the poor invalid actually arrived one evening, and died the next morning, and the said carriage carried him home to be buried with his ancestors! I remember another case of a poor young lady whom we knew slightly at Eastbourne; her friends, as the Decline which was killing her advanced, carried her to Hastings, but on the way she died in the carriage before they could reach that place.

In the churchyard of Tor I copied (for its quaintness) an inscription on a tombstone, which ran as follows :

July 25. 1835. Aged 78.

All that
mortality claims
of

JOHN TAPLEY
is deposited here,
untill the Resurrection,
not without
great Tribulation.

Now, *waring* Nature cease,
The Battle's o'er;
He kept the Faith,
And Now! . . .

The Teignmouth road, by which the Major and I returned from a walk to St. Mary Church to-day (26th), reminded me of parts of Cumberland, with its bare wild limestone hills.

In the Abbey Bay is some fine black sand wherein I

found sundry extremely minute species of shells, so much so as to almost require the aid of a Microscope to distinguish them. On Polsham Bay I found the *Pholas Dactylus*, *Pholas Straata*, and *Venus Perforata*, burrowing in the rocks in immense numbers, and of a large size. I picked up a single valve of the *Anomia Epiphicum*, unusually large.

In Mead's Foot Bay we came across the rare White *Helianthemum* (*Polipholium*). At Greenwich I used to cultivate it in my own little garden on the rock-work. I have often wondered how Goldsmith could talk of the "blossom'd Furze, unprofitably gay," when its rich bright flowers liven and render almost beautiful so many waste places of the earth! Here it perfumes the air with its scent like fresh cocoa.

10th.—My brother Charles was ordained by the Bishop of London, at St. Paul's Cathedral.

15th.—Jane has had another attack suddenly, which alarmed us, as it shows that the Doctors are not exaggerated in their opinion of her condition.

20th.—Jane has recovered wonderfully, and is now almost as well as before the recurrence of these alarming symptoms.

It would seem, from the writings of that beautiful naturalist, the late Mr. White of Selborne, that there is a great similarity between this Spring and that of the year 1776. As then there has been no rain worth mentioning until now—the middle of May, and the fields were burnt, dry and bare; but now (the third week of June) the country is in great beauty and the foliage and verdure most luxuriant, while vegetables and fruit are becoming abundant notably where landslides have occurred.¹

¹ The earth disturbances along this coast have been terrific. A catastrophe occurred, in 1839, which has probably no parallel in England. On the day after Christmas the sea was violently agitated; there were loud and fearful noises; sudden crashes and long thundering sounds. All night this went on. When the day

To-day we came upon a path leading to what I was sure must be "Kent's Cavern,"¹ for I had heard it described; but our curiosity respecting it could not be gratified, for it was so closely boarded and nailed up, that it might contain the Jars of the Forty Thieves instead of a few collections of antediluvian bones! The account given me of this cavern by our young housemaid amused me: she said it is a cave "full of the bones of Beasties who went there to save their lives in a great war" (I suppose among the Beasties) "many year ago, before any houses were built in Torquay."

25th.—Margaret Wood is to-day nineteen.—Another snake found in the garden; the country people call them "Varmint," and "Long Gribbles."

June 29th.—Yesterday was the day of the Queen's Coronation, celebrated here by a general Holiday, and a Dinner to the poor of Tormohun and Torquay upon

came the ruin was revealed . . . the solid earth had been twisted and convulsed: three-quarters of a mile of cultivated land had crashed down . . . and with it forty-five acres of arable land, cottages, and an orchard. Caverns, pinnacles of rock, ridges, gullies, ravines—and a huge bare precipice—marked the scene. Where had been deep water, at a little distance from the shore, a reef, forty feet high and nearly a mile long, had formed. All men's minds were full of fear.

In the judgment of Dr. Buckland this convulsion "far exceeded the ravages of the earthquakes in Calabria."

The reef has been washed away by storms, but the cliff ruin stands, though its terrifying aspect is disguised by most luxuriant vegetation. (*Vide Highways and Byways in Devon*, p. 17. A. Norway.)

¹ Kent's Cavern goes back to pre-glacial times. Flint and bone weapons have been found in the submerged beds of Torbay.

Torquay is, in a sense, the oldest human settlement in Devon, but the youngest town. The place-names in the vicinity are all Teutonic, for the neighbourhood was popular with the Saxons. In Domesday Book mention is made of "Ste. Marie Cerce" (St. Mary Church), where is a Saxon font; "next in anciency is the Manor of Torre," mentioned in 1086.

The name "Torquay" dates back 240 years or so; the ancient Saxon name was *Flete*, from the river. (*Vide Fleet Street, Torquay*.)

the Strand. Guns were fired at Sunrise, Noon, and Sunset from Waldon Hill just above our house, and from the loudness and distinctness of the echoes from the distant hills the salute had the effect of pieces of Artillery, and was really fine. Five arches of young trees and large branches had been erected between Tormohun and the Strand, and these were at night illuminated with gas and coloured lamps. At two o'clock the Procession of the poor people with tickets for the Dinner started from the Village, carrying Flags and Banners, the Band playing "God Save the Queen." They passed through Torquay and then seated themselves at the long tables placed in double rows along the Quay, close to the Harbour; 2500 persons were present, besides hundreds of spectators, but the most perfect order and good humour prevailed through the whole great crowd of happy, smiling faces. It was a very interesting sight, and I doubt whether Her Majesty's Coronation will be celebrated in any part of the kingdom by a more charming Fête. A Car, drawn in the Centre of the Procession, and decked with flowers and gay colours, contained the three fairest damsels of the place, who represented England, Scotland, and Ireland, and were accompanied by a Sailor dressed as Neptune and several little children in white, with garlands of flowers round their heads. After Dinner the Queen's Health was drunk with hearty cheers, and "God save the Queen" and "Rule Britannia" sung in very good style. Then the Tables were cleared and dancing commenced; some of the gentlemen taking their places in the Country Dances, which with Reels, were kept up with much spirit till eight or nine o'clock in the evening. At dusk some Fireworks were thrown off from the Pier head; the evening being calm and fine, and the tide high, the water reflected the lights so vividly that the shadow of every vessel in the Harbour was distinctly seen, and occasionally the whole Town and Quay appeared as if suddenly illuminated by ten thou-

sand lamps. The effect of the fairy-looking lights and stars glancing in all directions in the deep, solemn stillness of a Summer's night, was unusually beautiful, and reminded me of some of the scenes of enchantment so delightfully described in the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*. I could have sat for hours at the window to watch the spectacle, which concluded about eleven o'clock, by the ascent of a large Fire-Balloon.

July, 1838.

The Farmers of this district have lately subscribed among themselves to build a Pier at Paignton from which to ship their Cider, and land their cargoes of coal from the Colliers, which are now obliged to send their cargoes on shore in Boats, not being able to come in near, perhaps not within a quarter of a mile of the Beach, for fear of any sudden change of wind in the Bay, liable to drive them on to the shore immediately. The Farmers are actually obliged to tie a number of Casks together so as to form a Raft, and then with a Boat tow them out to the vessels, in which they are afterwards shipped for London and Liverpool. Formerly there were Piers at Paignton, Babbacombe and Livermead, but they are now destroyed by the encroachment of the Sea (I suppose), and only a few vestiges of them remain. Accidents are very common in Tor Bay, but sometimes occur from the folly of people going out with bad boats, or inexperienced Sailors ; it is necessary to have those who *know the coast*. At Babbacombe a few years ago there happened a very melancholy circumstance to a Captain Keat, R.N., who had taken a house there for a few weeks :—he was a nephew of Papa's old friend, Sir Richard Keat, the late Governor of Greenwich Hospital. One day he hired a very small Boat (our man said contemptuously, “ not big enough for a Tub for three or four old women to wash clothes in ”), and went

out sailing with his wife (they were newly married), her Sister, a Manservant, and one sailor ; the Boat being overladen, and a sudden squall coming on,—such as are common on this coast,—the Boat capsized, and all on board perished, save Captain Keat and his sister-in-law, whom he seized by the clothes and supported till they were both picked up, nearly exhausted.

One day we sailed close to Brixham Harbour, but did not go in, for fear of being becalmed, as one of the Torquay Boats was out half the night, being “ caught by a dead calm ” the day before ; and this would not be at all good for little Jane. The Brixham people are said to be a dirty, quarrelsome race, “ for want of knowing better ”—the Boatman supposed ; they often abuse and annoy strangers, and generally contrive to raise a dispute if they come over to Torquay. It was there that William III. landed in 1689, when the Brixhamites are said to have addressed the illustrious stranger in the following lines :

“ An’t please your Majesty, King William,
You’re welcome to Brixham Quay,
To eat buckhorn, and drink with me,
An’t please your Majesty, King William.”

The Harbour is the largest in the South of Devonshire, excepting that of Plymouth.

I am very anxious to see Dartmouth, for the Sailor says that “ it is a curious, ancient, old place, with houses out of which you may shake hands with your opposite neighbour in the street.”

We saw several Dolphins off the Goodrington Sands, playing and frisking about, often half out of the water, and sending up little water-spouts ; the men called the large ones “ Herringtons,” and the smaller ones “ Squid-dons.” We also saw, among the Gulls, a bird they called a “ Murre,” which swam on the water like a duck for a time and then dived for several seconds, to rise

again at some distance from the place where he disappeared.

4th.—My dear Husband obtained his Lieut.-Colonelcy by the late Brevet at the Coronation; on the 6th he went up to London by the "Eclipse" Steamboat. On the 7th our dear Baby was eighteen months old.

Provisions seem to me very reasonable in price at Torquay. Meat costs from 4d. to 6d. per pound; Bread 7d., 1s. 2d. per Quartern Loaf; Cider, 3os. a Hogshead (4d. a quart, draught); Butter and Clotted Cream always both the same price, from 10d. to 1s. or 1s. 1d. a lb.; Eggs from 6d. to 8d. a dozen; Fowls, 3s. 6d. a couple; Ducks, 4s. ditto; Strawberries will soon be 5d. a quart, and are now 6d.; Cherries, 6d. a lb.; and green Peas 8d. a peck; for 1d. a very fine Cabbage.

In the woods, where the Primroses, Violets, Hyacinths, Arums, and purple Orchis have long since disappeared, we have now the delicious Woodbine, the Iris, the Meadow Sweet, Privet, pretty Lilac Orchis, the wild Rose, the Coronilla, and many beautiful Ferns and Mosses.

8th.—I have never anywhere in England seen such Ferns as there are in this country; to-day in my ramble I found one with such long leaves that I have no book or paper large enough to be able to dry a specimen.

I have discovered that the bird which our Boatmen call a "Murre," is a Puffin or Guillemot, sometimes also known as the "Baron-bill," and, in Cornwall, the "Nath."

Oddicombe Cove, to which we have been to-day (the 9th July), is celebrated for the pebbles containing Fossil Madrepores, which are found on the Beach, and are drifted from the neighbouring Limestone Quarries of Petit Tor, whence are procured the most valuable specimens of Devonshire marble. The shore is positively white with the pebbles, of which we brought home several, and intend to have them polished by the little

old Woman (Mrs. Broad) at Babbacombe. We could not go upon the rocks on account of the rising tide, and this I regretted, as I saw some particularly large and fine Sea-weeds growing on them; the water was so wonderfully clear that I once nearly walked into it by mistake, fancying the ground dry, for there was not the least ripple.

This evening a vessel which was lengthened by cutting her in two, and adding to her in the middle, was launched from the Yard of Mr. Slade;—it was a pretty sight from our Drawing-room window, and the Launch of a Frigate must be, I think, one of the most beautiful and interesting spectacles in the world.

It is very hot weather now, and the hedges are in all their summer glory; the lanes are fragrant with the perfume of the Dog-rose, Honey-suckle, and the delicious scent of the new-mown hay. The peasantry seem fond of flowers, for every cottage window can boast three or four flowering geraniums, tended with great care, and their gardens are generally full of gay old-fashioned plants, such as I dearly love, for the sight of them never fails to bring back to my mind the happy days of childhood when “Monk’s-hood,” “Bachelors’ Buttons,” “Sweet William,” and “London Pride” adorned my own little garden at Greenwich, under the wall by the Golden Pippin trees.

The Devon phraseology is odd enough to a strange ear; the pronunciation is very broad, and the common people frequently put “a” before words; thus they will say “a breaking, a dancing, a jumping,” instead of breaking, dancing, etc. They constantly use “he” and “him” for “it,” and “up to” for “at”; thus “he blooms well”; “he has no fruit this year on him”; and I often hear our housemaid (who comes from Ashburton) say “they live up to Tor,” instead of “at Tor.” Yesterday when Baby fell down and bumped her head, this girl, who was in the room, began rubbing it, repeating

the following lines, as a charm to cure the bruise, I suppose :

“ Salt and Suet,
Butter come to it.
Take a stone
And rub it to the bone,
And all will come right again ! ”

She always talks of “ breaking ” instead of “ tearing ” (a gown, a length of material), and will say that “ her ” (she) “ will go a-buying,” instead of “ shopping,” which really is a very expressive phrase. For “ *talking* of doing ” a thing, she will say “ *telling* of doing a thing,” and she uses “ ago ” for “ long ago.”

11th July.—On Paignton sands to-day I found in a small coralline a tiny species of delicate Starfish which I have never seen before ; also an insect with very many legs which had made itself a case of sea-weed just like Caterpillars make in rose-leaves in the Spring. The fish in the big Cockle-shells, which when alive are of a brilliant red colour, are here reckoned as good as Oysters, and sold at 2d. per dozen. The strength of this creature is wonderful, and when I picked up one in his shell I tried with all my force to open the closed shell, but in vain. I can easily believe the tales told of the great Chama Shells, found in the tropical seas, which are of enormous size and weight.

Little Mrs. Broad from Babbacombe has carried off our best marbles to polish for us, and regrets much that she did not bear us company on our expedition. I am sorry too, as she is quite a character, and speaks the richest Devonshire, so that I might have picked up some odd words and phrases from her.

14th.—The sea-fog has been true to its character and has brought a wet, blustering morning with a rough sea ; as I cannot go out I shall amuse myself by noting down some stories of Fairies—or, as they say in Devon, “ Pixies ”—which I have just gleaned.

My informant's father was, so says his daughter (one of our servants called Maria), "Pixie-led," *i.e.* led out of his way, about a twelvemonth ago, in returning from Newton to Ashburton (a distance of seven miles), where he had been to see a friend. The good man thought to reach home in comfortable time, so he started at eight o'clock in the evening along the Ashburton road, but he found himself, after wandering up and down among brakes and briars (not to be found on the high road), again at the place whence he started; realising that he had lost his way he started again, but the same thing occurred, and, though he manfully set out the second time again, it was only to find himself, after more wanderings, and for the third time, at his starting-point. The poor bewildered man "could hear the Pixies laughing heartily" at him, though he could see no one. At last, about five o'clock in the morning, when wearied to death, he bethought himself of *turning his pocket inside out*, which is considered an infallible charm against the power of the Pixies; and so he reached home safely, though tired out. The man has lost one leg, and his daughter said:—"his poor flesh was worn quite raw with rubbing so many hours against the wooden stump," and "he cried for hours afterwards with the pain of it." After the breaking of the Pixie spell by the turning of his pockets, the man found three *empty* sacks of corn lying on the road; a little further on a pair of child's shoes, and some distance from them a "Snuff Box" with the "picture of a lady and gentleman courting upon it." The next day he discovered the owner of the sacks, and returned them to him; but nobody claiming the little shoes nor the Box, the former he gave away, and the latter he kept for "good luck, and would not part with for any money." Maria has often seen this Box, and added that some few months ago "Mother gave away a pair of Father's old trousers, and with them sent away Father's Box, containing two sovereigns,

which unknown to her he had put in the pocket of his trousers ; when Father found out he was in a great rage, and though the day was Sunday, they got a little chaise and set out for the place where the trousers had been taken to, which was nine miles off." The people who had the trousers had not discovered the Box, which was of course restored, for Father " said he'd rather lose the two sovereigns than the Box."

Maria then told me another story which had been told her by some servants from Sidmouth. There was a house near there, where lived a cobbler, in which for six months the Pixies had been heard at night-time "hammering and making little shoes, but though the people of the house often came down in the night to see who was disturbing their rest, they never found anybody." This story is very similar to some which are told by Croker in the *Fairy Legends of Ireland* of a race of these little people, called, I think "Clauricanes," whose principal employment is to make little "brogues" or shoes.

Maria says she has "heard tell that these little people sometimes steal away children, and make them like themselves, but she never herself knew any who were stolen." She says that "nobody can see the Pixies, and that they live in copses." In her *History of the Tamar and the Tavy*, Mrs. Bray relates a story similar to Maria's last one, as being a tradition of the neighbourhood of Tavistock ; it was told to Maria by an old woman near Newton, as "a true tale." The story is as follows : Once upon a time an old Nurse was called in by a Pixie to attend at the birth of one of that race. After the little Pixie was born, the Mother told the Nurse to anoint his eyes with an ointment contained in a certain little Box. The old woman thought *she* might as well benefit by the magical ointment too, so she rubbed one eye with it ; immediately she perceived what she had before suspected, that her services had been called in by some of the dreaded race of Pixies.

(The peasantry believe that by using some ointment to anoint their eyes, the Fairies can render themselves invisible, though they can see all that is passing around.) In due time the old woman departed, and returned home. Some months afterwards she went to Market at Newton, and there saw the same Pixie who had fetched her to his wife, *stealing a leg of Mutton*. She called out to him and told him she saw him committing the theft. "Oh!" said the little fellow, "can you see me? which eye do you see me with?" "With the left," replied the old woman. "Then take that for meddling with other peoples' affairs"; so saying he gave the Nurse a violent blow in the eye, which effectually prevented her ever again being a spy upon the pranks of the Fairies, for she was blind with that eye to the day of her death. I read this very legend lately in Mrs. Bray's work, wrought up into a kind of tale; I have not the book here now, but I am sure the main incidents were precisely the same.

There is a peculiarity about the Devonshire surnames which I never remarked elsewhere—their frequent termination in double consonants. I have collected, in Torquay and the immediate villages alone, the following names, many of them quite new to me, though I keep a list of surnames, which runs into many hundreds:—Stabb, Cubb, Veall, Copp, Tarr, Amphett, Hammett, Knott, Enacott, Medlicott, Wyatt, Waycott, Carroll, Windeath, Batt.

16th.—I have seldom enjoyed a drive more than that which I took to-day with Jane, by Tor, Shiphay and Collaton to Compton Castle. Through delightful lanes we went, so narrow and the hedgerows and trees so luxuriant, that we were sheltered from the sun's heat by their over-arching branches, which often met above our heads; so the road was cool and pleasant, though the day was very warm. The driver said that these roads were "made in the old times when they didn't know how to make roads, before carriages were a-going."

Compton Castle is a large and handsome fortified mansion, evidently of considerable antiquity ; there is no date upon the walls, and it is singular that little is known respecting it, though it must have been, in the days of its splendour, a house of importance in the county.¹

Its ancient name was " Coutume," and it is mentioned in the Domesday Survey as held under Juhel de Totnaïs ; in the reign of Henry II. it was in the possession of Maurice de Pola, and remained in the family a long time, till given by Lady Alice de Pola to the Comptons, with whom it rested for seven descents, till a Co-heiress of the Comptons took it in marriage to the Gilberts (of Greenway) in the reign of Edward II. It remained their property till the family became so dispersed and reduced that the estate passed to the Templers by purchase. In 1808 it was bought by a Mr. Bishop, and subsequently by Mr. Garrett of Torquay, to whom it now belongs.

This scanty notice of the various families through whose hands this curious old house has passed, is all that I can glean of its history. Part of the building has been hideously modernised, and is inhabited by some Farm Servants of Mr. Garrett's. A woman came out and showed us over the ruins, and very civilly brought us chairs to sit on while I sketched the place, or rather the remains of the Chapel ; but she could give us no information, and said " Nobody knew when it was built."

To-day Lord St. Clair's gardener showed us, at the back of the new house,² on the hilly side of a field, what is here called a " Badgers' Town," which looks like a Rabbit Warren ; this is one of the largest establishments of these burrowers left in the Kingdom. It is

¹ In the *Little Guide to Devon*, by Baring-Gould, it is said to have been erected in the fifteenth century, and to be " the seat of the Gilberts, to one of whom (Otho Gilbert, sheriff of the county in 1476) there is a mutilated effigy in Marldon Church, two miles from Paignton."

² Now (1925) an hotel.

supposed to be the home of upwards of thirty of these creatures, and Mr. Ingram has himself seen three out of their holes at one time; they are about as big as a good-sized dog, and feed (on Beetles and their larvæ, it is believed) at night. They are hunted with dogs, and sometimes shot, but are difficult to kill, and bite most ferociously.

It is generally supposed that there are no Nightingales in Devonshire, and that they cannot procure their proper food in this county; but some think that they choose the narrowest parts of the Channel for crossing to England from the Continent: this latter opinion seems to me most plausible. Mr. Ingram says that the persons who this Spring believed that they heard the Nightingale in the woods round here were mistaken; for that it was the "Wood Lark," which begins to sing about two o'clock in the evening, and sings for several hours of the night. He added that he knew that Nightingales are found in the North of Devon.¹ (I have no means of judging of the accuracy of this opinion.)

Magnolias grow well here as Standards, but not against a wall,—a gardener told me he supposes that the walls retain too much humidity in the winter. He told me that some years ago, in Mr. Cary's garden (*old* Mr. Cary), at the time when Tor Abbey was modernised, a magnificent Tulip Tree, supposed to be the finest in England, and said to have borne 10,000 flowers, was cut down during the absence of Mr. Cary. Was ever anything so cruel? I feel sure that the barbarian, whoever he was, that laid its beauty low, will never rest peaceably in his grave; but his ghost is probably now nightly re-visiting the spot where this noble tree once stood.

By Tormahun there is an old gentleman residing there (in a Lodging) who is, as they say here, "mazed" (mad),

¹ "The nightingale is an occasional visitor to the Teign Valley." (Baring-Gould's *Devon*, p. 30.)

though harmless. One of his whims is that he is haunted by a Musical Snuff-Box, which follows him wherever he goes ; another is that he is persecuted by the Tories, who wish to poison him ! In consequence of this delusion he actually pays his Baker a penny a loaf beyond the common price of bread, to ensure its being sent to him in a sheet of paper, carefully sealed twice, lest his enemies should put poison into his bread.

18th.—The only other ruin “which lies handy to Torquay”—explained our driver—is Berry Pomeroy Castle, and thither we drove to-day, by a road less hilly than that to Compton, but with “several sharpish hills and little pinches to it.” About a mile from Berry Pomeroy, at top of a long hill, we saw Heytor, or High Tor, Rock on Dartmoor Forest,—it was very distinct.

Since the Duke of Somerset purchased Stover,¹ the Steward resides in the old house called Great Berry House, formerly inhabited by his Grace’s ancestors. In it are kept with great care the Oak Bedstead of Jane Seymour, third wife of King Henry VIII. and Mother of Edward VI. ; some fine Armour, and several other relics from the Castle, which were formerly seen by visitors, but are now not shown. Our guide says that the Bedstead is richly carved. She also declared that Nightingales are “very plenty” in the woods, but I suppose that this is a mistake. The Duke of Somerset is very strict in keeping the Wood uninjured and the ruins of the Castle in repair. Game is plentiful, and is preserved on his estates, and there are few Poachers in the neighbourhood. “People in these parts don’t take much count of the Castle,” said the guide, “though summer parties are made to eat Fruit and Clotted Cream in the Ruins.”

¹ “Stover Lodge stands in a well-wooded park, and has before it a fine sheet of water in great request when sharp frosts allow of ice forming sufficiently thick to bear skating upon.” (Baring-Gould’s *Devon*, p. 284.)

The Arms of the Pomeroy, which some years back were visible on the Gateway of the Castle (to which we were now arrived), are now destroyed or obliterated. Ralph de Pomeroy, a zealous follower of the Conqueror, built this Fortress upon one of the fifty-eight Lordships which William gave him in reward for his services, and it remained in the possession of his family for five centuries, when, in the reign of Edward VI., Sir Thomas Pomeroy sold it to the celebrated "Protector" Somerset, the King's Uncle. The Seymours built a splendid Mansion (in addition to the ancient Castle), which cost £20,000, but was almost entirely destroyed by lightning about fifty years afterwards, and never again inhabited. This magnificent house had been nobly furnished, and it is related by Prince, in his *Worthies of Devon*, that the marble moulding and panels of the walls were so bright that they answered the purpose of mirrors. This corroborates a story I have been told about a Highway Robbery committed on Blackheath, reflected in the polished surface of a Marble Mantelpiece opposite to which old Lady Wilson of Charlton House, Kent, was sitting! A gentleman related this story to me; it was in the days when Blackheath was not enclosed and highway robberies were of frequent occurrence there.¹ To return to Berry Pomeroy:—we ascended to the top of one of the Towers, by a narrow winding stair; were the woods below to be judiciously thinned out, a fine view could be obtained; as it is, the prospect is closed in. We peeped into the Dungeons, but they looked too cold, dreary and damp to descend into. The ruins of this once noble Fortress are very interesting; but I longed to

¹ Dr. Charles Burney, the "Grecian," driving over Hounslow or Blackheath in his travelling carriage, was stopped by a Highwayman. His little son, Charles Parr Burney (Mrs. Wood's father), seeing that the masked intruder was taking their money, produced a half-crown of his own, exclaiming—"Stop, stop, sir! take my money too."

have someone to tell me all the wild legends and tales connected with them ;¹ the only one I could extract from the guide was that which tells how when the Baronial Castles were ordered to be dismantled, two of the Pomeroyes held out against the mandate, and at length, finding themselves likely to be subdued, rode furiously up the northern cliff overhanging the river (on which the Castle stands) and, putting spurs to their horses, perished with them, in falling over the precipice.²

There is, in the Chancel, a Tablet to John Prince, Vicar of the Parish for forty-two years, and author of *The Worthies of Devon*: he died, aged eighty-eight, in 1781.

The Church in Totnes is deeply interesting ; it was rebuilt in 1259, and again in 1432. The tower is a hundred feet high, and of red sandstone ; the head of the Bishop (probably Lacy) who built the tower, and the words "I built this tower," are on the south front.

¹ How Mrs. Wood would have delighted in the grim legend of the old Pleasaunce—the overgrown remains of which are still to be seen beside the ruined Gateway of the Castle. It tells how long ago a son of the House of Pomeroy surprised his sister in the arbour with an enemy of their race, and how he slew them both. It is said that the murder took place in a deep recess of a passage in the thickness of the wall, just at the entrance to the Castle, and that the passage meanders for some distance. At the full of the moon two ghostly figures, a man and a woman, are said to appear, parted by the width of this recess, and striving to reach and clasp each other across the empty space, but withheld by a power stronger even than their love.

² "It was Henry de Pomeroy who fortified his Castles of Berry and St. Michael's Mount on behalf of Prince John, but on Richard's return he fled to the latter. According to a local tradition, however, he remained at Berry, and when the King's Pursuivants arrived to arrest him he mounted his horse, set spurs to it and leapt from the terrace, and he and the beast were killed by the fall. In her novel, *Henry de Pomeroy*, Mrs. Bray has worked up this story. The Castle was dismantled during the Civil Wars of the seventeenth century." (Baring-Gould, in Methuen's *Little Guide to Devon*, pp. 98-99.)

The Screen is entire and is delicately carved, gilt, and painted—it is very beautiful. The date on the screen is 1636.

Before walking on to see the ruins of the Castle, we copied a quaint epitaph in the churchyard :

“ Here Edward Luke full six feet deep in earth,
Lies stretch'd at length, who, almost from his birth
Was mending Soles : tho' having strength of breath
Was ever at his end, yet feared not Death !
Among his friends so joyous and so gay,
No boundless passions him did lead away.
Mirth called him Brother, and he did fulfill
The laws laid down by mirth and merry will.
' Young Luke '—some called him ; ah ! how altered now—
For underneath he lies with wrinkled brow.
Reader, beware, for at one single call
We go from hence, for God is all.”

The age on the tombstone of “ Young Luke ” was seventy-four, and the date 1800.

After seeing Berry Pomeroy we thought the remains of the Fortress built by Juhel, one of William the Conqueror's followers (merely a part of the walls), scarcely worth the trouble of ascending some hundred stone steps to look at, so we returned home by Paignton. At Totnes I saw one or two curious advertisements : one stating that a “ Wrestling Match for a prize of five Guineas ” was about to take place (I never saw such a Bill before) ; another, on a Barber's shop—“ Hair re-curled by Steam upon an entirely new principle, warranted to retain the curl better than any other mode in the Kingdom.”

Mrs. Broad has polished our specimens of Marble extremely well.

20th—Margaret Wood and I rose before five o'clock to visit Miss Johnes' grounds at Woodbine Cottage ; they can only be seen by making interest with the Gardener, who will occasionally show them before he goes to work. He joined us, punctual to time. His

primitive appearance made me smile,—he looked like an old Shepherd. He is hale and hearty, about fifty-five years of age, wears a broad-brimmed hat, an old-fashioned cut-away coat, knee-breeches, thick ribbed gray worsted stockings and high shoes, and carries a long, strong stick. We soon found that Mr. Cullett is a character, with the quaintest speech and manners. He told us that his “own mind and his Mistress’s purse had created this much-admired spot out of a Stone-quarry and a piece of land covered with Furze and wild plants.”

The views of the Bay, skilfully kept cut away, are lovely. The old man told me that Heaths answer best kept in a frame as near the glass as possible, and protected by mats—better than in a green-house, but they need water twice a day! Here the Mediterranean species thrives well, and grows to a great height.

There is another green-house, originally a Stone-quarry (he persuaded Miss Johnes to have it glazed over), and it contains Cactuses, Mesembryanthemums, and other rock plants, for the pieces of rock were left in all directions for the plants to root in. The scheme answered admirably, and for the first four winters so warm was this curious green-house that no fires were necessary. Grapes have been tried in it and succeed well; orange trees too thrive in this “Rockery,” and each year three or four dozen fine oranges are picked for preserving.

Miss Johnes is very fond of her place, and though upwards of eighty years of age, is often walking in it by 7.30 in the morning. Surely this ought to shame young idlers who often lie in bed till nine o’clock, or even later.

When we took our leave we felt quite ready for our Breakfast. That day we drove to Ogdell, which our Coachman tells me people go to to find “Mattreposes and fancy Stones full of Stars, and them kind of things are found.” This intelligence, coupled with what little Mrs. Broad had already told me of the great “Mattrepose”

Rock near Newton, induced us to hope that we might collect some good specimens.

A good-natured quarryman washed our specimens of Marble in the river for us, for when wet it is easier to judge of the goodness of the fossils. He discarded the bad ones, and in his zeal even sent the head of his hammer flying into the water, from which the girls insisted in rescuing it. Then he carried our heavy baskets to the carriage, and was well pleased with a trifle by way of reward for his civility. He said that the Madrepore Quarry was rented of Colonel Taylor of Ogwell, by Mr. Sharland of Torquay; he did not know the rent paid for it now, but for the first seven years it was £40 per annum. The chief part of the Quarry is common dark Limestone, used for "Headstones" by Mr. Sharland; the rock containing the Madrepores is merely a small vein, which the man thinks is nearly exhausted. Nothing is found in the opposite Quarry, which is the property of a clergyman. Now and then a few shells and a fossil which he called a "lance" are discovered there. The Madrepore Marble was accidentally discovered a very few years since, in an odd way, by a Tailor from Newton.

Sir Walter Carew, at Haccombe Castle¹ in this neighbourhood, keeps a fine pack of hounds; and having married Col. Taylor's daughter,² has *the run* of his estate,

¹ "Haccombe is a hideous structure of 1830; the whole of Haccombe is properly but one great Park, and the Church is the Chapel of the house of the Carew family—a mausoleum, full of Carew monuments. The family dates from Othere, Constable of Windsor in the time of Edward the Confessor. On the porch are nailed two horse-shoes. A Carew wagered a Champernowne that he would swim his horse the greatest distance into the sea at Tor Bay. Carew won, and fixed the horse-shoes to the church-door; he also saved the life of his antagonist. The incumbent of Haccombe claims to be an 'Arch-priest,' and not under the Bishop's jurisdiction." (*Devon*, Baring-Gould, p. 195.)

² Sir Walter Palk Carew, 8th Baronet of Haccombe (d. 1874), married Anne Frances, daughter of the late Major-General Thomas William Taylor, C.B.

whose many young foxes are found and preserved for sport. One day the hounds were following a fox up this valley. A tailor from Newton, who preferred pleasure to "sitting at his board," had walked over to watch the hunt. After the American fashion he accidentally spit upon a stone, and was surprised to see that it appeared to have something like a "flower" imbedded in it: the man mentioned this circumstance to his acquaintance as a singular one, and in time it began to excite enquiry. At last Mr. Sharland, the stonemason of Torquay, found the vein from which the tailor's stone must have been detached, and it has been worked with great profit for ornamental purposes ever since.

25th.—I have collected some more surnames ending in double consonants. They are: Snell, Sloggett, Perrott, Towell, Tippet, Crupp, Metherrall, Baufitt, Gallett, Gumbnell; and from a little girl who comes to play with Baby I have learned the names the children here give to Shells.

Limpets they call "Torbay Bonnets"; Cowries—"Tokens"; Trochuses and Periwinkles—"Winkles," "Gobs," and "Whelks"; the Donax Trunculus—"Quaker Shells"; the Tellina Tennis—"Clasps," and "Pietens"—"Fan Shells" and "Queen Shells."

"London Pride" (a species of Saxifrage) is here called "Kiss me behind my Lady's Garden Gate"; and the Antirrhinum, "Rabbits."

I have also picked up some more specimens of the Devonshire Provincialisms, but anyone who has not listened attentively to the *tone* and broad accent of a true Devonian, can form little idea of their singularity—I am often obliged to ask the servants to repeat a sentence. I was asking a man what was the cause of Teignmouth Bridge having fallen in, and he gave me the following reason in reply: "Why, ma'am, you see the *Sea Rat* got into *him*, and then he fell in; if you take a piece of the

wood and rub him abroad, he will crumble like arth ! ” Like Mr. Pickwick in his journey through the city with the cabman, I was puzzled and believed I had a curious fact in Natural History to record in my Note-Book and insert in my Journal, if it could be proved that *Rats* had really destroyed the Bridge. Accordingly, I enquired how the creatures got there—did they swim the river? (I believe the feat is well authenticated as having been witnessed by Travellers, at least so I have read.) My friend looked at me in unfeigned astonishment and said—“No, no, Ma’am, he *ratted*, he decayed ! ” At this explanation of my ludicrous blunder I had difficulty to restrain a hearty laugh, but refrained lest the man should think he was the subject of my merriment.

The Devonshire use and abuse of prepositions is amusing : thus they say “ I took a good view *at* her ” (instead of “ of her ”), “ I will think *upon* you,” “ This fruit was bought *up to* Mr. Morgan’s ” (instead of “ at ” Mr. M’s.).

For “ smoked ” they say “ smidged ” ; for “ yeast,” “ barm ” ; a “ Chovka Pig ” is a guinea-pig ; a “ scrum-mage,” a rent or tear.

“ I’m minded to it ” means “ I’m inclined to do it,” “ Out of time ” means “ Out of season,” “ Rub it abroad ” means “ Rub it up and down,” “ Come over ” is “ Come here.” And instead of “ You can leave it if you don’t like it,” they say “ You can *lump* it,” etc.

A Family of Strolling Players came here a short time back for some days, with their Caravan, and had well-nigh turned poor Maria’s head. She was so charmed with their performance and formed so high a notion of the joys of such a life, that she seriously declared “ that she should wish to run off with them,” and she actually walked to Paignton one Sunday afternoon (when she was supposed to be in Church) to interview the Manager (the father of the whole Corps Drammatique) upon the important subject of the amount of salary ; he offered

her 2s. 6d. a week, which the poor girl was, I verily believe, tempted to accept. But her better sense prevailed, and she has been saved from a life of certain hardships and probable vice.

The Caravan stood on the quay, near the coal wharf, and we used to see the most *elegant* exhibitions of dancing, waltzing, and promenading, to the vile music of a miserable Flageolet, each evening from the Drawing-room window. Such dresses too! And the temporary theatre they erected within the tent fixed before their Caravan, was crowded nightly: the seats cost 3d. and 6d. The day of the Coronation they performed a piece called “The White Rose of England,” or “Our Youthful Queen,” written expressly for the occasion!

Victoria, her Royal self, must have laughed could she have seen her representative strutting up and down the platform in front of the booth, robed in white muslin and crimson *hangings*, with a long train carried by a little page in blue jacket and brown nether garments, upon her head a crown, and in her hand a gilt sceptre, which she flourished about in much the same fashion as I have seen old ladies twirl a great fan!

There are noble avenues ¹ of limes and horse-chestnuts at the back of Tor Abbey: the Cary family being resident there the house is not shown. The three long avenues enclose a large piece of grass land, and it seems that there was originally a fourth avenue leading to Tor Church—some of the trees still remain.

The village of Tor or Tormahun is anciently called Tor Brewer, from the founder of the Abbey, whose family grew into royal favour in the reigns of Henry II., John, Richard I., and Henry III.: they gave their names to Buckland Brewer and Teign Brewer in this county. The ancient names still survive in this county: as for

¹ Only one of these avenues remained in 1879—doubtless now all are gone (1925).

instance the Saxon names Bury, Biry, or Berry, signifying a Camp; Newton Abbot from the manor originally belonging to Tor Abbey, and Newton Bushel from the family of Bushel. Henry III. gave Lord Brewer the wardship of Reginald de Mohun, Lord of Dunster, who afterwards by marriage with the daughter of his guardian, became possessor of the lands of Tor Abbey¹ and many other estates in Devon and Somerset. The Manor took the name of Tormohan² instead of Tor Brewer.³

The present house of Tor Abbey was built by the Ridgways, partly with the ruins of the Monastery. Earl St. Vincent was much at the Abbey when his fleet was stationed in Tor Bay during the war. The Pier of Torquay was built by the late Sir Lawrence Palk,⁴ whose grandfather, Sir Robert Palk, bought half the Manor of Tormohan (Mr. Cary holding the other half) of the Earl of Donegal, to whom it had gone by marriage with Lucy, one of the daughters and co-heiresses of Ridgway, Earl of Londonderry.⁵

The present Sir Lawrence Palk seems to have a great deal of property in the county, in fact to be a second Marquis of Carabas; for whenever I enquire as to the ownership of a piece of land or a house the invariable reply is "It belongs to Sir Lawrence."

The Newspapers are filled with bombastic reports of the Festivities now going on in London in honour of

¹ Tor or Torre Abbey was founded by William, Lord Brewer, in 1196, for Norbertine or "Premonstratensian" monks. It was bought by the Carys in 1662—they had for long been seated at Cockington in the neighbourhood of Torbay—and was owned by them for two centuries.

² Moham, Mohun, or Mohan.

³ "At the East end of the Abbey there was anciently a Manor-house in which the Brewers, and later the Mohuns, occasionally resided." (Murray's *Devon Handbook*, 1879.)

⁴ *Vide* Biographical Index.

⁵ A Roman road passing through Plympton is called "the Ridgways." (Baring-Gould's *Devon*, p. 24b.)

all the "Don Whiskerandos" with unpronounceable names who came from the Continent to *grace* the Coronation of Queen Victoria, and the gaieties following it. The Public Journals are crammed with accounts of Balls, Fêtes-Champêtres, Concerts, Dinners, Reviews and Routs following each other in such rapid succession, literally making a "toil of pleasure," that one would fancy the sole charm of existence lay in rushing about from place to place in search of novelty and excitement. When I read of a thousand persons being squeezed up together at an Artillery Ball, I see in my mind's eye a great panting crowd of feathers, diamonds, satins, lace and red cloth—all jostled together pell-mell in most glorious confusion—and this is called delightful and agreeable! How happy and thankful I feel that neither my inclination nor circumstances have ever obliged me to lead a London life! How I should sicken and weary of its eternal bustle, glare and selfishness; how hopelessly should I pine for rest, quiet and peace, which can never be found in the "troubled water of fashionable life." I would as soon spend my days upon a *velocipede*! After such over-exertion and taxation of mind and body I marvel not that London folks find the country and its pure simple pleasures dull and insipid—how should it be otherwise? The moral taste is as soon vitiated as that of the palate. Could a man who had accustomed himself to the use of stimulating liquor for six months in the year be content to make his libations upon water alone for the remaining six?

28th.—I have been enquiring to-day of a young woman whose father and brothers are fishermen about the trawling-boats in Tor Bay; she says that a few years ago twenty or thirty trawlers might often be seen out at once, but since the steamboats have come regularly into the Bay the fish do not come in to spawn; she also thinks that the fishermen have taken up all the oysters which were so abundant a short time back.

Mrs. Heggerty, wife of the Shell Collector here, tells me that the first year oysters spawned in Tor Bay, was the year the Cholera made its appearance here, when the water was covered with spawn. Very rare and fine shells were often taken up by the trawling-nets; some species can only be thus procured, never being washed ashore.

The Cholera does not appear to have been severe in Torquay; one poor young man who was only ill twelve hours is believed to have been buried before life was extinct. He was a stranger in the place and lodged with the Aunt of my informant. When seized with the dreadful pains of Cholera he was blooded, which caused him to faint, in which state he remained so long that he was believed to be dead, though some of those around him affirmed that he moved again before he was put in the coffin.

At Plymouth the Cholera was more prevalent. The experiment of fastening a piece of meat to the top of a long pole was tried there, and when taken down, after a very short time, it is stated to have been quite putrid. In the case of the young man in Torquay, no one else in the house took the disease; his bedding was all buried.

Mrs. Ingram was here to-day, and visited the nursery with her daughter. Seeing me playing with baby, she remarked—"Ah, Ma'am, who can know how much they can love a child till they have one of their own—poor little things! they bring their love with them."

Who that has ever been a Mother would not feel the exceeding truth of the poor woman's observation.

10 o'clock p.m.—This evening's post brought me letters from home and from my dear husband, whose long-expected return home is again delayed by business, much to my disappointment. My sister's note gave me the painful and unexpected intelligence of the decease of my Father's old friend and dear neighbour, Mr. Hodgson; a kinder, gentler heart than his never beat

in any bosom, and his loss will long be felt and regretted by all the party at Croom's Hill. Here is another of the old familiar faces of my childhood departed! No later-found friends can ever be to me what they were! How I pity the man who lives to survive the companions of his youth! Dear John Hodgson's death will, I think, lessen the regret we all feel at leaving our much-loved house at Greenwich, for had Papa remained there the absence of his kind looks and ready sympathy in all of "weal or woe" that affected the Burneys would have been daily missed and deplored. May God support and comfort his poor wife in this her heavy affliction.

On this day (July 28th, 1838), my brother Edward was elected a Demy of Magdalen College, Oxford, having been a Commoner of Christ Church.

August, 1838.

Walked with Margaret to Mead's Foot Bay in search of Sea-weeds and shells. The shore is too heavy for delicate shells, but there are good Patellas of a very large size, Trochuses, Turbo Litoreus, Mya Lithophagus, and one or two other species of bivalve shells to be found among the rocks. In the evening when I was washing my Sea-weeds previously to drying them I found one of the Insects which often on Summer nights render the sea so beautifully luminous. It was very minute and the light it gave was a kind of light green.

This place has been by no means so oppressively warm as from general report I expected to find Torquay in the summer. Yet an old labourer told me that sometimes it's "too hot to live in Torquay"—in very dry years. He called this a "dropping" season, *i.e.* a wet season, and not by any means a hot year.

5th.—The whole of yesterday I was most anxiously expecting the return of my dear husband from London by the "Eclipse" steam-packet, which ought to have

reached Torquay in the forenoon. My anxiety was greatly increased from the weather having been exceedingly bad since the 3rd, when we had a heavy gale from the S.S.W. accompanied by a dense fog from the sea and much rain.

On Sunday morning, to our great joy, the missing vessel made her appearance, and we then learnt from the dear Colonel that they had had a miserable voyage with the wind against them the whole way. They left London on Thursday morning, 2nd inst., and only reached this on Sunday, 5th, having been obliged to put into Portsmouth, Yarmouth, and St. Helens: bad, confined accommodation, seven children under six years of age, and a cabin full of sick passengers must have added not a little to the disagreeables of the voyage.

15th.—Mr. Mudge, the harbour master, has been telling us that till the late Sir Lawrence Palk procured an Act of Parliament in 1803 to enable him to build a pier at Torquay and otherwise improve the place, it only consisted of forty-four small houses or, more properly speaking, fishermen's huts,¹ and contained only four hundred inhabitants. Its present population is between four and five thousand.

I know not whether it arises from the intercourse with London servants of late years, and the importation of London fashions, but I never remember to have remarked in any place distant from the Metropolis so complete a mania for *finery* and *dress* as among the women of the lower classes at Torquay. Flowers in the bonnets and caps may be said to be almost universal, and sandals to the shoes: silk gowns, ear-rings and innumerable other articles of smart dress are very common. Unfortunately the low cost at which many of these things can now be purchased, puts them within the reach of every bonnet-

¹ When Torquay was the headquarters of the Fleet, the officers needed accommodation for their families, and the place began to be built over.

maker's apprentice, of which this place is full.—When the Devonshire women speak of a little girl, or even a baby, they say a “little maid”; a man told the Colonel to-day that he has got a “long family,” meaning a large family. Instead of saying “good-bye” to a child or “ta-ta” they here say “sa-sa.” They say “Where’s the dog *tu*”—instead of “Where’s the dog?” To “truckle” is to trundle; and for “stroke me” I heard one day “smooth me down.” A short walk they call “little walkings.” The children’s name for the common Mallow of the roadsides is “Cheese Geraniums.”

21st.—The “Dart” (Capt. Ormston), in which the Colonel has taken our passage to Madeira, is to leave the London Docks to-day; the wind will be in her favour down the river, they say, but directly contrary for coming down the Channel, so that we may, if it does not change quickly, wait for the arrival of the vessel (which is to call for us in Torquay) many days and even weeks.

Last night there was incessant rain and very heavy squalls of wind from the south-west. One drawback to Torquay as a residence for invalids is the extreme hilliness; a kind of low small carriage upon three wheels, drawn by tiny ponies, is much used in the place. These vehicles are so extremely low that when seen from a distance people in them always look to me as if they were kneeling or rather crouching behind the little ponies, their heads alone being visible just above the animal’s tail. This has a ridiculous effect, specially if the carriage is going rapidly.

There is, we hear, a law at Torquay that no Show or Booth in a travelling waggon may be pitched upon the Strand for more than one week at a time.

Recently an itinerant party of this class appeared for three days; it was an exhibition of two English giants, one of whom, a youth of nineteen, was 7 feet 6½ inches in height, and, according to the showmen, “without blemish in mind or body.” Few appeared to be inclined

to enquire further into the mental and bodily qualifications of this wonderful "Master Taylor."

22nd.—Miss Ball has let the remainder of our house—"Rock House"—to Mrs. Bray (the authoress of the *History of the Tamar and the Tavy*; *Fitz of Fitzford*; *Trelawny of Trelawne*; *The White Hoods*; *Warleigh, or the Fatal Oak*, etc. etc.) and her husband, who was the Vicar of Tavistock.

While I have been here I have, for the first time, read some of her books, and I should much like to see her: she is a much older woman than I believed.

The rain continues—it is always raining at Torquay! If Charles II. had ever been here he would certainly have said of this place, as he did of Tavistock, when anyone remarked that it was a fine day, that he "was sure that it must be raining at Tavistock" however fine elsewhere.

I am certain that the native country of the "Seven Sleepers" must have been Devonshire, for this muggy air makes me feel drowsy all day long—I sometimes fancy that I could fall asleep standing.

The Colonel had a letter yesterday from the owners of the "Dart" stating that she did sail from the Dock on 23rd, and that, if the wind favoured her, we could expect her in Tor Bay to-morrow.

The Devonshire folk call hazel nuts "horse nuts," a farm a "Barton," and a laundress's basket a "flasket."

The other day a Paignton girl told me a Pixie story, which happened in a family in Heavitree near Exeter, in which she was living about a year ago—she gravely asserted that it was quite true.

Her master had gone to the cattle market at Totnes, and not expecting to be home till late, had desired one of the servants to stay up to open the door for him on his return—whilst his wife and the other girl went to bed. Between twelve and one o'clock he came home and

knocked for admittance, but finding no one came to him he applied more vigorously to the knocker, when he heard the servant screaming out "I can't find the door, I can't find the door." At last the poor man was obliged to fling a pebble at his wife's window to waken her. She opened the door to him, and they both proceeded to the kitchen, where they found the servant girl running round and round like one demented, and crying out incessantly, "I can't find the door." "Why, Kate," exclaimed her master, "you must be Pispie-led! Why don't you turn your gown inside out?" This potent spell having been duly performed, Kate immediately was disenchanted and found the door. The girl was so seriously frightened that she fell into a decline, the origin of which, whether true or not, is ascribed to the effect of the fright upon the poor superstitious creature's mind. When questioned upon the subject she said that she fell asleep, and hearing her master's knock was attempting to go to the door when she found she could not move her feet from the fender, which in her fright she dragged into the middle of the room. In her exertions to find the door she overturned all the furniture and dragged it about in all directions. She fancied herself in a lane from which she could find no exit, and said she heard the Pispies clapping their hands, laughing and mocking her; but though the voices sounded close to her she could see nothing and nobody. When the girl returned home sick to Paignton many people visited her mother's house to hear the story from the girl's own lips, who did not like being questioned on the matter. The common people have a notion that stout persons suffer more from being Pispie-led than thin ones, or rather that the Fairies have no power to harm the latter for any time—"The Pispies," to use Charlotte's words, "cannot take any bad effect upon them." This girl at Heavitree was remarkably stout, but has now grown very thin, and this is attributed to the malice of the Fairies.

I could not help inwardly smiling when my Pisgie tale-teller said she could vouch for this being all true, for it happened in the house where she was herself living.

There is a story current at Paignton that the farm or barton at Blagdon in that neighbourhood was haunted about three years ago by the ghost of a farmer who had rented it and died there some twelve months before these reports became current. Several farmers returning home late from distant cattle fairs declared that upon several occasions they met the ghost driving a gig with two horses, and that the turnpike gate always flew open at his approach, but that he never paid any of the tolls. The ghost was said particularly to frequent his own farm-yard and frightened one of the servants (going the last thing at night to feed the pigs which were fattening for market) into fits, and was even believed to be the cause of her death, which happened soon after in rather a mysterious manner. The girl was found one morning quite dead in her bed by the side of her fellow-servant, who knew not that she was ill till she saw the corpse lying by her. It is probable that the girl died in a fit, for her head, which was hanging over the side of the bed, was much bruised, as if she had knocked it violently while in pain; but the country people all insisted that the ghost had touched her head with his hand.

Another servant at the same barton who had also seen this apparition and promised to meet him between the hours of twelve and one o'Clock at a certain tree in the orchard, failing to keep her appointment, was ever after "troubled in her mind," upon which her fears worked so much that she pined away and died some few months after. The ghost did not injure her in their one interview, for she bethought herself of the popular superstition that these unearthly beings have no power to harm those to whom they appear, if adjured (as by the Monks of old) in the name of God. The Spirit told her it was well for her she had addressed him, and then

desired her to meet him the next night in the orchard, which she did not however do.

After these tales got afloat about the Old Manor House at Blagdon, the place was of course declared to be haunted, and scarcely a servant dared move about after dusk. According to my Informant, three neighbouring clergymen "laid the ghost," *i.e.* "chased him to Bury Head," where they forced him to go down a very deep hole (probably she alluded to the ash-hole, a cavern in the cliff), and read Prayers over him backwards!—since which he has never re-visited "the precincts of the cheerful day." One can scarcely understand how such stories can gain credence in these days of education, but the Peasantry of the West of England appear to retain many of the superstitions and legends of old times, which, since the world has become so matter-of-fact, are disappearing every year. Blagden Manor belonged originally to the family of the Kirkhams, who were of some note in this part of Devon in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Pope used to visit some of the descendants of the family here, and several of his Letters are dated from Blagdon.

At present there is no appearance of the wind blowing from the quarter which will bring the "Dart"—namely N.E.

28th.—The wind has changed, and they say we may anticipate the pleasure of seeing the "Dart" in the Bar to-morrow; we are tired of looking for her. Upwards of 150 Sail which have been wind-bound are gone down the Channel to-day.

29th.—At last the "Dart" has arrived and we are fairly on board. The wind is fair, and probably by to-morrow morning we may have lost sight of the shores of dear Old England. How many many whom I love be changed before I re-visit them!

Aug. 29th.—Left Torquay at twelve o'clock, and rowed on board the "Dart," which anchored in Tor Bay, about

ten o'Clock, having been nearly a week coming down the Channel thus far in consequence of continued contrary winds. The whole month of August has been wet and windy.

We were obliged to remain upwards of two hours in the Bay, waiting for letters which Capt. Ormston (Capt. of our Brig) is to carry out to the Madeira Merchants.

Sept. 4th.—I fear that our passage to Madeira is likely to be a very long one, for both Captain and Mate predict foul weather. All the passengers have now succumbed, with the exception of myself,—for the sea becomes rougher and rougher, the waves higher and longer. The sky is thick, but when the sun shone upon the sea this morning the water looked as if it were covered with molten silver, having a kind of metallic lustre, which was very beautiful.

5th.—There is a magnificent rolling sea. I am never tired of watching the huge crested billows as they break in foam over the Ship's Head and Bows. The little "Dart" seems not only a capital Sea Boat but is also a quick Sailor, having passed all the vessels we have hitherto fallen in with. Now the Colonel has taken to his berth. For myself, I never felt better in my life, and since this wind set in I have been in such buoyant spirits that I could sing and dance all day long. But now the gale increases, and sends violent scuds and squalls of rain across the decks.

6th.—It was impossible to sleep last night from the roaring of the sea and howling of the wind. The vessel pitched and tossed so violently that everything in the Cabin was rattling, rolling, or clashing, making a most inharmonious accompaniment to the noises upon deck. I contrived to keep my *moorings* by tying a string to the Wooden Bedpost, and holding it tight whenever the vessel lurched more than usual. Margaret and Jane are miserable, poor girls! The longest passage Capt.

Ormston ever made to Madeira was six weeks from the Downs, and the shortest nine days to England.

7th.—The swell is long and heavy; every movable article in the Cabins has been dancing away merrily. I could not help thinking of the story in *Bracebridge Hall*, of the chairs and tables which took to dancing and hopping about the room at the old Inn.

8th.—As I lay rocking and rolling in my Berth, I could not help rejoicing that those at home did not know that we were exposed to such a Storm, which raged all night with great fury; one might have fancied from the roaring of the wind that a thousand Giants were blowing a huge pair of Bellows; a lull of a few moments seemed only in order that the gale should gather fresh strength and power. I never closed my eyes the whole night, and hope never to pass such another eight hours. Altogether the lashing and roaring of the waves, the howling of the tempest, the driving of the torrents of rain, which fell almost incessantly, the rolling of the Ship, creaking of Timbers, jingling of Crockery, thumping of Boxes and Baggage, the wild “Ho-hoy!” of the Sailors as they took in sail, and the loud angry tones of the Captain giving orders, formed a most deafening and distressing combination of noises, and rendered sleep totally out of the question. How I did rejoice to hear eight bells sound (four o’Clock a.m.), for then I knew the welcome morning must be near at hand. About ten at night, to the Captain’s joy, the wind changed to S.E. and we are going from three to seven knots an hour.

9th.—We are now only 480 miles from Madeira, which is 1600 miles from London. There appears to be a duty at the Madeira Custom House upon almost every article that can be named. I am afraid that we shall have much trouble. The Portuguese are, I verily believe, the most *bigoted, unimprovable* people in the world, and the Captain says that they are “two centuries *astern* of every other nation.”—Darling Baby is an excellent traveller, and

seems to have inherited my love for the Sea ; she has never been ill the whole voyage, and is full of fun and drollery. I often hear her in the morning calling the Steward thus : “ Jew ! Jew ! Milka ! Milka ! ” if the man is late with her breakfast. She calls Captain Ormston “ Capm,” and constantly tries to scold the little Portuguese Cabin-boy who, being no exception to his nation in the matter of cleanliness, wears no shoes or stockings, which offends Baby exceedingly.

“ Dart ”—a great Madeira dog (of the breed apparently of a Newfoundland)—is devoted to Baby, and she to him. The last voyage the “ Dart ” made to Madeira Smallpox broke out on board, and the vessel was obliged to perform quarantine off Funchal, the Portuguese having the utmost horror of the disease ever since it was brought to the Island, in 1815, by a Merchant Vessel, when 2000 persons are said to have died of it. Only one Seaman and this dirty Cabin-boy took the infection, but the “ Dart ” will probably always be looked on with suspicion by the Madeirans, so great is their dread of the disease ; and Captain Ormston says that when he went on shore the Portuguese would run away from him as if he had been a Bengal Tiger, and would leave him to walk *alone* in any street where they saw him. Yet, notwithstanding their fear of the Smallpox, Vaccination is uncommon, nor does the Government appear to take any steps to introduce it among the lower classes. Two or three English ladies on the Island vaccinate any of the poor whom they can induce to undergo the operation. Some years ago a Vessel which had been kept in quarantine for Smallpox was fired on and obliged to leave the Island, without being suffered to unship her cargo at Madeira ;—this occasioned a loss to the owners of £300. Both the sailor and “ Juan,” the boy, recovered, but the latter is badly marked. A stupid old medical man on board the “ Dart ” mistook the disease and actually bled the patients copiously, but

finally announced that they had Smallpox, first having brought the poor fellows to the brink of the grave by his ignorant mismanagement.

10th.—The air is now mild and warm, and I stayed up on deck last night till late, watching the Moon, without either hat or wrap, and felt no chill. The days are now gorgeous and the sunsets a wonder, while the twilight is soft and delicious. Margaret and Jane have recovered, and can join the rest of the passengers on deck. The Captain in the course of his seafaring life has seen much of the world, and being a shrewd Yorkshireman he has not, like Lord Anson, “been round the world, but never in it.” He seems a man of observation, and though blunt in speech and manners is often very entertaining. He told me last night that a former ship which he commanded, called the “Comet,” was struck in the winter some years ago by lightning off the Isle of Wight. The electric fluid burnt two baskets of fruit at the main-mast head to ashes, ran down to the deck, where it knocked down three men and a dog; then glancing off to an iron cable, which a man in the Forecastle was holding, it struck off the end of this sailor’s thumb, and burnt the cook (who was standing by) so severely in the side, that he was in a hospital for six months after. The vessel was struck three times in as many minutes. The Captain is fond of spinning long yarns.

Captain Ormston served for sixteen years in the whale-fishery in the Greenland Seas. The danger sometimes incurred appears to have been very great. On one occasion an enormous Fish shivered five boats to pieces, and killed nine men in one day. Then there is the danger of the lashing of the gigantic tails of the whales—a fish seventy-five feet long has an immense power in his tail, and can even upset a boat.

For the first seven years he only received £37 per annum, but as Mate he received £14 per month, besides perquisites when a fish was taken. Formerly England

paid Holland annually £100,000 for Whalebone and Oil. The former has been worth from £40 to £300 per ton; the latter from £15 to £59. It was the custom in this trade to station a man at the mast-head in a cask to look out for fish, and in this situation he had sometimes seen upwards of 100 whales at a time, though perhaps it was impossible from the state of the ice to approach one of them. The Captain once saw twenty Dutch ships cruising about nearly a whole season without catching a single whale; the fish have now almost entirely deserted the old Fishing-ground, since other nations shared the Greenland trade with Holland; and probably from being so closely hunted. Seals are very numerous often on the ice; their bite is very severe; an old seal can bite through a man's arm. The white Polar Bear is when hungry of excessive ferocity. This creature is untameable, for though the whelps have been taken very young, no discipline or management could ever subdue their savage nature, and they would, when older, snap at and bite every person and thing within their reach. The bears can swim for a great length of time, and are sometimes met with at sea several miles from land or icebergs; the Captain once counted thirteen of these formidable animals on one floe of ice half a mile in length. A considerable quantity of oil is often taken from Bears' stomachs after they have been feeding on Whale blubber, of which they are very fond.

The Walrus, or Sea-horse, the Captain describes as a most formidable, awful-looking animal, so much so that many of the sailors never could be persuaded to approach one. Hares and white foxes were numerous and some kinds of birds,—one which the sailors called "Molly-mawks," which congregated by hundreds on the ice, gorging themselves with food when it was plentiful to such an excess that they were unable to move, and were easily knocked down with sticks. The Captain has actually seen a vessel cut in two by the concussion of

two enormous Ice-floes coming suddenly in violent contact ; they have even crushed a vessel between them to pieces.

We are nearing Madeira fast,—the rolling motion still continues. We have passed Porto Santo, an island about fifty miles from Madeira, which looks wild and barren but maintains about 1000 inhabitants. As seen from the sea it looks very uninviting, but interested me, and I made a sketch of its outline. Later the “Desertas,” three rocky islets twenty-five miles from Madeira, were in sight, but the thick mist so shrouded them that the outline alone was visible. The Captain once saw Madeira at the distance of seventy miles ; he predicts a dead calm off Funchal. As we approach, the mountainous hump breaks into rocks and cliffs of most picturesque form and great height and steepness ; beyond these, sloping brown hills, backed by lofty mountains, whose peaks stand out distinct against the perfectly cloudless deep blue sky. I am disappointed by the parched, sterile appearance of these mountains, which look almost entirely destitute of verdure ; but the line of cliffs is varied, bold, and often grand, specially towards the “Brazen Head” ; and the strata is very remarkable. The sea is so intensely blue that it looks like liquid ultramarine ; the great depth of the water here (forty fathoms within a quarter of a mile of the shore) causes this appearance. About two o’Clock we were seven miles distant from Funchal, which looks most inviting. Stretching up behind the town are the “Quintas,” or Country Seats of the Merchants, looking like birds’ nests peeping out of the verdure of vineyards and gardens. Above rise the lofty mountains in proud magnificence. Within sight of port we are doomed to dine and probably to pass the night also on board ship,—for it has fallen a dead calm. This situation is peculiarly tantalizing. The burning sun alone is sufficient to remind us that we are in another climate.

The celebrated Church of "Nossa Senhora do Monte" is visible, and under it, Captain Ormston tells me, lies the Quinta of Mr. Phelps, to whom we are "consigned" (as the Island people say). After Dinner I wore away the time by making two or three sketches of the Town. All the efforts of the Captain and his men to reach anchorage ground by tacking were in vain, and during several hours we drifted and swung with the current, unable to make the port. We spent hours in preparing our baggage for the dreaded Custom House examination,—trying to cover up and hide all doubtful articles. We have to smuggle for Mrs. Phelps a quantity of stockings, shoes, worsted and sundry other articles, among them a black silk dress and some Bears' grease, to avoid the enormous duty on things sent from England.

A more ludicrous collection can scarcely be imagined than that displayed in the State Cabin, consisting of the things poor Captain Ormston has been "particularly requested" to carry ashore to Merchants' Wives and Daughters—a sack would not contain them. The muster-roll occasioned many a laugh; there were Hams, Cheeses and Tongues; Shoes, stockings and Table-linen; a great Jar of Chlorate of Lime (enough to purify the whole island); Penknives, Razors, Black Kid Gloves, Anchovies, Starch, Isinglass, Handkerchiefs and Ladies' Scarfs—all these the good-natured man had been charged when he left the island to take ashore *in his pockets*.

Every packet has to be opened to see whether it contains anything liable to pay duty; and there was one which taxed the Captain's ingenuity to discover what it could be. Cover after cover did he remove, and at last he thrust his great finger through a sheet of pink paper, beyond which there did not seem to be anything. At length it was found to be the *latest* pattern of a fashionable Gown Sleeve, garnished with paper frills, furbelows, etc. English Soap, if found in Passengers' baggage, is not suffered to land. The Government has sold the

monopoly of this article to a company at Lisbon, from whence all used at Funchal is sent, but it is very bad, and Travellers endeavour to smuggle enough for their own use. We have several pounds with us, but at the bottom of our boxes, and many cakes we have made up into *bustles* to wear going ashore. I have also made a sort of pad of my Ribbons, Gloves, and Blonde; the rest I have stuffed into my pockets. There is no personal search. With the help of a light wind the sailors had towed the ship sufficiently near the shore by six o'Clock for the Health Boat to visit the vessel. Having ascertained that crew and passengers were free from the Smallpox (dreaded more than is the Plague elsewhere), the Officers left the ship, carrying on shore our letters of introduction to Mr. Phelps. The sun set at six, and as there is no twilight it was dark at 6.45. I never saw anything so gorgeous as the Sunset;—it is almost worth crossing the Atlantic to witness such a magnificent spectacle. And as soon as the wonder and glory of the sunset had faded it was dark, and then the stars came out, studding the blue vault in their countless myriads. After the heat of the day the cool night air on deck was most refreshing; by 9.30 nearly all the lights on shore were extinguished. The only sounds were the sailors on board the vessels lying in the Roads, as they called to one another or sang snatches of chaunt-like songs, and the cry of “Alarto” every half-hour from the sentinels stationed at the different Forts.

On our Breakfast table this morning fruits were displayed,—Bananas, Figs, Yellow Peaches, and such enormous Grapes! The vineyards are visible, and look delightfully cool; the vines are trained on trellis work, of cane. When Mr. Phelps's clerk came on board he requested us to go to his employer's house, and remain there till we have engaged a house, as all the family are in the country, excepting Mr. Phelps, who remains in town, only going up to the “Mount” every other

day. The Colonel went with the young clerk to the Custom House, and we waited till Captain Ormston was at liberty to *chaperon* us to Mr. Phelps's. The Beach presented a most novel and animated sight, from the number of little boats with pointed prows and sterns, drawn up on the shore, which was crowded with Portuguese Boatmen, Bullock drivers and Bearers of Bullock sledges (they look like Butchers' Drays) for conveying goods and luggage, as there are no wheel carriages on the island. The bullocks are small and very pretty; they carry immense weights often piled to a great height on the sledges, two of which carried all our luggage from the Custom House to Mr. Phelps's house. The Captain dragged us over the hot beach at such a quick pace, that I could hardly keep up with him; passing the Custom House one of the underlings in office spied my Work-basket, which our *chaperon* was carrying, and desired us to go in to have it examined,—an order which we very reluctantly obeyed. The Captain, while he swore at them for "humbugs and rascals" between his teeth, put a good face upon the matter, and marching into the yard offered my unlucky Work-basket to the first Officer on duty whom we met. He chanced to be a man who owed the Captain for a cow which he had brought for him from England three months since. The fellow bowed very low, took off his hat, smiled graciously, and without touching the Basket, said in broken English, "Oh! no! it must pass!" We did not wait for anything further, but instantly started off to Mr. Phelps's with our pockets laden with Soap, Medicines, Gloves, Laces, Ribbons, etc. After passing through several vilely paved, dirty streets, full of dirtier people, we reached his house, and were most hospitably received by him at the door. Mr. Phelps kindly requested us to remain as his guests so long as we found it convenient, or until we had secured apartments. His house is really a noble one, large, airy, and well-built,

with several excellent rooms, a wide handsome mahogany staircase, and extensive passages and corridors, which render the rooms cool. The good-natured Captain soon took leave, and in the course of half an hour the Colonel arrived with all the luggage, which, with singular good fortune, had passed at the Custom House without a single article being found liable for duty!—the residents say that this is a very rare stroke of luck. Mrs. Phelps came down from the “Mount” in the evening to see us; she seems a kind, friendly person. After Dinner her Husband accompanied us in our search for furnished Apartments, which we have decided to engage for the first six months, in preference to taking a house, which plan is always attended with great inconvenience, expense and trouble, to strangers ignorant of the language. Finding Miss Wardrop’s Boarding House likely to suit us very well, we arranged to go there. The heat in Funchal is still very great (80° in the shade this afternoon); I feel it most oppressive, but am told that I must not complain, as the weather is cool, even very cool, comparatively, with that of August! This has been the hottest summer known in Madeira for many years. We have just escaped a *Leste*, or Scirocco wind, of unusual length and severity; it lasted three weeks, though as a rule these parching blasts generally make but three days’ visit at one time. Then the furniture cracks, and the inhabitants always keep every window shut up, to prevent this terrible wind entering their houses; many people suffer very much during its continuance, and it is felt more severely at the Quintas up the mountain, than in the town.

14th.—Immediately after breakfast the Colonel arranged with Miss Wardrop that we should go there this evening. I have been besieged to-day by Laundresses, several of whom posted themselves in Mr. Phelps’s Hall and insisted upon sending up their recommendations, written, for inspection. The orthography and compo-

sition of one of these letters, from an American Officer, amused me much. It was dated "Funchall," and after strongly advising all American Ships touching at Madeira to employ "the bearer," the writer wound up by stating that "she was faithfull and excellent in her *profession* and beautiful and accomplished in herself" !

We shall see the whole process of treading the grapes, for the vintage has not commenced.

15th.—We have to pay very highly for our Apartments, —fifty dollars each per month (about £11 sterling); but we have a good Drawing-room, ditto Dining-room, four Bedrooms, and a Dressing-room; a bit of garden, the use of a pianoforte, Servants' attendance and our board. The garden is small, but what treasures would its contents be thought in England! Yams, Coffee Trees,¹ Custard Apples, Single and Double Pomegranates, the Sugar Cane, Oranges and Lemons (in full bearing), the lovely single and double scarlet Hybiscus, an enormous Vine trained over a trellis, the Hoya, the graceful Banana, and a Geranium Hedge as tall as myself.

Although rain has fallen here for the first time for two months, yet it has not cooled the air, but only made

¹ "On landing at Funchal," (on his voyage in 1852 or 1853), Paolo Mantegazza writes, in his *Day in Madeira*,—"even the luncheon was invested with a poetical feeling, on account of the wine, that old Madeira wine, already at that epoch dying out, and of which whoever was fortunate enough to possess a little store he kept it in the most secret corner of his cellar,—so jealously hidden indeed that too often it fermented there! And the wine was followed by a cup of such coffee as I confess to never having drunk anywhere, neither in Europe, Africa or America. Whilst drinking it I recall that I meditated, as its delicious taste and my own appreciation of it disposed me to do, upon the efficacy of education! For that coffee was not of Mocha, nor was it of Yungas: it was the modest product of the little town kitchen-garden of the gentleman who offered me his hospitality, and he tended the plants with loving care and had seen the beans come one by one to perfection; also he had himself gathered them one by one, as his long experience warned him that each was mature, and worthy of an entrance into the gilded cups which hailed from China."

it much closer. The heat renders walking, fast or slow, totally out of the question, and in fact a quarter of a mile seems a long walk to me here from the wretchedly bad paving, which makes one long to be shod with iron, like the mules and horses ;—I know not when our poor, sore and tender feet will become accustomed to it. The streets of Funchal are worse paved than those of any continental town I ever was in, and yet one frequently sees Portuguese of the lower orders *running* over these torturing stones as nimbly as if the road were *macadamized*. I have heard much of the ugliness of the women of Lisbon ; they may equal in this respect, but cannot exceed, all the specimens of the (here mis-named) “ fair sex ” in Madeira—such infinite varieties of absolute ugliness I never have beheld ! If a prize were offered to the most frightful old woman in Funchal, so many candidates could contend for it that the Judge who awarded it justly, must be indeed a man of rare discrimination. The men, on the contrary, though perhaps not strictly handsome, are a fine athletic, well-built race, particularly the Palanquin Bearers. One meets these men daily coming down from the vineyards to the Merchants’ Stores with the wine in *Must*, as the fresh juice of the grape is called ;—it is carried by Peasants in skins, either slung across a stick, or upon the head and shoulders ;—nothing can be more picturesque than a group of the Wine-carriers with their dark swarthy faces, little comical blue cloth caps, open shirts, and full white knickers, tied up at the knee and exposing the bare sinewy legs, which are almost as brown as the Goat-skin Boots which complete their costume. We had introductions to several of the Merchants, and their wives have already called on us ; they appear inclined to be very friendly and obliging.¹

¹ “ The hospitality of the English merchants in Madeira is princely.” (*Madeira : Six Months in the West Indies*, by Henry N. Coleridge. 1825.)

We endeavour to walk a very *leetle* every evening ; really the heat is such that, only so as not quite to lose the use of our limbs can we screw ourselves up to take this exercise. In this *melting away* climate I almost despair of ever stirring out of the house with any satisfaction. I feel listless and idle, and then am angry with myself ; yet I know that there will be no fighting off the languor occasioned by the heat until it abates.

Everybody whom we know expresses astonishment at our good fortune at the Custom House. That silk dress which I brought out has turned out to be the property of Mrs. Phelps's nurse, and has already made one voyage from England ; but having had nineteen dollars duty levied on it was sent back to try its luck a second time.

16th.—To-day, Sunday, we went to the Protestant Church. A piece of ground surrounding the Chapel has been laid out as a garden. It looks singularly foreign, for in England one always connects the sombre Yew or Cypress with a Church or Church-yard, and this is a blooming garden, in fact it is the gayest spot in Funchal from the profusion of flowering shrubs and flowers with which it is filled ; the scarlet and purple Salvias, introduced from England, are particularly luxuriant here. The burial-ground for Strangers is however at some little distance from the church. Till within the last forty years the Portuguese were so jealous of the English Protestants that they would not suffer them to be buried, and all who died were thrown into the sea. The Merchants purchased a piece of ground for a Cemetery ; since which another portion of land, very near it, has been bought for a Burial Ground for Strangers. In this lies many a young and lovely victim of Consumption. When British troops garrisoned Madeira this was the burial-place for the soldiers ; the other cemetery is exclusively for Residents.

It seems that the Government here would be very

glad to make a public example of some of the ruffians who commit crimes, but that they dare not execute the law upon them, for fear of an insurrection among the lower classes.

18th.—As we were to spend the day at the Quintado Prazier, Mr. Phelps's country house (near the Mount Church), we breakfasted early, and started a little after nine o'Clock on our expedition; the Colonel on horse-back and we "womenkind" in three Palanquins. These strange-looking conveyances are made of iron painted green, and are slung from a long pole by which two Bearers carry them, one at either end of the pole. The Palanquin does not hang much more than a foot from the ground, and I think the motion, which is a very slight *swing*, is agreeable; the inside is furnished with cushions to support the back and shoulders, and there are curtains of Linen or black Oilskin, which draw on each side and protect one from the sun or rain. The common Palanquins for hire, generally have only Linen curtains, but they are cooler than the more expensive Oilskin ones of the private Palanquins, and do not attract the sun,—therefore I prefer them. Though the morning was very warm, our Bearers only stopped once, when near the end of their journey, and carried us up in three-quarters of an hour. The strength and activity of these men is wonderful, and indeed all the male peasants, Bearers, Wine Carriers, Bullock Drivers, and Wood Carriers, here are a hard-working, industrious people.

The road up to the Mount, being confined between high walls, is uninteresting, but there are occasionally fine views of Funchal as you rise above the town which prevents the distance appearing long and tedious, as it would otherwise do. The high walls enclose Vineyards and Gardens and many beautiful Shrubs and flowers peep above them, or hang over the Trellises. I observed the Fuschia, many species of Geranium, the

scarlet *Salvia*, Marvel of Peru, a few late Roses, Orange and Lemon Trees in abundance, and the tropical-looking Banana. That magnificent Shrub, called *Datura*, is just coming into flower. I think it is one of the most beautiful productions of Madeira. The large trumpet-shaped flowers have a delicious perfume at night, although during the day the smell of this purest white blossom is very unpleasant!

Mr. Phelps's Quintado formerly belonged to the Jesuits,¹ by whom it was built. The situation and the grounds are delightful, commanding a lovely view of the town and the Bay. I had not been there half an hour before I felt refreshed and invigorated by the cool mountain air,—indeed it made me feel almost *alive* again, instead of the listless, idle mortal I have grown to be since we came on shore. There is a difference of from ten to twelve degrees in the thermometer between Funchal and the Mount, rendering the latter a most desirable summer residence; in fact nobody stays in town during the hot months; the Merchants usually come down to Funchal every morning and return to Dinner in the country in the evening. With few exceptions the Quintas belong to the Portuguese people, who let them to the English residents. Mr. Phelps walked with us for about two hours before Luncheon in the Grounds—garden-land and woods left almost in their natural state. The principal Timber trees are the Spanish Chestnut and the *Vinhatico* or Island Mahogany, which is indigenous and attains an immense size and is extremely picturesque. The wood is a kind of coarse-grained Mahogany, and is much used here for ornamental purposes. The black berries which succeed the pretty white flowers are poisonous; when boiled, the natives extract an oil from those of the L'ouro which they burn in their lamps. The Portuguese have an almost superstitious veneration for the *Vinhatico*, and have an

¹ *Vide* Notes on Madeira, p. xxxv.

idea that there is always a Spring of Water to be found where one grows ; there is an old Portuguese law which forbids any tree being cut down without permission, but it is constantly evaded. The Portugal Laurels, the Magnolia, Camellia, Japonica, Orange and Lemon trees, Oleander (or Rose Bay), and Myrtles attain a size here in Madeira which is most astonishing. In proof of the wonderful rapidity of vegetation in this favoured clime, Mrs. Phelps showed me a stem of a Banksia Rose which had grown fourteen feet by measurement this summer. The Dragon Tree, from which is obtained the celebrated "Dragon's Blood," is one of the most singular productions of Madeira, but though from its novelty it pleases the eye at first, it is in itself far from beautiful ; its tall smooth trunk surmounted by a stiff bunch of leaves is totally without grace. Humboldt supposed the Dragon Tree on one of the Canary Islands to be one of the oldest vegetable productions in the world, calculating that it must have been one thousand years attaining its present size—sixty feet in height and forty-six in girth at a foot from the soil ; documents exist which prove it to have been as large in the fifteenth century. The gum of the Dragon Tree, which is the "Dragon's Blood," is considered in the Canaries a sovereign remedy against all diseases. A friend of a Miss Young who broke her leg in Teneriffe told me that they there gave her Dragon's Blood as a cure !

After Luncheon it commenced raining so heavily that we were obliged to remain in the house the rest of the day, which passed rather heavily till Dinner at six o'Clock, when a great party of Islanders arrived to partake of it. We sat down three and twenty, and the repast differed little from that dullest of dull things in England, a stiff Dinner Party, except that there was happily less ceremony and more talking. I tasted the Tunny Fish, which I thought excellent. I was amused to observe that many present, who had lived years on the Island without

having the curiosity to taste the fish before, now thought it so good, that more than one of them partook of the dish a second time. The Tunny here grows to an enormous size, sometimes weighing 250 lbs.; it is so cheap that 20 lbs. may be bought for a "Bit" (5d.), which is perhaps the reason why it is rarely seen on the tables of the opulent; for things are usually valued in proportion to their costliness and rarity. The fish is sold in large slices which look like beef steaks before they are dressed. Several kinds of gourds are eaten here as vegetables.

We are continually asked amusing questions respecting Queen Victoria and her Court. One young lady gravely asked me if it was true that Lord Elphinstone was sent to India because the late King one day in passing through an apartment of the Palace discovered the Princess Victoria and his Lordship kissing each other; and she added that she should "be delighted to hear that the Queen had fallen violently in love with somebody, it would do her so much good, and be such a good *trait* in her *character*." Another fair lady was most anxious to learn the shape and size of the latest new collar and style of the bonnet now worn. I was unable to enlighten her, alas! for having been so long at Torquay I was more than four months behind-hand, which in the world of Fashion is almost as long as half a century!

This being the season of the autumnal rains, we have had eight days of showers, and six of fair weather. No rain had fallen in Funchal for six weeks before our arrival.

22nd.—The "Dart" sailed for England this afternoon, carrying only one passenger and 150 Pipes of Wine. The Captain carries home our letters announcing our safe arrival; he is very proud of his smart little Brig, which is a very fast sailor. The high character he has for perseverance was gained some years ago when a S.W. wind blew in the Downs for sixteen weeks, pre-

venting any vessels getting out to sea. Captain Ormston, by dint of incessant tacking, contrived to clear the Channel, crossed the Atlantic under double reefed top-sails, landed his passengers and cargo at Madeira after a six weeks' voyage; took in another cargo, returned to England in eight days to the Land's End, found the same ships lying at the Mother Bank¹ which he had left there when he sailed, and actually got out of the London Dock upon another voyage only four days after these same vessels had sailed down the Channel! This feat made much noise at the time, and was honourably mentioned at Lloyd's.

23rd.—To-night all the bells in the town tolled suddenly very quickly; this is the signal of alarm in cases of fire. Then all the churches and convents took up the tolling in succession, continuing until the fire was extinguished. The flames broke out in an "Estufa," or heated Wine store; little mischief happened from the accident.

25th.—Set off immediately after breakfast on foot with Mr. Phelps and Margaret, to St. Roque to see the process of making Wine; Jane Wood had a Palanquin. After a very hot uphill walk we gladly found ourselves at the Vineyard of Mr. Phelps's Portuguese friend who, with his wife and daughter, received us most politely; but as we were mutually ignorant each of the other's language we could not converse. Whilst the men were gathering the grapes to fill the Wine-press, I sat in the garden and made two sketches. The Prickly Pear (a cactus) grows abundantly on the rocks here; the fruit has rather an agreeable taste and the country people eat it.

In the course of an hour or two the Wine-press was filled with grapes. It stood in a shed and was made of chestnut logs forming a rude wooden trough, above which was a huge beam, which acts as a lever in drawing the rope tightly round the mass of pulp after the grapes have been trodden. Six men with bare legs and feet

¹ The Mother Bank is in the Solent.

jumped into the Press when it was full, and danced upon and trod out the grapes most vigorously. The juice soon flowed abundantly from the trough through a wooden spout into a large cask below, which when full was replaced by another. The Press was reckoned to hold about a hundred bushels of grapes, which quantity was expected to make two Pipes of wine; a quarter of an acre of vineyard is supposed to yield a Pipe of Madeira.

All kinds of grapes are used in making common Madeira wine, but the finer wines, such as *Bual*, *Sercial*, and *Malmsey*, have each their own special vines, from which alone they are manufactured. There are many varieties of Grapes, but the principal are the Negro Mole (a very small Black Grape, from which the Tinta Madeira (a light red wine) is made, Verdelho, a delicious table fruit, Bual, Marotta, Malvazia, Malvazia Roche, Malvazia Sercial, Uva de Lisbon, Muscatel, Alicante, etc., etc. The Alicante black grape grows in such immense bunches that one cluster has been known to weigh 22 lbs. and they are frequently from 12 to 15 lbs. in weight.

The wine from the North side of the island is considered bad, but a great deal of it is made into Brandy. Rats, Lizards, Wasps, Bees, Hens and Birds devour the Grapes greedily, and are reckoned to eat about one-third of the annual produce of a vineyard. Dogs are so fond of the fruit, that though every Vineyard has one for its protection from thieves and intruders, the animals are obliged to be tied up when the Vintage commences.

When the wine is first made it is called *Must*, and almost resembles light Port in colour. As soon as it is pressed it is carried in skins or small casks, to the Merchants' Stores in the Town, where it is left to ferment for about six weeks; and then it undergoes a variety of processes, such as heating, clearing, etc., etc.

After all the juice has been trodden out by the men,

the husks and stalks of the grapes are collected together and pressed with the lever, by which more wine is extracted. A quantity of water is then thrown into the Trough upon the husks, and when drawn off is called *Agua Pea* (literally Feet Water), and is drunk in great quantities by the peasants, who are extravagantly fond of it. Mr. Phelps drinks eight or ten tumblers of it a day during the Vintage, without feeling any of the ill effects experienced by strangers, in whom it produces violent dysentery.

In the course of the morning a man took the Tithe of wine for the Portuguese Government, which holds the Great Tithes in Madeira—(in Portugal the Tithe on wine has been abolished). Since George IV. introduced the fashion of drinking Sherry the Madeira trade has been upon the decline, although a considerable quantity of wine is annually sent to America. A Pipe of good Madeira may be purchased for fifty to a hundred —¹. (A Pipe is equal to about fifty bushels of fruit.)

The owner of the Vineyard was most obliging and polite; he gave us fruit, wine, preserves, and loaded us with flowers and a basket of beautiful grapes to carry home in Jane's Palanquin.

The Portuguese have christened a pretty little blue flower which grows in the Water-courses here "the Beautiful Damsel,"—the plant called in England "Prince's Feather,"—"Monkeys' Tails"; and the scarlet *Lychnis* "Maltese Cross,"—from the form of the blossom.

On our way home we passed the Estate of an old native, who is a complete Miser and Misanthrope, and such a *Woman-bater* that he is building very high walls round his property to prevent any woman looking into his grounds! Even his own nieces are forbidden to approach the house!

26th.—Beggars are here most abundant and often very importunate; their squalor, dirt and wretchedness can

¹ Manuscript incomplete, probably shillings.

hardly be conceived by anyone who has not seen a Portuguese population. The women frequently marry at twelve and thirteen years of age; Dr. Renton told me the other day that a Portuguese woman came to consult him about her baby, and that she was under fourteen years of age. The common people have an idea that a child dying under seven goes immediately to Heaven, and not into Purgatory, not having, as they suppose, yet committed sin. In consequence they do not grieve if their children die in Infancy. A Portuguese reckons his age by his Confessions, which practice he begins at the age of seven years, and usually contents himself with one confession a year.

The other day the Colonel saw a beggar asking alms of a well-dressed Madeiran, which he refused; the man then coolly asked for a pinch of snuff, upon receiving which he bowed, and the gentleman walked on. Saturday is the day when the greatest number of beggars are to be found in the streets of Funchal, because some of the old Portuguese families have a custom of giving a "Vintein," which is the equivalent of about a penny, to a certain number of pensioners at their doors on that day. A large Poor-house is now being built in Funchal for the reception of these strollers; it will be the first ever established on the Island.

Hitherto the extremely dangerous and unhealthy practice of burying under the Churches has obtained here, and the new plan of interring in a public Cemetery is very unpopular with the lower classes, as they have an idea that if the moon should shine on their graves it would make them mad! Portuguese ladies were formerly buried in white satin or other costly dresses, with short sleeves and diamonds, or other jewels, upon the neck, which was always uncovered. This is, however, no longer common; and in fact since the abolition of the Monasteries and the departure of the Friars from the Islands, many of the forms and customs connected with

religious ceremonies have fallen into disuse. A few years ago a very beautiful Portuguese young lady of good family, called Donna Juliana, married an English Merchant; she died in giving birth to her first child, and was buried with great pomp in a splendid white satin dress under white lace, and a diamond necklace. She was interred in the Church of the Franciscans, and after the disturbances this church was used as Barracks. Some soldiers were imprisoned in a room which was over the vaults, and they broke into them, robbed the bodies of every article of value, and knocked them about in the most indecent and irreverent manner.

It is, I understand, considered a mark of indifference here for relatives to attend a Funeral. A very common practice among the people is to buy their own shrouds, and keep them by them. Our landlady, Miss Wardrop, tells me that one old woman has kept her shroud so many years that she says "the Lord has forgotten her!"

28th.—To-day, in Dr. Renton's extensive and charming grounds, where we spent the day, we saw the *Jamboo* (*sic*) or Rose Apple Tree; the Locust Tree, the Sago Palm, the Judas Tree, several species of elegant Mimosas, the Carab or St. John's Bread, the Scarlet Banana, and several Coral Trees; the Arrowroot, Ginger, Allspice, and many other trees and plants new to me, whose names I have forgotten. On the Lawn before the house are two magnificent Tulip Trees. The Doctor showed me also a fine Coffee Plant which last year produced sixty pounds of coffee. Mrs. Renton is proud of a Gourd plant the fruit of which weighed forty pounds.

29th.—Yesterday a woman was taken into custody to stand her trial for murder; three years ago she killed another woman and walked to the Sierras (Serras, or Mountains) to escape arrest; now she has ventured into Funchal and has been recognised and immediately seized. There is an Outlaw, named Franzor, of very desperate character, lurking about the Sierras, among

which he has long concealed himself, contriving to elude all the soldiers sent to find him. It is now three years that he has been living thus ; for he escaped from Prison in order to avoid being tried for the murder of his father, as well as for several Highway Robberies. Although guilty of such horrible crimes he is a brave, active, resolute man with a powerful figure and aspect ; and romantic stories are told of his occasionally befriending and assisting country people and travellers, after however making them swear that they would never divulge anything concerning him, nor take up arms against him. Yet this Bandit is much feared, as he lives by plunder, and robs the Peasantry as they are bringing their goods for sale to the Town from the North of the Island. Being an Outlaw any man may shoot him on the spot ; and this will probably be his end. I am told that out in the country there are some pretty girls to be seen, but the women as a rule are swarthy, coarse and ugly. Both sexes wear a queer little pointed blue cloth cap, called a *Caraboussa*. It sticks most comically upon the top of their heads and their thick black hair—they always remind me of the prints of Robinson Crusoe, in that old edition of the delightful book which I had when quite a child—(Robinson was there depicted as wearing a Goat-skin cap). In the villages around Funchal the women still wear their original costume, but in the Town I am sorry to say that they are adopting our dresses and Bonnets, which upon them are even less picturesque than upon English people. In the Northern part of the Island a white Chemise or Shirt is worn, fastened at the throat with gilt or gold buttons or small clasps ; over the Shirt are coloured Stays prettily embroidered with gay silks, and a very full woollen petticoat, rather short, and generally striped with red, blue, and yellow ; white untanned Goat-skin boots with the toes sometimes turned up at the point, and the *Caraboussa*, complete their costume, which is exceedingly picturesque.

I see I have not mentioned that they wear over their shoulders a round cape of either red or purple cloth. It is easy to distinguish the Lisbonians in Funchal (who are numerous) by their dress, which usually consists of a coloured Gown, or Petticoat, over which is thrown a large shawl or Cloak ; upon the head is a white handkerchief, folded so that the corner hangs down behind over the back of the neck. Occasionally one meets an old woman entirely enveloped in a long cloak, on her head the white kerchief surmounted by a round black beaver hat, in which is stuck a little plume of upright black feathers ; this is the costume of the *old* women, particularly of Nurses and Washerwomen.

30th.—The Portuguese are all fond of Music, and this evening I walked with the Colonel in the Public Praça (Walk) and listened to the Band, which plays with spirit and correctness. Most of the Portuguese can play the “Machete” (a little instrument peculiar, I believe, to Madeira) by ear. Under my windows I constantly hear men playing the Guitar or Machete as the people return from the Mount, to which our street leads.

We were struck with the quiet and orderliness of the crowds on the Praça, who appear to assemble there thus on Sunday evenings solely for the purpose of hearing the Band. When it ceased to play they immediately returned to their homes.

We enjoyed our little evening walk greatly, for the moonlight nights here are delicious ; so bright and clear, so soft, so calm and still, that to me it is positive pleasure merely to stand in the air and *feel* the charm, which I find it impossible to describe.

In England the light of the Moon always looks cold, and gives me an idea of chilliness, but in this beautiful climate I sometimes fancy from the warm stillness of the atmosphere, that the Moon can give warmth as well as light. I am not surprised that so much bombastic nonsense and so many trashy sonnets have been written

upon Moonlight, for verily 'tis enough to inspire the dullest *Symph* that ever drew breath !

October, 1838.

1st.—Heavy showers of rain have been frequent, and wonderful Rainbows; the second, or reflected bow, is always visible, and there have occasionally been three ! A fine Lunar Rainbow was observed a few nights since. The Vintage is nearly over, and to our regret the grapes are fast disappearing. It is the fashion with the English to say that the Madeira grapes are not so good as those grown in hothouses at home; but I think that the opinion is a mere prejudice, for never did I taste fruit ripened by artificial heat equal to the Verdelha and Muscatel grapes of this island in richness and flavour. Lemons are often sold here for one hundred a *bit* (5d.), while Apricots have been 150 a *bit*, and the largest Figs were thirty for a *vintein* (about a penny).

2nd.—This morning we set off in three Palanquins to spend the day at Bello Monte, Mr. Stoddart's Quinta, near the Mount Church. The cool shady grounds reminded me of the woods of dear old England, but I soon remembered that I was in a foreign land when I looked at the beautiful Bella Donna lilies and large white Arum (*Calla aethiopica*) growing wild at my feet. Miss Penfold tells me that these flowers are as abundant in woods and waste lands here as the common Arum, or Adder's Tongue, in England. I sketched a magnificent Dragon Tree, a splendid Portugal Laurel—(a forest-tree in size)—and a Gum tree, new to me.

We walked through the grounds up to the Mount Church (Nossa Senhora do Monte). Here was a superb Aloe, twenty-five feet in height !

In front of the Church is an ascent of sixty-eight broad stone steps up which Devotees sometimes come on their bare knees in performance of a vow. On

the fifteenth of August (called Mount Day) is the Festival of Our Lady of the Mount, and hundreds of devout Roman Catholics then flock to pay their homage to Her Image, which they zealously kiss. The most remarkable thing in the Church is the Image of Nossa Senhora herself, which is a doll enclosed in a handsome case, apparently of solid silver; the robe of this Idol is of gold tissue, and the Chains, jewels, and other votive gifts and offerings are said to be of great value. The wooden floor of the Church is easily removed when there is a Funeral, being made expressly to this end, for the Portuguese always buried their dead, until recently, underneath the Churches.

During Dinner the Consul discovered in my Husband a school-fellow and Townsman, and they greatly enjoyed talking of old times. About nine o'Clock we went home, —I in my Palanquin, the Colonel on horseback (Jane had left the Mount at five o'Clock to avoid being out in the night air, and Margaret had not accompanied us). The moonlight was so brilliant that I read in a book which I happened to have in my Palanquin quite distinctly;— I can imagine nothing more soothing or delicious than the calm, soft, “stilly nights” of this favoured climate.

Mrs. Stoddart has kindly given me permission to walk in the garden of the “Deanery” (a large house in Funchal, the property of the Consul and usually let to strangers every year) whenever I please while it remains untenanted. The air there is scented with the beautiful perfume of the abundant fruit on the Orange trees, which are very large and healthy.

Among the rare trees at the Deanery is the Silk Cotton, which flowers every year; the Plumiera Rubra (the beautiful buff and pink blossoms have a delicious scent resembling the smell of Apricots); the Pitanga from Brazil, the fruit of which is sweet with a slightly smoky taste; and elegant species of Pine from the Himalaya

Mountains, the seed of which was given to Mr. Stoddart by Lady Amherst.

Many of the passengers landed last night from Lisbon by the "William Fawcett" steam-packet are in a most deplorable state of weakness, being in fact in the last stage of consumption. In this condition it is cruel to send patients to a foreign land far from home and its comforts. The steamer lay ten days at Lisbon, to the serious annoyance of the English on board, who thus incurred the expense of living at an Hotel on shore, and were worried by a very strict and vexatious inspection at the Custom House. A Duty of thirty-five guineas was demanded upon a Harp, and forty for a few dresses which a Madeira Merchant was bringing to his wife from England.

A young Scotchman, named Buchan, expired on board last night. Poor fellow! he was buried this afternoon in the Strangers' ground; my Husband and two or three other Englishmen followed him to his grave. It rarely happens, I believe, that a coffin is borne to the Strangers' Burial Ground unattended by mourners, though the deceased may be totally unknown. I think that both good feeling and taste are shown in paying this last mark of respect to our countrymen in a foreign land.

5th.—The autumnal rains have regularly set in, but we manage to take a little exercise between the showers. The heat is gradually decreasing, or I am becoming seasoned to it, for I no longer find it so very oppressive. I long for the cold weather to destroy the fleas and mosquitoes which are a serious drawback to our daily comfort. In gardens where there are water-tanks to keep gold and silver fish (which eat the larvae of the mosquitoes), the odious little blood-suckers are kept pretty well under. There used to be no frogs on the Island, till about twelve years since, when a Mr. Buchanan brought a dozen as curiosities from the Canaries, and now they are common in all the ponds.

The Portuguese are, I verily believe, the dirtiest people on earth ; certainly with these people “ Cleanliness is not next to Godliness.”

8th.—This is the Anniversary of “ the Flood ”—as it is styled by the Madeirans—which in 1803 was so fatal to both life and property in Funchal. The day is kept as a strict Holiday, and High Mass is performed at the Cathedral. We attended the Service, but were too late to see or hear anything, beyond a great deal of bowing and saluting among the Priests, and a little music and chaunting by the Choir, which was neither worth hearing nor seeing.

Several of the older residents in Funchal of course remember this Flood, which forms such an eventful epoch in the history of Madeira, that it is not unusual to hear people say that such an event happened “ before the Flood ”—a mode of expression which unexplained is apt to puzzle the chronological ideas of strangers ! Miss Lewis, who called on us the other day, told me that she remembered the catastrophe, which occurred when she was a child. There had been no rain for several months, though much had fallen in the course of a few days in the Mountains, which so swelled the rivers that when the storm of rain at last reached the town,—some even say it was a Water-spout,—the streams rushed down into Funchal with the noise, force and rapidity of torrents, carrying death and destruction in their course. The accident happened about eight o’Clock in the evening, and half an hour later the moon rose, and it was a lovely night ! Only one English family perished, but between two and three hundred Portuguese were drowned, being either washed out to sea or drowned in the rivers among the ruins of the houses ; many hundred Pipes of wine and much valuable property were lost or carried away into the sea. The Boatmen still search the Beach after heavy Winter Gales in the hopes of finding some of the treasure washed ashore, as

happened for several years after the Flood, when handsome gold chains, ornaments and coins were thus found. Some persons saved themselves by mounting upon the wine casks which floated about the streets, and a little boy of five or six years old was rescued by a large Newfoundland Dog, which continued to hold the child between two heavy stones, above the water, till assistance came, and thus saved him from being swept into the Torrent. In one house a Portuguese family were playing at cards at the time the disaster occurred; a gentleman, who was spending the evening with them, rose and implored them to leave the house instantly with him; they declined, stating that there was no danger; finding them so obstinate he snatched up his hat, rushed down stairs and out of the house, which five minutes after fell, and all the inmates perished.

Blocks of many tons weight were whirled about in the fierce waters, which brought down great stones and vast quantities of earth, washed from the mountains,—they made a noise like thunder. Much of this soil was carried into a large Granary in the Town, in which a quantity of wheat was stored; from the pressure of more important business, namely, the digging out of the victims, etc., no attention was paid to this Magazine till a fortnight later, when, upon opening the Store, the grain was found to have sprouted (owing to the heat and moisture), and a little bed of green Wheat had sprung up upon the earth carried in by the Torrent!

On either side of the three rivers,—Santa Luzia, San Juan, and San Juan Gomez,—which run through the town, high stone walls have now been built, so as effectually to guard against a similar misfortune. In the Winter I am told that the water still rushes down the beds of the rivers with terrific noise, like thunder, and frequently shakes the houses in their vicinity.

10th.—At a place to the eastward of Funchal, called “L’Ouros,” there is a descent to the sea by a steep

scrambling path among the rocks of the ravine, at the side of which stand a few cottages. To this spot Margaret and I walked to-day with Miss Phelps.

Our shell hunt (to-day at L'Ouros) was not very successful, for I found nothing save a few Limpets, one species of *Trochus*, and some live Sea Urchins (or *Echini*), which were so difficult to get by poking them out of the holes in the rocks, owing to the sharpness of the spines with which they are armed, that we were obliged to obtain the assistance of one of the ragged bare-footed boys on the Beach, by whose aid we procured about a dozen small specimens;—to-morrow he is to bring me some larger ones.

12th.—The Falmouth Packet arrived, after a passage of only six days from England, which is one of the shortest ever made. She brought several newspapers and a letter for my Husband, but alas ! no letters for me, which is a great disappointment, for I am most anxious for news from home. If friends knew how eagerly absentees welcomed the arrival of English vessels and anticipated the delight of receiving letters, they would not so often give pain and anxiety by their silence. In England everyone feels that they can have tidings of those they love in a few hours, but in a foreign land, where weeks and months must elapse before intelligence can be obtained, it becomes a cruel and depressing disappointment, when ship after ship comes into Port without bringing any tidings, or any cheering remembrances from distant friends. This is doubly felt when others receive letters at the time one is *yearning* for news from home.

13th.—Spent the morning with Mrs. Renton, who has introduced us to a German—Dr. Lippold, sent out here by the Duke of Bedford and some other persons to collect seeds;—he is to receive £5 for 300 sorts ! This worthy little man is one of the most singularly plain men I ever saw ; the formation of his head is so remark-

able that I do hope that he will leave his skull as a legacy to some German Phrenological Society, for it would be a pity to lose such a subject for lecturing upon! The Doctor was originally educated for the Church and held a benefice, but was so passionately attached to the pursuit of Botany and Horticulture, that he gave up his Profession in order to pursue his favourite studies exclusively. It is by no means easy to understand his dialect, which is a most amusing compound of German, English, French, Portuguese, and Latin (all jumbled together in most admirable confusion). When botanizing he walks about in a peculiar dress, carrying a large Tin Box for preserving plants and flowers, strapped on his back; a thick stick, and a gourd to hold water.

The Portuguese, who have a good deal of humour, go about at Easter masked in the streets and dressed up as caricatures of anyone who has any peculiarity of manner or appearance. Little Dr. Lippold was an excellent mark for their ridicule, and accordingly last year a man appeared dressed at the Masquerade exactly like the simple-minded German, carrying a Tin Box on his back, and pretending to botanize on the Trees, etc., in the Praça or Public Walk. The caricature is said to have been ludicrously correct, and was acted with great spirit; the man offered an English lady whom he met a weed which he pulled out of the grass at the instant with such a comic air that she told me it was impossible to help laughing. Mr. Phelps and various other residents have been hit off capitally; one year they carried about in a Palanquin the caricature of an invalid, which was certainly in bad taste; it gave great offence to some of the visitors, who would have shown more sense, I think, by taking no notice of the matter.

16th.—To-day when the Colonel and I were sitting in the D'Arcy's drawing-room in their nice old house, "Angostias" ("Sorrows," from "Our Lady of Sorrows,"

probably because the place had formerly been a Convent), a violent squall of wind came on, followed by rain and then by the most superb Rainbow I ever beheld. The arch was quite entire, and one end of it appeared to rest against the mountain, and the other dipping into the sea; the colours were seen to singular advantage upon a dark cloud from which the glorious arch seemed as it were to *stand out*; the reflection of it was very nearly as beautiful as the finest Rainbow which I ever saw in England.

This old Quinta—"Angostias"—of Colonel D'Arcy's is a delightful place; the house contains many noble rooms, and is certainly of considerable age; the D'Arcys themselves are both very pleasant; he, a gentlemanlike old soldier who was in Persia with Sir Gore Ouseley, and she an agreeable woman. One of the walls of the house is covered with curious old Dutch tiles, blue in colour and representing subjects from *Æsop's Fables*. In the garden is a very handsome Indian Fig-tree, the only specimen of the species on the Island.

18th.—Several times lately I have spent the morning in the Deanery Garden, and to-day I have commenced a Book of Sketches¹ of all the Madeira flowers, plants, and fruits, which will, I think, in future years, be a memorial of my visit to this beautiful Island.

I think the *Datura*, which is now in full bloom, is quite the Pride of these Shrubberies; indeed it may be called the Queen of the Madeira Gardens; the Bees delight in the great fragrant blossoms, which contrast finely with the double and single scarlet *Hybiscus* (*Rosa synensis*). This latter flower is used by the natives on all occasions, even in their sepulchral rites. They are also said to be used for blacking shoes, which when rubbed with the hand become finely polished,—the blue

¹ This Album, bound in dark morocco leather, contains numerous beautifully painted sketches of the plants and flowers found in Madeira; the drawings are as fresh as if just executed.

stain left by the leaves is easily discharged with lemon-juice.

One of the most handsome trees is the tree *Hybiscus* (*mutabilis*), so called because the flowers open white in the morning, and later in the day change from a pale to a deeper rose-colour. A very rare, elegant West Indian Climber (the *Ipomea tuberosa*) covers a large tree with its *Convolvulus*-shaped flowers of a bright yellow; these have a very agreeable though peculiar smell. The Jamaican Red Jasmine (*Plumiera rubra*) is covered with bunches of deliciously-scented pink and buff blossoms, which grow at the end of the branches far removed from the leaves.

Then there is the *Acacia*, called by the Portuguese "the Aroma," for the strong aromatic smell of the flowers which look at a distance like little golden balls—they dry them and strew them among their clothes, as we do lavender.

The "Marvel of Peru," called in the West Indies "the four o'Clock flower" on account of its opening at that hour, is almost a weed here, as is also the *Heliotrope*. Two other West Indian plants are common; the first is the "*Duranta Plumieri*" of *Linnaeus*, which has a profusion of small light lilac flowers succeeded by long strings of little golden berries on gracefully drooping branches. The other is the "*Lantana aculeata*" with brilliant orange-coloured flowers which are almost perpetual; it is very abundant about the town and resembles our wild bramble in growth.

With the exception of Dr. Renton, Mr. Stoddart, Mrs. Gordon and Mrs. Penfold, few people here appear to take any interest in the improvement and cultivation of flowers; as long as their gardens furnish them with fruit and vegetables they seem to care for nothing more. The idleness and want of energy in the upper classes strikes me every day most forcibly. The excuse made is the enervating effect of the climate, but I believe that

except during the extreme heat of the summer few of *the residents born on the Island suffer from this cause*, though to strangers the effect of the change of climate is often very distressing, as I myself can fully testify.

22nd.—Called on Miss Norton and Miss Young at their pretty Cottage up the Mount road. It is very prettily situated and is a most pleasant residence. The former of these ladies is the sister of Lord Grantley,¹ the latter the daughter of a Professor Young of Glasgow ; they reside together, and having delicate health have chosen Madeira for their home. They have travelled much, and visited the Canaries together without any *chaperon*, and I believe intend publishing an account of their wanderings illustrated by drawings. They have made 150 beautiful sketches of the Fishes of the Island, which are to be engraved in a work upon the Natural History of Madeira, for which Mr. Lowe, the clergyman of the English Chapel, has been for some years preparing materials.

Miss Norton is a good-natured, eccentric person, who in virtue of her acknowledged oddity does the strangest things without anyone here being astonished, though in England folks would stare at some of her whims, and look scandalized. She is a first-rate horsewoman, and rides in cloth trousers, Wellington boots, and occasionally spurs ! The contrast between these “Aramintas”² is rather amusing to a stranger, Miss Young being as quiet and retiring as her friend is bustling and active. Miss Norton reminds me of a bottle of Mousseux or Sparkling Champagne which is well *up*.

24th.—To-day my Husband and between thirty or forty other English attended the Funeral of poor Mr. Hyde, Mrs. D’Arcy’s brother, who has been here for

¹ Sir Fletcher Norton, Knight, Attorney-General and for many years Speaker of the House of Commons, was, in 1782, promoted to the Peerage, as Lord Grantley, Baron of Markenfield.

² Referring to one of Maria Edgeworth’s *Moral Tales*.

four or five winters dying by inches of a confirmed decline, but suffering comparatively little. A day or two ago he caught cold; that very cold served to extinguish the faint spark of life.

It is sometimes difficult to procure proper mourning in Funchal, particularly if several invalids have died in a short space of time. One young widow here used to go by the name of "the Widow in white," as from being unable to buy the requisite mourning she dressed entirely in *white*, which had a most singular appearance.

The Feast of SS. Simon and Jude, and there was a Procession this morning to one of the Churches. The streets were strewn with fresh myrtle boughs, which had a very pleasant perfume when crushed under foot.

All the Balconies and windows on the line of march were hung with coloured draperies of the brightest hues; the effect was very gay and pretty. Since the abolition of the Religious Orders from Portugal and her possessions and the consequent departure of the Friars, all the grand Processions have been discontinued, and even the minor ones are fast falling into disrepute; every year some old custom is abandoned.

29th.—Prince Ferdinand of Portugal's Birthday, he being the husband of the young Queen Donna Maria;¹ a Royal Salute was fired from the Batteries; there was also a Review of all the troops, both regulars and militia, upon the Praça Real, and Illuminations in the evening.

¹ The Queen, Donna Maria, was the daughter of Dom Pedro, who in 1826, on the death of his father King John VI. of Portugal and Ruler of Brazil (whither the Portuguese royal family had removed when Napoleon seized the country), became "Emperor of Brazil." When his brother the King of Portugal died, Dom Pedro declared his preference for Brazil and resigned the throne of Portugal in favour of his daughter Donna Maria. In 1834 this young Queen was re-established on the throne which had been usurped by her uncle Don Miguel.

Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg was her second husband, married to her in 1836. Donna Maria was also known as Maria II. "da Gloria."

My Husband and Margaret went to a Ball at the Castle given by the Ex-Governor of Madeira, a Portuguese who only landed here yesterday for a few hours, being on his way to Angola as Governor of that Settlement. I was ill and so unable to join the party, which was reported as very agreeable.

November, 1838.

The Turret of our house looks down upon the Convent of "the Bon Jezuz," and we are often much entertained by watching through the Telescope up there (said to be the finest on the Island) a Flirtation active and continuous carried on between one of the inmates of the Convent (Portuguese gentlemen on leaving home for any length of time often place their wives or daughters at the Convent to be kept out of mischief) and a young man who resides in the next house to us. Both the swain and his "Innamorata" are provided with telescopes, and besides holding these long conversations upon their fingers, they have a variety of telegraphic signs with handkerchiefs, etc., only understood by themselves. They sometimes spend an hour or two thus. Flirtations of this kind are very common. Mr. Wardrop told me he had discovered five all carrying on at the same time in different parts of the town.

7th.—My dear Baby is one year and ten months old to-day ; she is becoming a most amusing little Chatter-box.

10th.—The Steamer came from Lisbon, but no letters ! I am growing exceedingly anxious for news from home, and go up and send up to the Turret about a dozen times a day (like Sister Ann in "Blue's Beard's" renowned story) to see if there "is anybody coming" ; but I always return disappointed. We have now been here two months, and I have not received a line from England or any intelligence from home.

Beau Brummell, susceptible gentleman that he was, complained of having taken cold with a *damp* stranger; what would he have said to us to-day? for we were overtaken by a very heavy shower of rain and we reached home in a state which he would certainly have found very alarming.

12th.—The rains here descend with astonishing force and violence. Five minutes' exposure to a regular Madeira shower would be enough to penetrate every article of clothing.

In the garden grow some nettles, and a young woman who supports herself by knitting white thread gloves and mittens for ladies requested Miss Wardrop to give her some to make Nettle Tea; a servant actually accompanied her to carry the said weeds, because the girl would not demean herself by such an act! All the Portuguese express great surprise at the independence of English people in carrying anything in the streets, as they will never be seen doing so. I am often amused at specimens of this kind of pride among the lower classes. They are so ludicrously fearful of compromising their dignity. This absurd species of pride is surprisingly general among those a degree or two above the very lowest classes.

The Portuguese are an extremely polite nation, and the peasants not only take off their caps to strangers, but constantly pay the same compliment to each other. They are offended if the English do not take off their hats in return, saying that "their caps cost them as much as the Englishmen's hats."

A Portuguese gentleman always takes off his hat in passing a balcony where ladies are standing; formerly they never omitted this civility to Englishwomen also, but have discontinued the practice very much since they have discovered that Englishmen are not equally gallant to the Madeiran ladies.

The occupants of the next house to us are three

Portuguese, a Priest and his two brothers. The other day the Priest called at the door, and sent his compliments to Miss Wardrop (whom he had never addressed in his life), and desired the servant to state that he "was about to change his residence, that he wished her happiness, and hoped in his new house to find as good neighbours as herself." This act of polite attention would have enchanted some old Maids, fond of retailing the plans and intentions of other folks ; it would have given them food enough for a week's round of gossiping visits.

15th.—To-day the seventh consumptive invalid, since our arrival in Funchal, was buried in the Strangers' Cemetery. I constantly hear very just indignation expressed against the cruelty of medical men in sending Patients out here in the last stage of their sad disease, well knowing that the poor sufferers can only just reach Madeira in time to leave their remains among those upon whose sympathy and kindness they can have no claims. Two of the Englishmen, who have died since our arrival, were *alone*. Poor fellows ! how must the pains and fears of approaching dissolution have been aggravated by absence from home, friends and kindred. Alas ! how much sorrow, how much desolation is conveyed by that one word—"alone."

18th.—The anxiously expected "Vernon" is off the Island, but it has been blowing so strong all day, and there is so much surf, that she cannot anchor, nor can the visit-boat put off to bring her mail on shore ; so I must exercise my patience a little longer before I can receive my letters, if indeed she brings any for me.

19th.—The "Vernon" was able to anchor this morning, and at lunch-time I received a most delightful budget from home containing highly satisfactory news.

20th.—Dr. Lippold called to-day, and told me some very diverting anecdotes of his Botanizing Expeditions, told in his odd language. Upon one occasion he hired a Portuguese to row him out to the Grugaglio Rocks in

order that he might search for marine plants and Fuci. The Boatman landed the little Doctor safely, but then went off with his boat, leaving the unfortunate Botanist upon a ledge which had the sea on either side, so that there was no escape except by scrambling up the cliff, under which the rocks were situated. With considerable difficulty he contrived to reach a place which in other circumstances he would not have thought of attempting to scale.

He made me smile at an instance of his ruling passion even in sleep. Some years ago he saw at an Exhibition a model of the enormous *Krabut* flower (*Rafflesia Arnoldi*), discovered in Sumatra by Dr. Arnold, and mentioned in the *Life of Sir Stamford Raffles*. For the remainder of the day Dr. Lippold could think of nothing else, and at night it haunted him, and he dreamed that in some foreign land he had discovered a still larger flower, a splendid Passion-flower which had twined round the branches and clung to the stem of some immense forest-tree. He proceeded to climb up the tree, when, just as he fancied he had reached the prize, he fell to the ground, and found that he had *fallen out of bed*!

Another Consumptive Patient died to-day.

28th.—Attended a great Ball given by Senhor da Camara, the richest person and greatest landed-proprietor on the Island. The Ball was in celebration of the birthday of João da Camara's wife, who is residing at Lisbon, whilst her husband is here for his affairs. The lady gives a *sympathetic* Ball on the same night to her friends in Lisbon.

At a large Portuguese Ball the arrival of ladies is always announced by the ringing of a little bell, upon which the band immediately begins playing some lively air; gentlemen then rush downstairs, and each lady is ceremoniously conducted by one of these Beaux through the Anteroom (in which the gentlemen guests remain) to the lady of the house, waiting to receive her visitors.

After curtseying to each lady as she is presented to her, she takes her right hand, and gently leading her to a seat, proceeds to perform the same ceremony with each fair guest. The niece of Senhor Camara, a newly-married plump girl of sixteen (who looked six-and-twenty), received the company and played her part with some elegance and perfect self-possession. When I had been presented I began to look round me at the closely-packed ranks of English and Portuguese womankind, who not only lined the walls, but also occupied seats in the centre of the room. There was little beauty to rivet one's gaze, but abundant materials for fun, displayed in the adornment of the stiff demure-looking figures who surrounded me,—they would have lent themselves well to be caricatured in the strange medley of colours, fashions, and ideas their dress displayed!

Not a syllable escaped the lips of the Portuguese, though the English ladies chatted among themselves, wherever two or three were placed near each other. Six rooms were opened for the guests, one of which was, early in the evening, occupied by a Bazaar of Fancy Work, to assist a Portuguese School. When no one would buy any more Pincushions and Reticules, the tables were taken away and dancing commenced, much to the relief of those who, like myself, are no lovers of these Fancy Fairs, and whose pockets moreover were not stuffed with *Pistarines* and Dollars. Between five and six hundred persons present; dancing was at first almost impossible, and the heat was excessive. The Ladies here seldom retain their beauty beyond eighteen or twenty, growing fat and unwieldy after that age. I remarked a few exceedingly pretty Portuguese girls. I am told that in the eyes of their own nation excessive *embonpoint* is considered a beauty rather than a defect; this idea also prevails among the Moors. I saw some very tender salutes given and received by various sober-looking Madeirans, with as much gravity as if they were per-

forming a religious ceremony ; the fashion seems to be to kiss the right cheek, slightly. One lady who is considered a Belle, took a pinch of Snuff with great deliberation out of the Box of an Officer, and applied it to her nose with such evident *gusto*, that I make no doubt it was no novelty to her. Many of the dresses were worthy of a Masquerade, for their oddity and grotesqueness, and one or two ancient Senhoras might have been reasonably supposed to have lately returned from the South Seas, so slight was their regard for taste or artistic blending of tints. Gambling went on all the evening in one room, over Whist, Ecarté, Rondo ; one Englishman won £30, which is considered a large sum here. Just before Supper a little Amateur Music was well performed upon the Double Bass, Violoncello, and Flute and Violin. When Supper was served there was such a scrambling among the Portuguese ladies for Beef, Ham, Fowls, and Porter that the apartment soon became filled almost to suffocation, and it was not possible to force an entrance. I never got further than the door. Margaret Wood remained till five in the morning with some of the Party, but we got home at three o'Clock. We heard that some people continued dancing till eight next morning. The Daturas, White Arums, Camellias, Scarlet Hybiscus, etc., made wonderfully pretty decorations.

This month the Thermometer has ranged from 74° to 70°, and from 63° to 68°.

December, 1838

5th.—In the garden of the Bishop, or (as he is now called) the “Vicar-General” of Funchal, are some *Camellia Japonica* trees which Dr. Lippold told me are the highest he has ever seen. I said that I should like to see them, and, unknown to me, the good-natured man wrote to request the Vicar to allow me to see his garden,

which favour was most graciously granted. Yesterday the Doctor called to show me the Bishop's note, and begged me to name an hour for accompanying him to the Palace.

The Vicar received us very politely, and conducted us not only through the State Apartments of the Palace, but also into his own *Sanctum*, and Bedroom. If the large well-proportioned rooms *en suite* were properly furnished they would be very handsome, but they are miserably bare of ornament, and look dreary and neglected.

In his private apartment there was little furniture, but a Rosewood stand there was on which were placed examples of the ingenuity of the Nuns, in the manufacture of Feather-flowers and wax ornaments. In his Bed-chamber I observed that the pillows were trimmed with very deep and handsome lace. In one room were some very beautiful Chairs, though not antique; he seemed much pleased at our admiration of them. The Vicar now took my hand, as if we were about to dance a Court Minuet, and thus ceremoniously and gravely conducted me round the foot of the bed, pushed aside two blue silk curtains behind it, and, begging Dr. Lippold to follow, we found ourselves in a wide passage leading to a stair, up which he piloted me by politely handing me, to the Turret, round part of which there is a Balcony decorated with blue Dutch Tiles. From this elevated place there is a very striking panoramic view of Funchal and the mountains. The Bishop pointed out all the principal buildings, and when the Doctor remarked that I was fond of drawing, he courteously said, that I was at liberty to make "des esquisses" from this Turret whenever I pleased. When we had sufficiently admired the prospect I was again conducted downstairs in the same ceremonious fashion, and the Vicar then carried us through the sacristy to his Private Chapel.

The Bishop conducted me down into the Hall to the entrance door, where he took leave, repeating his invita-

tion to sketch from the Turret. In person he is, though small, well made and good-looking, with very clear intelligent dark eyes, and a general appearance of mental power, uncommon in the Portuguese. He has, I understand, the reputation of cunning and sagacity, is reported to be very eloquent in the pulpit, and is also said to entertain so rooted a dislike to the English residents, as to seldom allow an opportunity for annoying them to escape him! His dress when he received us was a black skull Cap, a black merino or stuff Coat, and Knee Breeches, *crimson* silk Stockings, and Shoes fastened with large silver buckles. At João da Camera's ball he wore a very handsome dress of some kind of cut velvet.

We dine out pretty frequently now, and whenever we go to a party, little Jane spends the day and sleeps at Mr. Temple's. She and her sister are just now spending a few days with Mrs. Temple.

13th.—The official intelligence of the birth of the Duke of Oporto reached the Island to-day, by a vessel from Lisbon. The Portuguese are much rejoiced at the arrival of this second heir to the Throne of Portugal, as they have a superstition that the eldest never reigns; the young Prince has received two and twenty names! There was High Mass at the Cathedral, a Review of the Troops by the Governor, and Illuminations at night. The rejoicings will last three days; enough powder has already been expended in the Forts in Salutes to storm a Battery.

On the 7th inst. the thirteenth consumptive patient who has died since our arrival was buried in the Strangers' ground. The graves there are covered with geraniums, roses, and creeping plants, and many of the stones are invisible. All the associations of this spot are most melancholy, but there is none of the gloom of an English Church-yard, and indeed upon first entering it is difficult to persuade oneself that it is not an uncommonly neat and well kept garden. The graves being without head-

stones the deception is strengthened, and would be complete, but for the monuments against the walls, which catch one's eye on entering. There is an air of calm and peace about the place which struck me very forcibly, and which is heightened by its being enclosed so completely that it is sacred from every kind of desecration which it might meet with in a foreign land where our religion is only tolerated. One's ears can never here be pained (as they often are in England) by the sounds of careless mirth and revelry indulged without reprehension, not only in the Church-yard, but upon the graves themselves ! As I wandered round the Burial-ground I could not help thinking that if these stones could speak how touching would be many a history which they might record ; of the young, the loved, the beautiful, who now sleep calmly beneath them ! I can never divest my mind of a feeling of the deepest interest in the victims of Consumption ; it always seems to select them from the brightest, the fairest, the most loved,—never leaving those upon whom its cruel fangs have once fixed, but stealing upon them in so gentle a form, that we often dream not that the canker worm is in the heart of the human flower till decay and death are close at hand. Those who die of this disease are, I think, always good, and lead such lives that I sometimes fancy that they must have a presentiment of their early doom.¹

¹ In his *Day in Madeira*, Mantegazza makes his unfortunate heroine (a consumptive patient sent from London to Madeira) write as follows to her fiancé :—"The mild climate of Madeira did indeed draw a thin veil over the wound in my lungs, but the fogs here in London have re-opened the trouble, and it is worse than ever,—I cannot live long, in fact I feel that I am dying." (She had been three years in the island.) In connection with this little book of Mantegazza's an old Italian, a bachelor, told me that it made so deep an impression on him when, as a lad, he read the author's account of Madeira and the futility of sending patients there suffering from phthisis, that he (knowing this malady to be in his family) took the resolve then and there never to marry ; which resolution he adhered to.—*Editor*.

18th.—I find it almost impossible to believe that the Winter has come, for the weather is still so warm, the sky so brightly blue, and the flowers so beautiful and so numerous. The country girls bring down violets from the mountains daily.

24th.—To-day in Mrs. Penfold's garden I saw a really magnificent South-American Creeper (*Tecoma venusta*), in full blossom over some trellis work. It makes a superb appearance, and at a distance is one mass of deep rich colour, surpassing in brilliancy any flower I have ever seen. There are also handsome variegated Bamboo (with striped leaves), the Fiddle Plant, and, in the vineyard, the Sugar-cane. Mrs. Stoddart, my hostess' daughter, told me that many years ago her father had some sugar from his canes which proved excellent. Madeira is said to have been the first spot in the Western World in which the Sugar-cane was cultivated, and the plant is supposed to have been introduced from the East, soon after the discovery of the Island by the Portuguese, in 1419. From Madeira the Sugar-cane was carried to Brazil, which now monopolizes the trade in Sugar, which monopoly Madeira formerly enjoyed. At one time there were a hundred Sugar Mills on the Island, and now there are only *three* left. The Island sugar is stated to have emitted an agreeable *violet odour*, and to have been of superior quality.¹

¹ "The Sugar-cane is said to have been brought from Sicily about 1482. In course of time its produce became the sole staple of the island of Madeira. As more abundant produce of tropical countries came into the European market cultivation languished, and sugar had long ceased to be made, when the destruction of the vines compelled the peasants to turn their attention to other things; they resumed the cultivation of sugar and machinery was imported. A quantity of spirit is made by the distillation of the juice, or of the molasses left after extracting the sugar, and this is consumed on the island." (*Encyclopædia Brit.*, 11th edition. 1924.)

"The Prince" ("Henry the Navigator") "caused Sugar canes to be carried from Sicilia thither and men skilfull of that Art."

"Madera Sugar, whereof the increase hath been such that in

On our way up to the Achada, Mrs. Stoddart took me to the Santa Clara Convent.¹ Being a Holiday, some of the Nuns were to be seen talking to their friends at the door, which was guarded on both sides by two formidable-looking ancient Religieuses, called the *Porters*, and hardy indeed would he or she have been, who could venture to force an entrance past these sour-visaged old ladies. Among the sombre groups was one, the youngest, who appeared perfectly conscious that she had “*lindos alhos*” (beautiful eyes). As I wished to purchase some Feather Flowers we were conducted up a flight of dark steep stairs into the “Parlour,” or room appropriated to those who wish to visit the Nuns, and talk with them behind the grating which separates the apartment from the rest of the Convent. This gloomy grating is double, and so close that it is difficult to distinguish the features of persons behind it, unless they sit at a little distance from it. After a few minutes the inner shutters were unbarred and three Nuns appeared at the grating, one of whom was the young girl I had admired below. They desired us to choose some Feather Flowers from a circular wheel or box in the wall, which had just been turned round so as to display a selection of their work, by a person stationed within whose sole business it is to sit and superintend this machine. I selected a sprig of the “*Aroma*,” and we returned to the grating to gratify our curiosity by a little chat with the Nuns, who unfortunately spoke only Portuguese; this obliged me to trouble Mrs. Stoddart to act as Interpreter. The pretty Nun told us that her

some yeeres the 5th Part (which the Prince reserved to his Militarie Order) hath amounted to above three score thousand Arrobes (every Arrobe is five and twentie pounds), growing onely in one place, little more than nine miles compasse.” (*Purchas his Pilgrimes*, vol. ii. p. 12.)

¹ “Reader, if your whim or your necessities should lead you to Madeira, go for my sake to the nunnery of Santa Clara.” (*Six Months in The West Indies in 1825*, by Henry Nelson Coleridge, p. 23. London: John Murray. 1832.)

name was "Genevieve," that she came into the Convent at fifteen, and was now twenty-five years of age. I requested to see "Maria Clementina," the beautiful Nun so celebrated by Henry Coleridge in his *Six Months in the West Indies*. From the imperfect view I had of her through the curious iron bars it appears to me that her personal charms have been overrated, but she has a very pleasing voice and graceful elegant manners, which might have, I think, been always her chief attractions. She said that it was expected that the Convent would be opened the day after Xmas Day, by the Bishop, when strangers of both sexes would be admitted to see the building and hold free converse with its inmates.

25th.—The Colonel, Margaret and Jane dined with the Temples, and the rest of the party partook of Xmas fare elsewhere. I remained with Baby, at home. This is the first Xmas Day I ever spent alone; the last was passed with all the loved ones in the dear old house at Greenwich, most happily. The Vicar-General attended service in the English Chapel this morning; he was very attentive, and remained during the performance of the Sacrament; he knelt with the rest of the congregation.

26th.—We all started at eleven o'Clock to visit the Santa Clara Convent, opened to-day to the inspection of visitors, the presence of the Bishop making gentlemen able to join our party:—otherwise they would not be admitted. Upon entering the hall I soon spied the pretty smiling face of "Genevieve." There were about thirty other English people there, dispersed over every part of the Convent, which is a great rambling building, with long gloomy passages and corridors out of which the Nuns' cells open, and numerous flights of stairs, all steep and mostly dark too.

The old Cloisters, the dimly lighted Chapel, with carved antique seats for the Nuns, the massive walls shutting out all the external world, the vast intricate passages, the melancholy aspect of the sombre place, all brought

back forcibly to my mind some of the scenes in the Romances of Mrs. Radcliffe,¹ the mysterious incidents of which have often made me thrill with horror and used to excite curiosity when, as a child, I devoured their awe-inspiring pages.

The Santa Clara Convent is the largest and most richly endowed in Funchal; the celebrated "Coural des Freiras"² belongs to it. Bowdich says that the literal translation of the name of this ravine is "Nuns' Fold," *i.e.* the place of their retreat in case of the Island being invaded.

Maria Clementina soon recognised me, and taking my hand, gently led me away from the rest of our party, who then scattered themselves in all directions, accompanied by one or more of the Nuns as guides.

My fair Cicerone led me into several of the Cells. Far from answering to my preconceived notions of such apartments, they were all pretty, gay, clean, ornamented little chambers. Some were tastefully decorated with flowers, both natural and artificial, fruits, specimens of needle-work, wax-work, and other ingenious manufactures, elegant little baskets filled with choice confectionery, china vases, French prints, and lithographs of Saints, Madonnas, and other scriptural subjects, which gave them rather the appearance of Boudoirs, than the Cells of a Nunnery.

The apartment of the Lady Abbess was the only one destitute of ornament, the bed furniture being of coarse materials, and the room apparently provided with nothing

¹ Anne Radcliffe (*née* Ward) wrote, between 1789 and 1823, many sensational romances, of which the most widely read was *The Mysteries of Udolpho*. She was a great traveller, and others of her tales were: *A Sicilian Romance*, *The Italian*, *Gaston de Blondville*, *The Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne*. She also wrote some poems. Her husband, William Radcliffe, was proprietor and editor of the weekly *English Chronicle*.

² A deep ravine.

not absolutely necessary, and that of the plainest. In Maria Clementina's cell, which was plainer than many, were some books ; upon my remarking to her that books seemed scarce, she said that " the Sisters had no taste for literature, and very little education ; they did not employ their *minds* but their *fingers* in making a vast quantity of articles of fancy work."

The books in Maria's cell were : *Extracts from Racine*, De Staël's *Corinne*, a novel by Mme. Cottin, a volume of Portuguese prayers, a French translation of Sir Walter Scott's *Abbot*, Rochefoucauld's *Maxims*, and one or two other French books, the titles of which I have forgotten.

She seemed pleased at the interest I could not help evincing in the Convent and its poor prisoners, and scarcely left my side for a moment during the whole of my visit, taking my hand, and leading me carefully along the dark passages and stairs. We met an old blind woman, whom the Nun informed me was one of the servants of the Convent. She appeared very infirm, as she groped her way along. The Nun immediately left my side, and taking the old woman by the arm, at the same time addressing her very kindly, she led her as tenderly as if she had been her mother, to the point whence she could easily find her way. The action was trifling in itself, but performed in so unaffected and graceful a manner, that I could not help admiring it, and thinking what a beautiful sketch an artist might have made of the subject, and I would have it entitled " *La Soeur de Charité et l'Aveugle.*"

Maria Clementina is the Prima Donna among the Nuns, and leads the Singers at Mass. With an elegant kind of chased silver wand, to which is fastened a handsome broad satin ribbon, she beats time, when the Choir sings. There is no Organ, but a very ancient Spinnet, upon which several English Ladies played. There is an immense volume of Church music, in old black-letter characters. Down below is another, but disused, Chapel, and its walls

are lined with old blue tiles. With a shudder my guide told me that "*les Religieuses sont ensevelies*" under the stones in the Cloister. However, there have been no deaths in the Convent for four years, although the Establishment consists of about one hundred persons, including Servants and people attached to the Nunnery; the Sisters number only sixty-five, and the Queen has declared that there shall be no more Novices admitted. As discipline has relaxed so materially in the last ten years it is likely that the Convents, in the Portuguese dominions, in the course of fifteen or twenty years will, like the Monasteries, be dissolved. Every year some old custom is abolished and the discipline of the Roman Catholic Church here is daily becoming less severe and exclusive. Public processions have been abolished, the dead are no longer exposed on open biers,¹ except in the country parishes, and decency is no longer outraged by the bodies being thrown coffinless into graves in the interior of the Churches.

Yet while these and many other abominations are fast disappearing, no purer views of faith seem likely to be adopted. The lower class in this country are still deplorably superstitious, and completely under the guidance of the Priests, whose interest it has been in all ages to keep them in great darkness and ignorance.

I asked Maria Clementina if all the Nuns were voluntary inmates of the Convent.

"Ah! non, Madame," she exclaimed, and added that "at least one half if free to depart would immediately return to the world."

I then asked her how they spent their days. She

¹ That this practice is not due to the influence of the Roman Catholic Church, but is more likely a survival from ancient times, is evident from the fact that as recently as 1908-9 visitors to Athens (where the religion was, of course, that of the Greek Church) were startled by seeing the dead carried through the streets to be interred, dressed in ordinary clothes and propped up in arm-chairs!

replied, "Nous prions Dieu beaucoup, beaucoup, Madame." The remainder of the day she described as being employed in the making of flowers, little articles for sale, etc. I perceived that her opinion of the mummerly and pageantry of the Roman Catholic Church was not exalted, by the involuntary expression of her countenance. She said that many of the Nuns paid little heed to the prayers, and that she heard them talking during their performance in the most careless manner, upon totally indifferent topics. So much for the *piety* of these holy Sisters! She has been in the Convent eighteen years. I know not in what her charm consists exactly, but there is something indescribably interesting in her sweet voice and lady-like manners, which are rendered more striking by their contrast to those of the Sisterhood in general. Were she not a Nun and Portuguese her personal appearance would probably not strike anyone,—but among them a pretty face is a miracle! In her youth she may doubtless have been a very good-looking woman, though by no means so handsome as described. She is now thirty-five years of age.

We went to the Kitchen to see the Nuns' Dinners served up,—they take them each one in her cell. Each portion consisted of a small basin of Soup, a piece of boiled Mutton, Potatoes, Bread, and a slice of the Christmas Portuguese dish called "Carne de Vinho e Alhõ." This is a very horrible mode of dressing pork, by dipping it in a strong pickle of wine, vinegar and garlic! The whole of Xmas week Portuguese of all ranks eat of this odorous dish at Breakfast, Dinner and Supper, and the very air seems redolent of Garlic and pickled Pork. Another favourite and more palatable dish is "Bolo de Mel,"—literally "Honey-cake," which is a kind of Ginger-bread, made of Treacle and *Pepper* and Sweet-meats!

The visitors were obliged to leave the Convent when the Nuns went to Dinner, but on my expressing regret

that I could not make a sketch before my departure, Maria Clementina voluntarily requested the Lady Abbess to grant me permission to remain as her guest till four o'clock. The petition was granted most graciously. As soon as the visitors had departed and the doors were locked and bolted, my new friend took me up to a room which appeared to be a kind of workshop, and begged me to wait while dinner was being prepared for us in her cell. She presented me with a little yellow sprig made by herself of feathers. Being a lady by birth she is one of the few Nuns who do not make flowers for sale. Some of the Sisters whose friends give them a liberal allowance are able to keep a Servant, but Maria, being poor, is obliged to perform menial offices for herself, even to scouring and cleaning the floor of her apartment. Soon she led me to her cell, where I found a nice white cloth spread upon the table, on which was placed a basin of soup, a dish of pickled pork, and another of boiled mutton and potatoes, besides bread, fruit, preserves made in the Convent, and two bottles of wine which proved excellent. Having made many needless apologies for the frugality of the meal she had so hospitably invited me to share, Maria asked me to sit, and then sat down herself, and we did ample justice to the good fare. Then she carried me down to the garden to sketch, and the Lady Abbess joined us and gave me a hearty embrace. The Nuns surrounded me while I sketched, and I heard them discussing minutely my dress, the material it was made of, and in fact every one of my articles of attire, their texture and fashion, with as much interest as a Connoisseur of Pictures would give to the work of an Old Master.

I could not but smile to see that the love of finery was still as predominant a passion among these poor Recluses as among the gay votaries of fashion in the world.

Later, up in her cell, Maria Clementina showed me all her treasures, and even the long thick auburn brown tresses of her hair cut off when she took the veil;

“c’était une grande douleur,” she said, and then I asked her had she entered the Convent voluntarily? “Ah, non, Madame,” she replied mournfully, and then proceeded to tell me how from her earliest childhood her Mother, a violent and bigoted woman, the wife of Pedro Agostinho Vasconcellas, had destined her for the conventual life, intending that she should enter a Nunnery at fifteen. She told her that to repine was useless, and that the matter was fixed. It was useless to remonstrate! The bigoted Parent consigned her pretty daughter to the Convent for life, painting the prospects in such glowing colours that the imagination of the young girl was impressed and she realised nothing of the tremendous sacrifice she was thus making ignorantly. The vow was irrevocably pronounced and the girl found herself cut off from the world for ever.¹

¹ Of Maria Clementina, Henry Coleridge wrote: “Everyone, save her own parents, loved her, and she had many offers of marriage at thirteen years of age, which the little maiden laughed at and forwarded to her elder sisters. The more she was petted abroad the more she was persecuted at home. She was treated like a Cinderella. . . . A year after she was placed in the Convent the Government ordered the doors of all religious houses to be thrown open. Santa Clara was visited by strangers . . . Amongst others came a Portuguese Officer who saw and fell in love with Maria; he was a handsome youth, of good family, and Maria returned his love. . . . the law declared her Vows null and void. The marriage day was fixed, her hair was allowed to grow, her clothes were prepared. Maria fell ill and the physician prescribed perfect quiet for a few days. The wedding was postponed—fatally, for before the day arrived the King had dissolved his Parliament, and had revoked the law and despatched an express to notify as much to his subjects in Madeira. Maria arose from her sick bed to return once more to her cell and her rosary; her ringlets were again mercilessly shorn; the cap, the leathern corset, the serge gown, were laid before her . . . and she was bidden to return thanks to God that she had so narrowly escaped mixing in the vanities of the world, by sundry old ‘Egyptians.’” (Vide *Six Months in the West Indies*, p. 25, third edition.)

Henry Coleridge thought of a wild scheme to carry off the lovely Maria Clementina, but concluded that “it was impossible;—what

My eyes filled with tears as her narrative proceeded, for when she became conscious of the dreariness and hopelessness of her situation she was full of misery. As she told the tale tears coursed down her cheeks, and her voice trembled. She offered me a tress of the hair which had been cut off. We talked for a long time, and I learnt many particulars of the Convent life. Her family had been obliged to leave Madeira, for they were violent Miguelites, and so they retired to Genoa, when the Cortes issued a Decree which enabled some of the nuns to leave their Convents. Then Maria Clementina threw off the veil (with permission from the Bishop), to remain away for three months on plea of ill-health, and went to reside with an Aunt in Funchal. The leave was extended to two years, but the Aunt had a very numerous family and small means and at length was forced to decline supporting her Niece, who was thus constrained to return to the Convent of Santa Clara.

She made some comical and shrewd remarks upon the English visitors to the Convent, begging me, however, not to repeat what she said, in case she should be thought "satirique." When my Husband came to walk home with me—he could not come further than the gate—she packed a little basket with a variety of cakes, shells, fruit and sweet-meats, "pour ma petite fille." The dear Baby had been at the Convent that morning and remained for an hour, to the infinite delight of the Nuns, who kissed and hugged and dragged her about unmercifully, loading her with barley-sugar, etc. The poor child behaved very well and did not appear at all frightened or shy.

could I have done with a Nun? . . . her lover was heaven knows where, . . . and although she was a very lovely girl, I happened to have my hands quite full for the present! So God bless thee infinitely, sweet and unfortunate Madeiran! Much as I despise them in other respects, I could pray the Cortes might get on their legs again if it were only to let thee out of thy prison." (*Idem.*)

The Lady Abbess, who is obliged to see every stranger leave the house, embraced me, the Nuns crowded to shake hands with me and kiss me, and Maria entreated me to re-visit them speedily: thus ended one of the most agreeable days I ever spent.

28th.—The Santa Clara Convent being open again to-day, we paid the Nuns another visit. Maria rushed forward exclaiming, “Ma chère,” and gave me a most *affectionate embrace*; putting my arm within hers she hurried me off towards her cell; on the way we met the Lady Abbess, who expressed delight at seeing me again and gave me a lengthened squeeze in her arms and a kiss, which, as the good lady’s clothes and person smelt strongly of snuff, I could readily have dispensed with.

In her apartment Maria commenced another series of kissings and embracings which I began to fear would never end. She was in high spirits and showed me a set of books, presents received from an English lady and gentleman who had been at Madeira. The volumes were handsome ones; there was a splendidly bound copy of *Paul and Virginia*, Chateaubriand’s *Génie du Christianisme*, an English and Portuguese Grammar and Dictionary in two volumes each—she said that she should now study English grammatically.

Among the Nuns, Miss Norton, who visited them yesterday, is known as “Lady Norton,” and Maria told me that they were rather scandalised at her costume, which was her ordinary riding-dress; “elle est habillée exactement comme un Monsieur,” laughed Maria, and shrugged her shoulders expressively. We looked into several cells where there were Altars with horrible representations of our Saviour nailed to the Cross, and Images in wax, some of them dressed in a ludicrous and revolting way, in every sort of finery. One was attired in gauze with nothing under, and a pink sash tied round the waist. Maria wished to detain us in the Convent, but at four

o'Clock we were obliged to leave as the doors were then ordered to be closed.

Jan. 12th.—Met a Portuguese Wedding procession. The bride, in a Palanquin, seemed quite unconscious and unconcerned at the notice which she attracted as she passed through the streets. She looked about fifteen years of age, and was attired in a low muslin dress, brightly coloured, her neck adorned with chains and necklaces, and her head, which was uncovered, by a profusion of flowers looking like myrtle blossom.

18th.—To-night, at Dinner at Dr. Renton's, Col. D'Arcy gave me some interesting details of his residence in Persia. He described the process of making Attar of Roses (or Otto) as very simple. The rose from which this perfume is extracted is a dark almost single species; immense tracts are covered with plantations of rose bushes, and there is one village in Persia which is exempt from all Taxes, except supplying the Shah with a certain number of pounds of rose leaves daily, during the season, for His Majesty's Couch!

The Rose-gathering lasts about a fortnight, during which the people are all mad with excitement and joy; presents are sent to friends while the Feast lasts, composed of Roses, tied up so as to resemble a great Ball, or festooned upon sticks or arranged in some fanciful manner, according to the taste of the donor. The water tanks—each house has one in Persia—are all decorated with roses of all shades arranged in elegant patterns upon a frame of light lattice-work, laid upon the water. When covered with flowers the frame is gently withdrawn and the roses remain floating on the surface of the water, like a huge Bouquet skilfully arranged; care is taken that each device shall be executed with roses of distinct colours. Old women gather the blossoms for the Attar and put them in layers upon the top of shallow earthen pans containing a little water; they are exposed for about a week to the full heat of the sun, and then the Essential

Oil (Attar) of the leaves begins to form slowly upon the surface, and is carefully collected by young girls who skim the oil off delicately with the wing feathers of the white Pigeon, and put it into small earthen vases or vessels that have very long narrow necks. The process is so simple but so exceedingly slow that a girl often does not collect more than three drops in a day, which accounts for the ruinous price at which the Attar is retailed in Europe.

It is very rarely to be procured genuine out of Persia, because the Jews at Constantinople, where a great deal is sent, adulterate it as soon as ever it comes into their hands, making immense profits.

Colonel D'Arcy told me much about the methods of cultivating vines in Persia; he communicated this knowledge to the Horticultural Society, who made him an Honorary member of their body, but have never yet made any experiment to prove the truth of his information.

21st, 22nd, 23rd.—A dinner or Party every evening.

24th.—Dear Jane was suddenly taken ill, singularly enough exactly a year to the day since her last attack. The thermometer has fallen, much snow is in the air, and it is really cold; the distant mountains being all covered with snow. I went at once to the Temples' to nurse Jane, as she is staying there.

27th.—Another Consumptive Patient died to-day, the twentieth since our arrival. From this aspect Madeira is a very sad place.

28th.—Dear little Jane progresses favourably.

This month there have been seventeen days without rain.

There have been several days of the *Leste*,¹ or *Scirocco*, which blows from the coast of Africa and is most oppressive. It is sometimes so dry and hot that the furniture cracks, and it is usual to keep all the windows and doors shut close. These Lestes are very trying, but seldom blow for more than three, six, or nine days,

¹ See foot note to page 265.

though once it is remembered that they blew for three *weeks*. The Consumptive invalids always feel much better when this wind blows, and fancy themselves well. It is always most severely felt upon high ground. Snow fell on 25th upon the mountains,—it never falls in Madeira at a lower elevation than 4000 feet above sea level. The Madeirans would rather endure extremes of heat than the least cold, and a winter never passes without one or more Peasants being frozen to death in crossing the mountains. This year one was found dead from exposure to cold in the Waterfall Ravine.

I find it hard to remember that in England it is mid-winter; for here the Orange trees are loaded with golden fruit, and so many lovely plants are in full bloom in the gardens.

February, 1839

It is extremely cold, and we have heavy rains every day with intervals of bright sunshine. Rainbows are frequent, and Baby called a peculiarly brilliant one to-day “a pretty ribbon sash.”

1st.—The “Vernon” sailed with no passengers save seven black sailors whom she is obliged by law to carry to England. They are part of the crew of thirty-nine African blacks brought in here a month ago by a vessel which picked them up at sea in a water-logged Timber ship, bound for London from Quebec. Sailors carried into an English port *abroad* under such circumstances are allowed tenpence a day by our Government, and the Consul of the place is bound to forward them to England in home-bound ships as soon as possible. Every vessel of 100 tons burthen is forced to carry three men in such a case; if exceeding 200 tons she must take seven men, and so on in proportion to her tonnage.

2nd.—Candlemas Day. The Catholics, I understand, say that on this day the Devil goes into the sea for a

certain number of days ; this is the belief of the lower classes, and the legend probably owes its origin to the miracle of the herd of swine which ran into the sea after they had become possessed by the Devils.

Our dear Jane is much better.

Last night Mr. Smith gave me part of a Bunch of Dates (off a Palm tree) to draw ; Colonel D'Arcy made a sketch of a bunch in 1837 which was of an immense size ; he counted upwards of 4000 dates upon it.

5th.—Jane and I left the Temples' house and returned home, she being now sufficiently recovered from her unexpected attack to be removed with safety ; indeed she is wonderfully well, considering the severity of the means Dr. Renton employed to reduce the inflammation.

11th.—Dear Jane rallied wonderfully for the first few days after her return, but she is now considerably worse, and unable to come downstairs for more than a few hours daily, when she is carried up and down by my Husband. The Doctor considers her in danger, and if she does not take a favourable turn he has grave fears. The poor dear child has no apparent idea of the gravity of her condition. I am endeavouring to bring her mind to a different state in my daily readings with her ; but I must not frighten her.

The Colonel and I walked to call upon Mr. George, a young Artist, who has come out here for his health, and who having some talent, is employing it in portrait painting. We are most anxious to have a sketch of poor little Jane taken now while she is so beautiful ; such a memorial, we feel, will be invaluable to her Brother and Sister. To-day Mr. George commenced a small water-colour drawing of my darling Baby ; to-morrow he will begin the sketch of dear Jane.

This being Shrove Tuesday is a general holiday, and the Portuguese keep it in rather a disagreeable way for pedestrians, by throwing water, flour, blacking mixed with grease, and other *pleasant* mixtures upon the people's

heads as they pass in the streets below their windows. I saw many ludicrous figures this morning in walking to Mr. George's, but we fortunately escaped being victimised by these practical jokes.

The rich amuse themselves in a similar but more refined manner, by pelting their friends with sugar-plums, or with small wax or paste eggs filled with rose-water, or Eau-de-Cologne.

13th.—Our poor little Jane has been gradually but daily growing weaker since the 10th inst., and the malady develops more clearly than ever before. She is in bed, and the Doctor now tells us we cannot hope for a rally, for he cannot find grounds for expecting her life to last many months; indeed he declares her case is hopeless. The artist came, but she was too weak to rise, and Dr. Renton persuaded her to allow a little sketch to be taken as she lay in bed; but she soon grew so excited that I was obliged to dismiss Mr. George at the end of half an hour. She said that she would “sit to him when she was stronger”;—the sketch was too slight ever to be worked up into a likeness, to my deep regret.

In the afternoon I sent for Dr. Renton again, but when he saw her he did not think her worse than this morning. Yet he told us to give her no more medicine, if it annoyed her, and to let her take anything she pleased. Then I knew that he thought very badly of the dear child, who complained of great weakness. I have slept in her room on a mattress on the floor all these last nights, as I feel more comfortable in nursing her myself than in trusting to the care of others.

17th.—On the 14th inst. my poor little patient invalid breathed her last at twenty minutes to nine in the morning. During the night she told me “she felt quite well, had no pain and was very comfortable.” The day before she had taken more nourishment than usual, and her cough quite ceased, but her look frightened me as I sat beside her bedside alone in the early hours.

Whenever I spoke to her she said that "she was asleep," but her eyes were not shut, and about three o'Clock she begged me to bring the lamp and place it upon the table, which I did. Then she fell into an uneasy, restless sleep and woke in a couple of hours, and I took a doze. When she awoke she said, "How dark this room is," and begged me to "open the shutters." Then I saw how fearfully changed the dear child was, and I felt sadly assured that the scene was closing. While her sister gave her some tea, I went to dress.

When I returned she told me that she had slept all night "most delightfully," and expressed a desire for some more tea and thin bread and butter. After taking a little she shut her eyes, saying "I must go to sleep," but opened them to say "I cannot while you look at me": so Miss Wardrop and I left her with her sister beside her. Ten minutes later Margaret sent to beg me to return at once, which I instantly did. Alas! the pulse was scarcely perceptible. I seized her hand, and kissed her lips repeatedly, but grieved to see that she did not know me, for Death had indeed come. It was a moment full of awe, and I heartily hope that the prayer which I humbly offered for her departing spirit was heard, and that it will not be imputed to either her or me that she expired without any knowledge that the end was approaching. Dr. Renton would not permit me to speak to her on the subject for fear of exciting and agitating her, although on the 13th it was agreed that Mr. Lowe, the clergyman, should see her at midday on the next day;—alas! before that hour she was lying in the cold rigid sleep of Death; she who had been so very lovely, the young delicate girl of sixteen!

One of the most painful circumstances attending the decease of friends in Madeira is the necessity of their being buried within thirty-six hours after their death. I strewed poor dear little Jane's coffin with fresh and sweet flowers, and kissed her icy lips a few hours before

the sad procession, which bore her to her foreign grave, left the house. Six young unmarried men supported the Pall which covered the coffin, and twenty-seven resident and stranger gentlemen followed the procession to the Burial Ground, besides others who joined it on the way. Eighty-eight persons in all attended the Funeral, and several more were prevented from going by business.

The spot which I had chosen for her grave is under a large Cypress, in a quiet corner, in the prettiest part of the Churchyard. It is a rather singular coincidence, that the last time Jane walked out (the day before she was taken ill), she was to have gone with Mrs. Temple to see the Burial Grounds, which she had not seen. They walked to the Chapel, but could not find the key, and so returned without entering; by which accident she never entered the place till she was carried to it in her coffin, the day three weeks that she was seized with the last phase of her malady.

It is an unspeakable comfort to my dear Husband and myself that Dr. Renton says that she would, had she rallied from the last attack, have been liable at any moment to a similar one, and that in all probability, had she lingered, she would have been a great sufferer. If she could have been saved the mild and equable climate of Madeira would have saved her;—all that human skill and power could effect was done,—the result remained in the hands of Him who ordereth all the affairs of men.

19th.—Dr. Lippold went at our request to plant and adorn our poor Jane's Grave with flowers, my Husband accompanying him. Dr. Renton had kindly given me, from his own garden, some Fuchsias, Noisette and Macartney Roses, Passion Flowers and Geraniums for the purpose.

21st.—To-day the Falmouth Packet arrived, after a fortnight at sea; she brought me good news of many

whom I love in dear old England, but by a melancholy coincidence the vessel has brought the letters which poor little Jane was so anxiously expecting from her Brother in India, exactly a week after her death.

22nd.—The Colonel and I walked to the Burial Ground to look at Jane's Grave in its shady quiet corner under the Cypress tree planted seven years ago by Mrs. Huyshe over her son's Tomb; I can scarcely persuade myself, even after looking at her grave, that dear little Jane is indeed gone from us for ever; I sometimes almost expect, when I raise my eyes from my book, or work, to see her returning my gaze, looking at me with her sweet placid countenance, so gentle, so innocent. I do not, however, grieve for her now, for I feel that she has been removed in mercy from a busy world, with the turmoils of which she was not formed to battle and struggle; had she lived to the 25th of this month she would have completed her seventeenth year. I enjoyed my little walk this afternoon exceedingly, not having been out of the house, except for one hour when I called upon Mr. George the Artist, since the 8th inst. The day was lovely and as warm as May in England. Jane Wood was the twenty-second Consumptive Patient who has died here since our arrival; two of these were Americans. They are going to be carried to New York in two large *Casks of Brandy* to be interred there;—this seems to me a horrible and irreverent thing! It is a singular fact that Consumption has, within the last few years, become very common in the United States, and is every year becoming more so. I have not heard any satisfactory reason given for this circumstance.

25th.—Many of the residents in Funchal come from Lisbon; they are principally soldiers' wives, and are easily distinguished from the Madeirans, not only by their costume, but by a superior air of neatness and cleanliness. The country people are fond of wearing ornaments, which frequently descend as heirlooms in a

family. It is very common to see the women with handsome gold chains, earrings, crosses, brooch and rings. I have often seen the poor girls who carry a load of firing from the Serra (a distance of fifteen miles) for a "bit" (5d.) upon their heads, with very pretty gold earrings or buttons on their camises, whilst yet they were barefoot. Many of their ornaments are of very curious and elegant workmanship, and are sometimes upwards of a hundred years old. Whenever the Peasants or the Servants amass a few dollars, they lay their savings out upon some article of jewellery, such as a gold chain, as a kind of security, otherwise as soon as it became known that they had saved a little money, all their friends and acquaintances would be begging the *loan* of it for a few months, in which case the unfortunate lender very rarely sees one of his dollars again. A few years ago beautiful gold chains and ornaments might frequently be purchased at a very moderate price, but now they have become more scarce. Occasionally the country people still bring them to the door for sale, when they are in need of money for immediate use.

March, 1839

2nd.—To-morrow one of the only two great Processions allowed in Funchal takes place, it being the "Domingo dos Passos," or the Sunday of the Passion of our dear Lord.

Formerly these Processions were very numerous and there were four or five during Lent, but since the departure of the Queen's brother, Dom Miguel, and the accession of Dona Maria da Gloria, the Monasteries have been abolished, the Friars have fled, and the Processions are no longer observed. It is said that several of the Friars still remain on the Island incognito, but many of them escaped to America, and many threw off their habit and concealed themselves till they could get

away. The only Order in Madeira was that of St. Francis, and is a mendicant one, allowing its members no property outside their Monastery. Strange stories are rife of their love of feasting.

The Vicar-General was for some time, I am told, Chaplain to the Queen of Portugal, with whom they say he is a great favourite, and who gave him his appointment in Funchal.

During the struggle between Dom Miguel and his niece, the followers of the former were most violent. Many families were obliged to quit the island on account of their political principles. An order was published warning the English residents not to appear in the streets after eight o'clock at night. The Consul also ordered that no English persons should wear Dona Maria's colours, of blue and white, in the streets for fear of being insulted by the Miguelites. Three English ladies chose purposely to brave public opinion and feeling, and walked out the next day in the noxious colours; in consequence they were driven home by the soldiers and desired to remove the obnoxious badges. A servant of Mr. Lowe's was actually thrown into prison because he happened inadvertently to be humming a Constitutional Air as he went to Market.

The Count de Carvalhal, notwithstanding his munificence and generosity, was, as a partisan of the young Queen, particularly marked out for vengeance; he took refuge in England, where he remained till 1835.

The Miguelites ransacked his splendid house, destroyed the costly furniture, drank his valuable old wines, injured and cut the trees, shrubs, etc., at his beautiful Country Seat, called "the Palheiro dos Ferreiros," killed or let loose a variety of curious birds and animals kept in the grounds, and in short committed the most wanton depredations upon his property.

3rd.—From the Balcony of Mr. Stoddart's house I had an admirable view of the Procession, which started from

the old Church of the Jesuits, known as "the College," about four o'clock.

First came a sombre gentleman entirely covered with black, sounding a trumpet, who personated the Devil; he was followed by a long train of men all bareheaded and wearing puce-coloured silk cloaks. They carried crucifixes, banners, etc., and were the members of the different Brotherhoods. They were succeeded by a dozen little children personating Angels, each carrying one of the emblems of the Passion (the Sponge, Hammer, Crown of Thorns, etc.). They were all most gaudily and ridiculously dressed in silks, lace, gold trimmings and splendid jewellery, and every diminutive Cherub was provided with a pair of wings made of Feathers. Then a long line of Priests, in the centre of them a Car on which was dragged an Image, as large as life, of our Saviour bearing His Cross, attired in a purple robe. Behind it was drawn an Image of the Virgin standing on a wooden platform, dressed in a flaunting blue silk cloak, jewels, and other finery.

The detachment of soldiers before the Church reversed arms and bared their heads while the procession moved past them, and the Military Band played a slow and solemn air. The Host, or Sacrament, followed the Virgin's Car, and while it was passing the whole assembled multitude fell upon their knees. The soldiers knelt in two lines, and all the Roman Catholic spectators assumed the same reverent attitude. I have seldom beheld a prettier spectacle than that dense crowd presented, and if one could have divested one's mind of pity for their ignorance, and disgust at their gross superstition, it would have been a beautiful and touching sight to see so many thousands hushed as by one common impulse into silence and devotion. Among the train of gentlemen behind the Priests (all also in similar cloaks) were some of the Judges, and others of the highest respectability. Some of the "Angel" children were well born; formerly

the oldest families in the island were proud to send their children to walk in the procession as Cherubs. Before the Friars were discarded, Penitents used to appear on these occasions (with their faces covered with black cloth, leaving only two holes for their eyes), lashing their bare backs till the blood often streamed down, and performing other horrible acts of self-torture. These dreadful scenes are no longer enacted.

In the evening the Colonel and I drank tea at the Consul's, in order to see the Procession return to the College by torchlight, between eight and nine o'clock at night. It was a striking and imposing sight to watch the long line of Priests and gentry, each carrying a lighted Taper or a Torch, and followed by thousands of men and women, all eager to see the Images deposited in the Church, into which thronged vast numbers, who had been walking upwards of four hours,—they must have been thoroughly wearied, but their enthusiasm did not appear to have abated in ardour. I was glad to observe that the poor little "Angels" had been allowed to return home. Several Altars were erected in the Streets this morning, decorated with gay draperies, wax tapers and flowers; and paintings on canvas of Daniel, Ezekiel, and other Prophets. The sky was such as one never sees in England, even in the depth of summer. The Procession stopped at each of these Altars, and a Priest delivered a short address or sermon to the multitude at every halting-place, called a "step," whence the Festival, so say some people, takes its name—"Domingo dos Passos," the "Sunday of the Steps." It is, however, I believe, more properly called "Passion Sunday." In the crowd were many women with square lace veils (black) thrown over their heads and shoulders; this was formerly the costume in which the Madeiran Ladies invariably attended Mass, and was far more becoming than their present adoption of English fashions. A melancholy story is told of a young lady, daughter of an

old Portuguese family, who was buried in one of the vaults under the "College" Church, many years ago. After her Funeral the vault was not opened again for a long time, but when the next interment in it took place, her Skeleton was found at the top of the steps leading into it, up which she had crawled; she was sitting on the upper stair with her head reclining on her hand!

Baby met the Procession when she was out walking with our English maid, Reynolds, and her Portuguese Nurse, Isabel; the latter knelt when the Host passed, as did all the crowd, and it was with difficulty that the poor little child was prevented from following her example, and kneeling upon the dirty stones of the pavement.

When the Procession had passed many women and children rushed eagerly forward to collect the bunches of Rosemary with which the street was strewn and of which the air smelt strongly. It is emblematical of Penitence as well as of melancholy; I suppose, that the people consider these branches holy, as the Images passed over them!

The Madeirans plant Creepers in pots on their Balconies and they have choice flowers standing on them to their adornment;—it makes the streets very cheerful and pretty. There is scarcely a house without a Balcony. The principal amusement of the Ladies, who rarely stir from home, is to lounge and chat over them, commenting on the passers-by. To such an extent is this habit carried that in Portuguese there is a word for it—a "jannelleira" being "a woman looking out of a window!" On Sundays every window in the Carreira and the Streets leading from the English Chapel is filled with inquisitive black eyes all anxious to see the "Inglezes" returning from Church.

12th.—I walked before Breakfast with Mr. Smith to the Residents' Burial Ground, where is an old Orange Tree, the largest in Funchal, the trunk of which measures

nearly three and a half feet in circumference. In the Strangers' Cemetery I saw that the plants on dear little Jane's grave are beginning to take root. We watered and weeded them, and I made a sketch.

13th.—With Dr. Lippold visited the Palace of the Bishop, in order to sketch from the Turret. To-day the Priest was very polite and promised me an order to go into the Convent of Santa Clara, as soon as Lent shall be over. He was very agreeable and gave us an account of his Travels in France, England, Germany, and Brazil, in which country he lived some years. The Doctor asked him if he liked Madeira. He shrugged his shoulders and said "that he had his health here, but that it was very *triste* living alone, and there were no spectacles nor amusements!" He entered the Church at twenty-seven years of age, and was appointed Bishop about four years ago. Speaking of the Nuns he said that to be a Religieuse was to live "en Reine"—"Captive Queens," I thought, but did not say so. He said that the Nuns have "espoused a very docile Husband, in the Church."

26th.—Mr. Temple, Miss Page and myself started this morning for Canical, about twenty miles distant, in a six-oared boat; the voyage was most agreeable, the day being clear and serene, and we being protected from the glare of the sun by an awning. The whole coast is interesting, owing to the constant change in the form and height of the cliffs, which beyond the Brazen Head (Cape Carajao) assume a wilder, steeper character, and display marks of volcanic origin. In many places the Lava has the appearance of the scorise, from an Iron Foundry, piled together in masses one upon another, and everywhere there are strong marks of the action of fire. There are generally several fathoms of water close to the shore, and immediately under the Brazen Head a Ship might ride in thirteen fathoms of water. I had no idea of the actual altitude of the cliffs (1000 or 1100 feet) till I saw a Hawk rise into and soar in the air

near their summits. Wherever it is possible to obtain a foot of soil, even in apparently inaccessible places, there the industrious Peasant has planted either Yams, Vines, or Canes ; it made me feel quite giddy to look at some of these precipitous spots, narrow ledges on the sides and face of the cliffs, thus brought into cultivation. Malmsey is grown on some of these precipitous spots, which lie exposed to the South ; for this vine requires a great degree of heat to ripen its fruit. At the bottom of a large deep Bay beyond Santa Cruz lies Machico, which is celebrated in the history of Madeira as the place where Robert Machim and Anna d'Arfet are said to have landed in 1323. Mr. Temple pointed out a small building called "Machim's Chapel," on the site of which the ill-fated lovers were interred. There are two curious old Dragon Trees growing at the edge of the cliff in a spot totally inaccessible to any human being. Beyond Machico the coast sinks to low, barren rocks, of bleak and sterile aspect. Canical is a wretched collection of a dozen thatched huts (near a stony beach), scarcely better than Bee Hives. They have no windows, but there is an aperture in the roof to allow the smoke from the fire to pass. The inhabitants are as uncouth and miserable-looking a race as can well be imagined. We saw two fine Herons on a rock, watching for Fish ; Mr. Temple landed and fired at one with his gun, but unsuccessfully. We landed in a small Bay, where the surf on the sand was strong, so that the Boatmen had to carry us on shore. There we found some perfect specimens of the elegant *Helix Janthina* and the *Nautilus Spirula*, with the animals inside them. We soon reached the top of the hill, and walking along a green Down for a short distance we found ourselves standing on the cliffs on the north side of the Island, which is here very narrow, near Point St. Lorenzo, its eastern extremity.¹

¹ "We came to Ponte São Lourenço, leaving on our left the three islands whose name tells their simple and sad story : 'Desertos' ;

The character of the North and South sides of the Island are totally different, the former rising in dark, high, steep headlands, projecting one beyond the other, in stern grandeur, with the restless Atlantic booming and breaking at their base ; wild, deep ravines intersecting the cliffs, and breaking their perpendicular precipices.

The Southern Coast looks tame after the bold rocks and cliffs of the northern shore ; though I had previously thought it very striking, it certainly falls into insignificance when compared with the loftier promontories of the North, which were distinctly visible as far as St. Anne's.

We rowed to another Bay called Labra, where I had the good fortune to find an excellent specimen of that delicate and fragile shell, the "Argonauta Argo," lying between two stones. We picked up several dead fish, of the kind the English sailors call "Portuguese Men of War" ; when alive they are remarkable for their brilliant colours, and for their power of stinging. We also saw

a few moments after we pass a promontory of basalt, higher than the others, 'Cape Carajao.' This Cape seems the boundary of Paradise.

Mingling with the breeze off the land came a perfume of gardens ; and it was a land of delight, of smiling orchards, villas, verdant fields and suggestive woods, a garland of every sort of flower, a picture painted in every colour, gladdening the heart of man and making him breathe deep as though quaffing a delicious draught.

And then we came to Funchal, the capital of the Island, which lies among fields of sugar-cane and yams, sombre groves of our European trees, and plantations of bananas with their fantastic and gigantic leaves, soft as velvet, and all round opens to the sight a great amphitheatre of great mountains, with their huge crags ; and, as a setting to the picture, two oceans even too vast for this lovely nest : the ocean of the sea and that of the sky ;—it was hard to say which of the two was the bluest.

Three times have I passed Madeira, and each time I have heard the most ordinary and even vulgar among my fellow travellers give utterance to exclamations of the most sincere admiration, crying—'Why have not I a cottage in this paradise ?' " (Paolo Mantegazza, *A Day in Madeira*, p. 20.)

some bones of Cuttle Fish, and some of the Sea-weed commonly known as "Gulf-weed," being that kind which is so abundant in the Gulf of Florida, from whence Mr. Temple says it must have drifted,—a distance of five or six thousand miles! Between Point St. Lorenzo and the mainland there is a narrow and dangerous channel which we did not attempt to pass through, as the wind was blowing fresh and the sea was rough. In one place the Isthmus is not above fifty yards in width, and from the rocks there we could see the spray dashing over the stones on the North side! The cliffs and rocks are split into an endless variety of picturesque forms, and there are several natural arches, which have a singular effect seen from the sea. We landed a third time and found upon the rocks many "Ourisses," or Sea Urchins (called "Ourisses" by the Portuguese from their resemblance to the husk of the Spanish Chestnut). On the cliffs there the garden purple Stock grows wild, besides many other flowers. We walked across the narrow Isthmus to have another look at the North coast against the glorious Atlantic, frothing its angry waters. It is impossible to describe the colour of the sea at Madeira, for it exceeds in intensity and depth anything I ever saw. We dined snugly among the rocks, which served us both for table and chairs, re-entered our Boat at about five and reached home a little after eight o'Clock, having spent an exceedingly happy day.

We are starting on Saturday, 31st inst., upon an expedition to the North of the Island, with Robert Temple and a Teneriffe Merchant—Mr. Hamilton. On Easter Day the Masquerading commences, and will be continued every Sunday and Holiday till Whit Sunday. The first performance is, I understand, to be a burlesque upon the Lent Ceremonies, entitled "The Burial of the Salt Fish," which will be interred with mock Funeral rites and honours! The Masqueraders are usually persons of respectability, the better class Tradesmen,

Attorneys, etc., etc. No one can assume a mask upon that occasion without a licence from the Government.

31st.—We set out this morning on our expedition, and I travelled in a Hammock, the usual vehicle adopted by Ladies here upon long journeys. My three tall Bearers are to have a dollar a day each and to feed themselves. Our Sumpter Mule, with provisions and part of the baggage, set out at six a.m.; Margaret, my Husband, Robert Temple, and Mr. Hamilton rode horses, and each had a Burroqueros—together we were twelve persons. We noticed that several of the ships in the Harbour (where four and twenty sail of different nations are now at anchor) have Images of Judas Iscariot fastened to their Yard-arms; when the Hallelujah is sung at midday, they will all be lowered into the Sea, and drowned. A few years ago a colossal figure of Judas used to be made at Port Oratava in Teneriffe (Mr. Hamilton tells me) on this day; it was formed of hoops covered with painted canvas and fireworks; these were often very good; the image was dragged down to the sea finally, and beaten to pieces with large sticks by the country people. Beyond the Mount Church we passed over a bleak Mountain enveloped in mist, singularly gloomy and wild. The Ravine called Frio is more interesting and beautiful at every turn of the rugged road. It is a complete forest of verdure, and the shrubs and flowers fling their arms and sprays across the lovely stream in wonderful luxuriance. The Vinhatico or Island Mahogany trees in this region may have seen some three or four hundred summers, though they still throw out some fine vigorous branches from their ancient trunks.

From a "Levada"¹ to which a steep path led us (on foot), we gazed upon a splendid view of the "Torinhas," a mountain range remarkable for their sharp ragged summits, which resemble the ruins of an old

¹ A Levada is a water-course.

castle, whence their name—"Torrinhas," or Turrets. The Ravine down into which we looked was full of mist and vapour and so appeared to be of immeasurable depth. When the mist rose occasionally we got some idea of the extreme beauty of the scenery of the Ribeiro Frio.

I re-entered my Hammock, the rest of the party mounted their horses, and just then the weather began to clear. We next descended towards another Ravine, where the Vines are all trained over Chestnut trees. During the vintage hundreds of children are sent up into the trees with baskets to gather the fruit. Vines thus trained make a delicious shade.

Many Lupines are here grown, for the peasants use them as food, even making bread of a fine flour got by grinding the roots of a special species of fern.

The roads in this northern part are not paved, but are frequently confined by hedges of Hydrangea; Myrtle, Heath, Roses, and Fuchsia grow in luxuriance. Here is an Hotel where board and lodging is comfortably provided for three dollars a day. It is conducted by the nephew of the late Magistrate, "Capitão Mor," who built it. When we arrived at this house we were not too fatigued, after our journey of twenty-five miles, to enjoy "Caldo de Callinha," and an excellent Dinner. We retired to bed at once, but got only a few hours' rest, from the night turning out windy and stormy, causing every window in the house to rattle, so as almost entirely to banish slumber from one's weary eyes.

This month of March has had eleven days of very heavy rain and nineteen with none.

April, 1839.

April 1st.—A wet gloomy morning, but the strong N.E. wind soon cleared off the clouds, and the weather

broke so that we could ramble through the vineyards surrounding the Capitão Mor's house. In the country just here the roads frequently run through shady lanes which would almost deceive me into the belief that I was in old England, if the luxuriant hedges of lovely flowering bushes did not speedily remind me that I was in sunnier climes. After Luncheon our host and a Portuguese gentleman staying in the house accompanied us to the "Vista da Rocha de Navio,"—a large rock said to resemble a Ship, at the foot of a stupendous cliff, to the edge of which we were carried to admire two pretty waterfalls. This point is probably fifteen or sixteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. The lower classes of Portuguese appear to have no idea of calculating the height of an object: Robert Temple asked one of the Burroqueros what he thought the height above the sea was, where we stood; the man thought a minute, and then said gravely that he "should think it was about four miles!" One of my Bearers remarked that he "Wondered the water (in the Fall) was not frightened at tumbling down so far!"

Some parts of this parish are so healthy that people live to a great age, and there are several instances of persons dying at 108 and 109 years. In general the Madeirans are by no means a long-lived race.

On our return home, we met the party of gentlemen who were expected from Town to-day; they were six in number, viz. Mr. Page, Mr. Hornden, Mr. P. and Mr. W. Cossart, Mr. Burden (the American Consul), and St. José St. Anna (a Portuguese who speaks tolerable English). They joined us at Dinner, when it was unanimously agreed that we should all start to-morrow morning for Pico Ruivo. We were all in great spirits and passed a very pleasant, merry evening. Mr. St. Anna said that "the pleasure of the journey was doubled by meeting our party." I think the gratification was

mutual, for certainly they will add materially to our gaiety and amusement.

I have seen some pretty children and some good-looking women in this neighbourhood; the peasantry altogether are a handsomer and better made race than those we see in Funchal. The cottages about here too look more comfortable, and the people more cleanly, as well as better clothed and fed than in the southern parishes. This house has a pleasant Terrace with a splendid prospect, a good garden, and St. Luis Accioli entertains us well. The gentlemen praise his wine highly, the chambers are clean and airy, and altogether we have every reason to be satisfied with our quarters.

April 2nd.—We were a formidable array when we started this morning, a cavalcade in all of twenty-four persons; viz. ten on horseback, ten Burroqueros, myself in a Hammock, and my three trusty Bearers, who really are invaluable, so agreeable, good-humoured and obliging. They frequently call my attention to any view which they consider striking, exclaiming, “Ah Senhora, muito bonito!” and they seem to enjoy the fine scenery;—much of that through which we have passed they had not seen before. Just as we were commencing the ascent of the Mountain, a frightfully steep and surely quite dangerous path, Margaret and Mr. Hamilton turned back. How the men can carry a Hammock over such horrible roads, where strangers can scarcely walk without the aid of a strong stick, I cannot tell. They never stumble, and rarely even slacken their pace even down paths which make me giddy to look at, for one false step might precipitate one many hundred feet over the edge of a rocky precipice. At first I felt rather nervous in such places, but finding my men so careful and sure-footed, I no longer feel the least anxiety in crossing passes which a few months ago I should have been frightened to traverse even on my own feet. The path became ever steeper, and the

country barren and wild. The coast views increase in interest and beauty and the mountains to enlarge and heighten with every turn of the road. The Mountain forests never seem monotonous, and when we stopped to enjoy a more than usually enchanting view—that of the Meyo-Metade Valley, and the rugged peaks of the Torrinhos—words, I felt, are totally inadequate to describe such scenes, calm and lovely and of unclouded beauty and majesty, as if this superb ravine lying beneath our feet had been created yesterday. A Painter here could only stand and gaze enraptured, without a hope of transferring the magnificent landscape to his canvas, for owing to the immense depth of these ravines it is utterly impossible for an Artist to convey any correct idea in a picture. Then the mists began to roll down from the hills into the Meyo-Metade, and in a few minutes the whole valley was filled with a white vapour.

We proceeded along roads strewn with enormous stones and rocks, with perpendicular walls of rock on the right hand. Among these rocks are gigantic old Ourza trees, blanched by winter storms or lightning; the larger ones, with their scattered trunks and bare arms, look like Ghosts and warning Spirits. The view of the Ravine of St. George alone would, I think, compensate for the fatigue of ascending thus far, but the glorious panorama seen from the summit of the Pico Ruivo¹ would amply repay a Traveller who journeyed a hundred miles to behold it, for it exceeds in grandeur and sublimity anything I ever saw. Of this description of scenery

¹ “Pico Ruivo stands in the centre of the Island, and is the highest point—6056 feet in height. Some of the adjacent summits are little lower. Madeira is traversed by a mountain chain, the backbone, up to which many deep ravines penetrate from both coasts, and render travel very difficult. The greater part of the interior of the island is uninhabited, though cultivated. Towns, villages and scattered huts are usually built at the mouth of the ravines, or on the lower slopes of the mountains extending to the coast.” (*Encyclopædia Britannica*, 11th ed.)

perhaps no country in the world can produce finer specimens than the Island of Madeira.

About a quarter of a mile from the summit the road winds along a terrible precipice on one side, and on the other large masses of rock lie heaped, among the interstices of which enormous old Heath Trees have fixed their roots, adding not a little to the beauty of this wild pass; a little further on we all dismounted, and, aided by the Burroqueros, scrambled up about a hundred yards higher, when we found ourselves on the top of Pico Ruivo upwards of 6000 feet above the sea. After a few minutes the mist which shrouded part of the valleys cleared away like smoke, rapidly, and we gazed upon a scene of surpassing beauty beneath and around us. As far as the eye could reach all was beautiful, defying description. The words of Adam's Morning Hymn in *Paradise Lost* rose to my lips :

“Thine are thy glorious works, Parent of Good, Almighty !
Thine this universal frame, thus wondrous fair,” etc., etc.

Nothing more forcibly impresses one with a sense of man's littleness and insignificance than the contemplation of such a prospect. When we had alternately wondered and admired we amused ourselves by throwing down stones into the ravine, and by trying the echoes, which are very loud, distinct and long, shrill sounds appearing to give the most frequent repetitions; when my Bearers exercised their strong lungs in hallooing we counted four or five perfect echoes, which at first sounded like shouts of defiance from some unseen foes, and then the more distant ones seemed to ring back a fainter shout in reply, till the final echo died away among the Mountains, like a burst of low smothered laughter, such as fairies and elves may be supposed to indulge in, when playing off their pranks upon luckless mortals. Then we all gathered large branches of Ourza, and forming a mock procession, walked

with them to the highest point of the Peak, singing “God save the Queen” in chorus. These branches we placed in trophy upon a heap of stones, raised on the spot by some former visitors, and each added a stone to the cairn, instead of carving our names upon a tree, which was unanimously voted too Cockneyish a mode of celebrating our expedition to meet with our approbation.

One of the old Ourza Trees we measured, and found it to be *ten* feet in circumference; and this was certainly not the largest.

The air was so keen and cold in descending that I was glad to wrap up in cloaks and shawls, to keep myself even tolerably warm; my feet and hands were quite benumbed. My poor Bearers, who were very lightly clad (having only shirts, trousers to the knees, and jackets) complained loudly of the change of temperature; these peasants prefer enduring any degree of heat to the least cold, of which they are very susceptible. Mr. Robert Temple has been five times on the top of Pico Ruivo, and never till to-day obtained a clear view from it. The road down to St. Anne’s seemed to me steeper and more slippery than ever, but my Bearers carried me safely to the Capitão Mor’s house, and made not one false step. We came upon Margaret and Mr. Hamilton walking in one of the lanes near the house apparently rather repentant at having given up the expedition; they told us that they saw us distinctly with the Telescope on the summit of the mountain. We all did ample justice to the “Caldo de Gallinho,” and other good things provided for Dinner by St. Luis; and afterwards, being in high spirits, we spent the remainder of the evening in great merriment. Mr. St. Anna played upon an old Pianoforte (which had not been tuned since 1829), some of the gentlemen sang, others waltzed and danced together, and Robert Temple, Mr. Burden and Mr. Wm. Cossart appeared in masquerading costume,

as Ghosts, Turks, etc., to the no small amusement of the Portuguese, as well as ourselves.

The Moon rose very finely to-night over the sea, and we were able with a common Telescope to discover three of the Satellites of the Planet Jupiter; we fancied that we saw them with the naked eye, but we must have been mistaken, I think. One young man of the party gravely assured me that he could see the Satellites of the Moon!

April 3rd.—After breakfast, having settled accounts with our host, we started for Ponte Delgada. . . .

We resumed our march, but the party soon split into subdivisions of four and five, and at last I found myself far in the rear of the others, with only Robert Temple to bear me company. Down one hill, and up another, as is always the way here, and we came out on a piece of rising ground with a delightful view of the Arco of St. George. It is finer than anything we have yet seen, more spacious and more fertile;—the whole tract has the appearance of a richly cultivated garden, in which every tree and plant seems to thrive with astonishing vigour. The road down to the Arco was beset by several Beggars who entreated that I would bestow something upon them in most poetical phraseology;—"for the sake of my beauty" and for that of my "Lindos olhos" (beautiful eyes). This is the most refined and insinuating mode of asking alms that I ever met with. Once or twice I wished to leave my hammock and trust to my own feet, fancying that it would afford relief to my Bearers; but they would not hear of it, saying that the Senhora had got men and not women to carry her. The remembrance of that magnificent scenery will never pass from my mind, though I find it utterly impossible to describe it when I retrace it in memory. Surely we are not sufficiently thankful for the blessing of sight? I remember to have heard a Physician relate that a patient of his, who lost his sight, used constantly to express

lively gratitude that his mind was stored with many beautiful pictures of scenery in foreign lands which he had visited, which he could now at memory conjure up at will in his darkened and declining years. The anecdote often recurs to me now.

At the bottom of the hill Robert Temple and I were inclined to grumble at the rest of the party having, as we thought, left us behind without one moment's consideration; great therefore was our joy at perceiving a few hundred yards in advance of us the portly figure of the Colonel hailing us to make speed and rejoin him, which we very soon did, being delighted to discover even one straggler from our party. He informed us that Senhor Moderno (a friend of Mr. Burden's) had invited us to make his house a halting-place for an hour or two to recruit the horses and men, and ourselves partake of some refreshments. This most agreeable and unexpected intelligence cheered our spirits and we instantly and gladly availed ourselves of the hospitable invitation. We found that only our three selves and Mr. Burden, Mr. Page, and Mr. Hornden had loitered on the road, the rest having ridden on at a more rapid pace, so missing the welcome rest and repast which we were fortunate enough to enjoy so opportunely under our new friend's roof. Senhor Moderno received us warmly and frankly, pressing us to remain a couple of days, saying that he could promise us plenty of ducks and veal! I was disappointed that our arrangements would not allow us to accept this most tempting invitation, for I think I have never seen a more lovely spot than this same "Arco St. George," which Robert Temple in ecstasy declared to be "an Earthly Paradise."

The house looks towards the sea, here very grand, and stands in the midst of a Garden and Vineyard, full of shelter and shade.

The Senhor soon spread before us delicious Oranges (one measured eleven inches and a half in circumference!),

hot, fresh-baked bread, a variety of dried and preserved fruits, cakes, cheese, and exceedingly fine old wine—we feasted sumptuously. The wine was the produce of the Arco, and pronounced by the *connoisseurs* super-excellent. Our liberal Host insisted on our carrying away two large loaves of the Bread and a bottle of wine in my hammock, besides giving our Burroqueros and men a hearty meal :—all this hospitality was proffered with so much readiness, and such good nature and warmth of manner, that one would have supposed that we were conferring obligations, instead of receiving them.

The Portuguese are remarkably kind and liberal to strangers upon such occasions, and are seriously offended if their hospitality is not accepted with as much frankness as it is offered. I have heard that there have been unfortunate instances in which the Portuguese have considered themselves grievously insulted by English people having, with singular want of delicacy and without tact, proffered money upon leaving the house under similar circumstances. Our Host here talks English, so we do not have to converse by signs only ! We had considerable fun and merriment at the expense of the absent members of our party, who, for aught we knew and as a punishment for their ungallant desertion of us, might be wandering about Ponte Delgada, our next stage, hungry and tired, without anybody to whom to apply for relief in their distress ; for Robert Temple had the letters of introduction to Senhor Deniz Francisco (who is to entertain us at his house at that place) in his pocket.

We drank the health of the absentees, wishing them as much good fortune as had fallen to our lot ; but as the deed was theirs, the poor wretches, we felt, must bear patiently all the mortifying results. We hoped that they were not reduced to despair by our unlooked-for detention on the road. Then we proceeded to enjoy ourselves to the full, and having done ample justice to the good cheer, we sallied forth into the delicious

grounds, and presently seated ourselves under the shade of a very magnificent Orange Tree, full forty feet in height, and while some of the party lounged idly about chatting and laughing, others smoked cigars, and all gave themselves up to the enchantment of the place and hour. Senhor Moderno sent a man up into the tree to gather oranges for us. He allowed Mr. Page to have a considerable shoot cut, to make him a thick orange-wood walking-stick. Rarely have I spent a happier time than under that noble tree in the lovely Arco St. George; the day will long remain a "white" one in my memory's Calendar. At last, most reluctantly, we were forced to bid adieu to our kind entertainer and his charming residence, at which we would all have fain remained a day or two.

The whole road through the Arco is superb. The Ribeira St. George forms a series of small natural Cascades, besides several Waterfalls of considerable height, which add to the beauty of the ravine.

On leaving the enchanting valley we ascended the cliffs till we reached the celebrated pass called the "Entroza," which is considered so dangerous. I heard one gentleman say that, having occasion to cross it the preceding week, he was so much frightened that he ran along the road without once stopping until he reached the other side! The road is reputed a marvel of engineering, being cut out half-way down the face of a precipice overhanging the sea, and supported in places in some manner which we could not see, by piles or timbers driven into the cliff beneath it; of course if these supports were to decay the road would give way, and travellers crossing it must then inevitably be precipitated ten or eleven hundred feet downwards upon the rocks beneath, over which the sea dashes.

The road is extremely narrow,—a mere path, but as there are posts and wooden rails placed at the edge, the danger is less than people think. If I had not been

told that this was the dreaded Pass of the Entroza, I should scarcely have supposed that there was any reasonable cause for alarm. All the party shared this opinion, with the one exception of Mr. Hornden, or the "Padre," as the Burroqueros called him, who is apparently a timid man. We all alighted at the entrance to the Pass, when, to the excessive amusement of the whole cavalcade, the Revd. gentleman seized tight hold of the rock, and with the aid of that, and a stout stick, crept with utmost caution along the narrow path, studiously averting his head from the sea. The men were convulsed with laughter; the scene would have made an admirable caricature. Robert Temple and Mr. Burden rushed at the terrified "Padre" and pushed him still closer to the rock of the cliff, exclaiming, "Take care, my dear fellow, or the road will fall upon you." At this juncture the peals of laughter from the Bearers were redoubled, and they afterwards declared that they should never forget this incident in our journey as long as they lived. When poor Mr. Hornden had crossed in safety we stopped to look at the surf dashing over the rocks below (oh! so far below!), and we threw stones over the railing to judge, by the length of time they took to descend, of the probable height of the cliff; but we could form no estimate, as from the spot where we stood it was impossible to throw the stones perpendicularly downwards. Porto Santo was visible from the Entroza, and we could see that island (with the surf breaking on its shore), which forms part of the Madeira group.

During the struggle between Don Miguel and Dom Pedro, when party spirit ran high among the Portuguese, a tragical event happened at the Entroza, which is remembered with horror. A man named Franza, one of three brothers, all notorious Miguelites, had been taken in the Serra, and was being conveyed to the town (to be tried) by a guard of Constitutionals. The man's hands were bound, but, complaining of fatigue

when they reached the Entroza, he requested that they might be unfastened, at least for a few moments' rest. The guard complied with his request, but they stood on either side of him to prevent escape ; no sooner however were his hands free, than at one bound he leapt forward, cleared the wooden railing, and hurled himself down into the precipice, to the dismay of his guards. He was of course dashed to pieces upon the rocks beneath.

Miguel's followers assert that this man was *thrown* over by the guards ! We crossed the Pass, and descended into the next valley, the "Boa Ventura," which is wild and beautiful. Upon emerging from this we espied our lost friends sitting by the roadside awaiting us. We formed our little troop into a kind of Procession, placing my Hammock in the midst, with a large Table-cloth spread over it as a Canopy, supported at the corners by sticks held by the Burroqueros ; we made Flags of Pocket-handkerchiefs and Caps, and some of the gentlemen dressed themselves in shawls, bonnets, etc., and committed a thousand laughable absurdities, one carrying a Loaf of Bread, another my huge bunch of Oranges, and a third a Bottle of Wine, taunting the unlucky *Vanguard* with various pleasantries upon their ill-starred absence. They bore all this with as much philosophy as they could reasonably expect from people who, in lieu of luxuries, had been obliged to content themselves with some bread and common wine, and a few bitter Seville oranges, bought by mistake for sweet ones ! They took good care not to part company with us again during the remainder of our journey.

At about 5.30 we came in sight of Ponte Delgada, our destination for the night.

With some difficulty we discovered the house in which we were to be accommodated ; it turned out to be the same to which Mr. Burden and his friends had a letter of recommendation, so that poor Senhor Deniz Francisco had to quarter a party of eleven persons, instead of one of

five, as he had expected. Robert's Burroquero being something of a cook, undertook the culinary department, which he managed excellently well, with the assistance of some of the contents of our well-stored Mule Panniers, which had arrived about an hour before ourselves. Meanwhile Margaret and I adjusted our dress in the room allotted to us, and the gentlemen walked down to a Brook running through the garden, to perform their toilet and ablutions, there being no space for the purpose in the house, which only contained four small rooms upon the ground floor. Of these one was given to my husband, with Mr. Hornden; one to Margaret and myself; another we made our Dining-room; and the fourth a Drawing-room by day, and by night a Dormitory for the seven remaining gentlemen, for whom mattresses were spread on the floor. Our Host, a fat, stupid, honest-looking old man, had provided a large Tureen of "Caldo de Gallinha," Fowls, Fish, Fruit, Bread and Wine, and, with some additions from our Panniers, upon this we dined heartily. Then came Tea and Coffee, singing in the open air from some of the gentlemen, and a Quadrille in the Dormitory, the beds being turned up against the wall, and so we concluded our evening's amusement. Margaret and I retired early, but heard the rest of the party hours later singing "God save the Queen," in grand Chorus, in the garden.

April 4th.—At Breakfast we compared notes, and found that the gentlemen had fared much better than ourselves during the night, for they all declared that they had slept soundly, whilst Margaret and I were so tormented by both Fleas, and still more disagreeable visitors, that if, as Curran, the Irish Barrister, once said upon a similar occasion, "they all had been of one mind, they would have dragged us out of bed!"

Camphor and Spirits of Turpentine, with which I was provided, were of no avail, and finding it hopeless to expect any rest, we chatted over the events of the

journey till the welcome morning light drove the worst of our foes to their secret haunts, and then we got about an hour's uneasy slumber. The beds were covered with smart frilled Counterpanes ; sheets and pillow-cases were embroidered. I could not help wishing that, in lieu of all this finery, they had given us clean coarse linen, and bestowed a little soap and water upon the boards of the floor, which I should think had not been scrubbed for the last ten years,—they were nearly black with age and dirt. The Fleas seemed to have full possession of the wide crevices between the planks of the floor, from which they came up by dozens ! It is a very singular fact that the natives of hot countries, where cleanliness is so important to health and comfort, are so often slovenly and careless respecting the state of their houses in this matter. Cleanliness seems to be the result of cultivation and refinement, and the nearer a nation approaches to a savage state, the greater appears to be its disregard of this virtue,—it really deserves to be considered as one !

My three Bearers this morning expressed much curiosity to know how the “ Senhora ” had passed the night ; I shook my head and told them “ Very badly,” at which they all laughed heartily and said “ the Senhora would grow accustomed to it ! ”—I'm sure I sincerely hope that that time may never arrive !

We left Senhor Francisco's house after a substantial breakfast, en route for St. Vicente, the halting-place this evening of our own particular party, the six gentlemen who had joined us intending to return to Funchal, in order to attend a Public Ball, given by the Governor (the Barone de Lordello), at the Castle, in honour of the Queen of Portugal's Birthday. From near Ponte Delgada the road skirts the cliffs of the seashore to a place under these almost perpendicular dark and lofty cliffs, called “ The Passage of the Sands.” We all walked now over this dangerous place, which can only be crossed at

low tide with safety, and is most fatiguing to those who prefer level ground to great stones to walk upon! Robert Temple loitered with me to collect a few shells, and my Bearers procured me a new species of Fern from the cliffs. The Sumpter Mule was entirely unloaded in order to cross this spot, and the baggage was carried by the men on their heads. So narrow was the path the whole way to St. Vicente that I felt nervous lest the horses should slip, but secure in the sure-footedness of my Bearers. This shore is fatal to Boats, owing to the surf. We all agreed that we had not seen a grander sight of the kind than that which we now witnessed. The ocean was of the most intense blue, and the waves, at perhaps half a mile from the shore, broke in one long line of surf over the reef, within which the sea was a mass of perfectly white foam; here and there just as the waves curled over before they broke, the light caught the top of them, tinting them with the most beautiful prismatic colours. St. Vicente is a miserable place a little way above the mouth of a rapid Ribeira, running through the Valley of St. Vicente. Arrived at the Stepping-stones over the stream my Bearers took off their Goat-skin Boots to carry me across; then we ascended a steep, bad road, till we came to the handsome recently-built Quinta of Capitão Manuel Joachim, to whom we have letters from Mr. Temple; and here the six gentlemen left us. This valley is often called "the Orangery" (Laranjal), so well do oranges thrive in it. At the house the Sumpter Mule and his driver were awaiting us. We discovered that the house was locked up, and there was a delay in fetching the Factor from the other side of the Ravine. Hungry and weary as we were there was nothing to do but to wait, so we seated ourselves on the hamper for more than an hour, and were soon surrounded by Beggars entreating charity with piteous looks and whine—"por sua suada" ("for the sake of your health"). Almost every man, woman,

and child that one meets in the country demands alms. Among this group came an old woman more nearly resembling a witch than anything I ever saw before ;—had she lived in England two centuries ago, she would certainly have been burnt as one.

A young woman carried her upon her shoulders, huddled up like a bundle of old clothes, from among which peeped forth the most ghastly and unearthly looking visage imaginable ; she made a horrible noise and raised her skinny arms, more like bony talons or claws than anything else. We all exclaimed “How dreadful!” and Robert Temple, having given her a “Bit,” desired the people to carry her away immediately. They said she is “very old” (“munto velho”), but that her real age was unknown,—she was “so old that Death, who took others, had forgotten her.”

Robert went to conclude a bargain for fowls to make the Chicken-broth. He returned with a single couple of half-starved Chickens, having paid about three times their value. When the Steward arrived he looked very cross, but a few bows and the use of the word “Senhor” from our President (Robert Temple) soon mollified his wrath, and he produced the keys of the house, and admitted us. We instantly unpacked and made preparations for Dinner ; Juan, the Burroquero, being Cook. Leaving him to exercise his skill upon the viands, we all set out to take a ramble down to the village. I went in my Hammock, but carried by two St. Vicente Bearers to enable my own men to take some sleep, whilst the rest of the party walked, excepting Mr. Hamilton, who remained in charge of the luggage, there being still a number of stragglers and beggars about. On the way down I made a sketch of a little Chapel in the rock, which, standing as it does at the mouth of the valley of the Ribeira, is very picturesque. The Bearers told me that it is dedicated to St. Vincent, who was a sailor. We walked into the village and saw the Church, where

the dead are still interred under the floor. The Vicar-General was obliged to preach a sermon in the Cathedral (or *See*) of Funchal when the new plan was first adopted, pointing out the advantages of it. The Nuns at the Bom Jezuz Convent were exceedingly wrathful a few months ago because one of their Company was buried in the Cemetery, and it is said that a number of extra Masses were said for her soul in consequence! Finding that there was nothing to see in the village we returned to our quarters and found a comfortable Dinner awaiting us. Juan was now in high favour, for we were all very hungry.

We were obliged to make sundry shifts for culinary utensils, and in the evening, having no Coffee-Pot, Coffee was served with a Horn Spoon out of a large Pudding Basin. Having a longer journey than that of to-day in prospect for to-morrow, we all retired early to rest.

The house is newly-built, commodious and spacious, but alas! even its recent erection did not secure us from disagreeable visitors, which tormented us sadly, though they did not swarm in such hosts as at Ponte Delgada. I wonder who is the Patron Saint of fleas; he must have numerous propitiatory offerings at his shrine,—in Madeira!

April 5th.—Rose at six o'Clock in the morning, having passed a most restless night, and suffered great discomfort also from the cold, which obliged us to make use of all the cloaks and shawls we could find, to throw over our Blankets. After breakfasting we started for Paul de Serra, an immense level tract above the Vicente Valley. The ascent is tremendous and the road is considered the worst on the island;—it would be difficult to conceive any steeper or more fatiguing.

The Paul is 5159 feet above the level of the sea, and the country people are not fond of attempting to traverse it in winter, for it is constantly covered with fog at that

season. It is a bleak region, and a man was found this last January frozen to death on the Mountain above the Waterfall. The day was very clear and we were fortunate in being able to see the summits of all the surrounding mountains.

Pico Ruivo, Pico Grande, the Torrinha, Sidrao, and the Pico d'Arieros,—all were perfectly free from mist, as if the wind had been Leste, though this rarely happens so early in the spring.¹ The road is horrible, being composed of loose rough stones, lava and cinders, to climb over which is exactly like mounting steep steps; the ascent took the horses one hour, forty minutes without stopping, and the Hammock men nearly two hours.

On reaching the plain of the Serra we found the Equestrians lying upon the grass to rest, and truly glad we were to join them. Here we enjoyed a magnificent prospect of the Mountains, the deep wild ravine, and the ocean beyond;—we took our last look at the North Coast from thence.

When I arrived at Madeira and first ascended any of the Mountains, nothing struck me more than the apparent height of the horizon, which seemed mounted up into the sky, and Ships sailing on it looked as if standing in the clouds; the higher you ascend the more elevated the horizon appears, and I am puzzled sometimes to separate sea from sky.

When we had rested we proceeded at a rapid pace across the level of "the Paul," which is covered with Broom, Heath and Whortleberry, about the height of a man. The Serra is celebrated for a small breed of strong, active Ponies, of which we saw many grazing;

¹ "The hot dry wind from the E.S.-E., called 'Leste' by the natives, causes the hill region to be hotter than the plain; it blows from the direction of the Sahara, and under its influence the thermometer often stands, even on the coast, at ninety-three. It is often accompanied by sandstorms." (Art. "Madeira," *Encyclopædia Britannica*.)

also Oxen, and a few black Sheep and Lambs. The Peasantry all wore the picturesque costume of the island ; they seemed all to be out collecting Firewood. A Portuguese landed Proprietor at Funchal—Morgardo Nuno de Freitas—has an estate on this part of the island, the tenants upon which are obliged to supply him annually with a certain quantity of firewood.

About the middle of the Serra stands a small stone house with a vaulted roof, containing two rooms, built by an English Merchant named Page some years ago, for the accommodation of benighted Travellers. Soon after passing this we struck into a narrow path to the right, where the Gniesta is so high that I could see nothing above or beyond it. We congratulated ourselves on having a guide, for we should certainly otherwise never have reached the “Fontes de Rabaçal,” which are considered one of the wonders of the Island, and the fame of which had indeed induced us to deviate from the common track over the Paul.

Emerging from the Gniesta we continued our course over the “Down” till we reached the edge of a wide thickly-wooded ravine. Here all excepting myself alighted, the path down to the bed of the river being far too narrow and precipitous for horses. We descended down a frightfully steep and bad path where it was all but impossible to pass the peasants whom we encountered with loads of Brushwood and Broom. (Had they not deposited their loads against the rock wall on the one hand and then squeezed themselves flat against them, either they or we should have rolled over the precipice into the Ribeira on the other hand.)

I entreated my Bearers to allow me to walk, for I was really afraid of the miserably bad road if I continued to be carried in the Hammock, but the men seemed to consider it a point of honour to carry me as long as possible, and would not hear of my alighting. About half-way Margaret declined going any further, being

fearful, she said, that she would not be able to walk back again, fancying the distance to our place of destination much greater than it really was ; so we left her sitting on a rock, and found her there upon our return, having, I believe, composed herself to sleep during our absence.

The whole of this Janella (Window) Ravine is exceedingly lovely, richly covered with Heath, Broom, Bilberry, and Sweet Bay, interspersed with Forest Trees, down to the very bed of the river, over which at the spot where we crossed grow some magnificent old Til Trees, which together with the massive rocks in the stream would have afforded an Artist a charming sketch for his Portfolio. By jumping from rock to rock we crossed the Ribeira and ascended the opposite side of the Valley for some distance, till at last I left my Hammock and walked onwards with the rest of the party to the "Fontes," or "Agoas de Rabecal," which is a collection of springs of water falling from a kind of large natural tank or reservoir in the rock, over a cliff 250 feet high, through fissures in the rock, into the Ribeira below. Hitherto this large body of water has been completely wasted, but a Levada, or Water-Course, is now being formed, which, when finished, will convey it for the purposes of irrigation to the Western lands, where, from the scarcity of water upon the Paul, it will be invaluable. The Engineer of this Levada has a great difficulty to contend with now, for he will be obliged to bore through the Mountain.

When the Spaniards, from the year 1580 to 1640, ruled over Portugal they are said to have begun to make this Levada ; ancient implements and tools are said to have been discovered on the spot, which tends to corroborate this story. If ever it should be completed the Levada will be a highly useful, curious and creditable work. We were forced to pass *under* one of the Springs, which formed a natural Shower-bath, sufficiently heavy to wet

anybody through in three minutes were they to walk unprotected under the cliff from the waterfall. In this dilemma my Bearers proposed wrapping their cloth jackets round me, even over my head, on which I had only a cloth cap, for a Bonnet cannot be worn in a Hammock. Accordingly, with one jacket over my head and another on my shoulders, and with a "Chapeo de Sol" (Portuguese for a Parasol) held above me, and a thick stick in my hand to prevent my slipping on the wet and slippery stones, I contrived to get through the Shower Bath tolerably dry. The whole party were laughing immoderately at my ludicrous appearance. When I had safely crossed, the Bearers returned for the Jackets and the Chapeo de Sol for Robert Temple, who looked even more ludicrous than myself in the strange attire, for he is very small and short; the Colonel followed, having taken the precaution of tying a silk handkerchief over his head, and removing his hat; thus he looked like an old woman with the toothache! What an admirable subject we should have afforded for a caricature, which might be entitled "A Party of Pleasure in search of the Picturesque."

We were amply rewarded by a very striking view of the Waterfall. In one part of it there was a small Rainbow, which gave a singularly pretty effect. We walked a few yards further under the dripping water from the cliffs above, reached a kind of gallery in the heart of the rock, and returned along the Levada to the place where we left my Hammock. The Bearers had never been over the Paul, or into the Ribeira de Janella Ravine before, and they appeared much delighted with the Rabçal, frequently exclaiming "Miuto bonito, Senhora" throughout the journey. They have expressed far more admiration of the scenery than I should have expected from common countrymen or labourers; I doubt whether English Peasants have any perception of beauty in nature, at least I cannot remember ever to have

heard them express anything beyond—"It's counted pretty by the gentlefolks," or "Folks calls it grand." I found a new species of Fern among the rocks, for I walked up part of the way on the other side of the ravine, after crossing the river.

We found Margaret Wood just where we left her, and all ascended together to the Paul, where Mr. Hamilton (who had stayed behind, fearing fatigue) was very patiently awaiting us. We made a hearty luncheon upon the grass, while the men partook of their sour Bread and Yams,—they were pleased to eke out their scanty meal with the remains of our provisions.

The lower classes in Madeira never taste meat, and it is really wonderful how they can endure so much fatigue and labour, living as they do upon Salt Fish, Tunny, and other kinds of Fish, Chestnuts, Yams, Indian Corn, of which last vegetable they are very fond (they call it "Milho"). The whole of the wheat grown on the island is said to be insufficient to supply the inhabitants with Bread for three months; so the Merchants charter vessels to bring cargoes of wheat from the Coast of Africa, Gibraltar, Genoa, etc.

When we resumed our line of march it was along a miserable path. We met large parties of men and women and children heavily laden with wood, charcoal and brushwood, all carrying their huge loads upon their heads to the westward; they looked gay and pretty, with the blue cloth caps (Carabousses), white shirts (Camises), gold buttons, coloured embroidered stays, red cloth Cape (Carpas), striped woollen petticoats of island manufacture, composed of several bright colours, and called "Melantha," and goat-skin boots reaching halfway to the knee. The men had similar caps and boots, but full drawers called "Coccas," in small pleats, and fastening at the knee.

The road now ran through shady lanes and cultivated country; and I was glad to see the vine gracefully

climbing over the Chestnut trees, for we had lost sight of both since we left St. Vicente. We stopped at a "Venda" or Wine Shop to refresh our men with a draught of cool wine, of which they seemed to stand in no small need after so long and tiring a journey.

The Hostess was a young woman apparently about two or three and twenty years of age, and of extreme beauty; fine hair, eyes, teeth, and complexion, very regular features and a neat compact figure; all together combined to render her the prettiest woman I have seen in Madeira. She seemed a little discomposed at our evident admiration of her, but blushed and smiled, and seemed quite pleased to sell so many "copos de vinho" to her thirsty customers.

About two miles further on we reached Ponte de Sol, which lies on the seashore. We all made a halt in the Place before the Church, as we espied the Sumpter Mule and his driver, who had been despatched early in the morning with "Juan," the cook, from St. Vicente, to beat up quarters for us by the time we arrived from the Rabçal (as we had no letters of introduction to anybody in the town). We soon perceived by Juan's grave face that he had had no success, and learned that the *Padre* could not receive us (his house being scarcely habitable), and others *would* not, as we brought no letters. Thus we had the pleasure of finding ourselves at sunset, after the long weary day, in a strange place, not knowing where to procure either a dinner or a bed! In this dilemma we seated ourselves, with very crestfallen aspect, upon some stone benches opposite the Church, round which a crowd of idlers soon gathered to stare at the "Inglez."

At this moment Robert Temple recollected that he was slightly acquainted with a Senhor Ferreira, who has a Quinta in this neighbourhood; as a forlorn hope, he resolved to endeavour to learn whether the gentleman was in Ponte de Sol, and if he found him, to state our

piteous plight, and throw ourselves on his hospitality for a night's lodging. The scheme was highly approved by the whole party, as we were very tired, and there was no other alternative but to return to Funchal in one of the country boats, which, as it was growing dusk very fast, was by no means an agreeable prospect. Our President therefore started immediately in search of his friend, and in the course of half an hour returned with the welcome intelligence that Senhor Ferreira had kindly offered to give us board and lodging for the night.

We gladly proceeded to ascend the long steep hill which led to the Quinta, Margaret and I in the Hammocks, but the gentlemen on foot ; and this they sorely repented ere long, for the way was tedious and fatiguing and the distance appeared interminable to hungry, weary folk like ourselves. It was quite dark when we arrived, and as the Master of the house had not yet come up from the town, Robert introduced us to the Senhora Ferreira, who received us at the top of the stairs, and handed me with much ceremony to a Sofa in the Drawing-room, and then placed Margaret by my side, seating herself close to me, and begging the males of the party to find chairs. Then she commenced a regular survey of both of us, which, in self-defence, I was obliged to return, not being able to converse with her, and there being not a single article in the room to attract one's curiosity, except the very handsome new Tables, Chairs and Sofas (evidently of Island manufacture), and a pair of massive Candlesticks and Snuffer Tray, which of course were not very enlivening objects. What the Lady thought of us I cannot tell, but the result of my scrutiny of her was that she was one of the dullest, most uninteresting looking women I had ever beheld. The room was warm and it absolutely made one quite hot to look at her as she sat staring at us enveloped in an enormous green cloth Lisbon Cloak, trimmed with yellow ! Robert Temple was obliged to talk for us all, which was sad,

heavy work, Mr. Hamilton also making an occasional remark, as he alone had a few words of Portuguese. We were all famished and had the mortification of being unable to mention our well-stored hamper below for fear of offending our Hostess, who never seemed to imagine we could be hungry.

Robert was in an internal fret, I could easily perceive, and we all began to look very blank at each other, when just at this critical juncture our Host came in, and our drooping spirits revived, hoping for some refreshment, for we had tasted no food since one o'Clock in the day. Soon he begged to know what we would take; the question was referred to me, and I, feeling that we could not reasonably expect a Dinner at that hour,—it was then eight o'Clock,—asked if we could have some tea. I afterwards learnt that this was highly disapproved by the gentlemen. In due time a maiden whom they called Rosa Matilda brought us, on a beautiful old Silver Salver, five small Japan china cups of tea without any milk, a few slices of Toast, and a plate of Cakes. What a repast for five starving people! it seemed a positive insult to one's craving hunger. Feeling that there was no use in grumbling we swallowed the tea, and ate as much as in decency we could each venture to do. When Rosa Matilda had carried away the tea we all sat and looked at one another, and there were some very perceptible yawns, I am afraid. It became irksome in the extreme to sit upright and be upon "company behaviour." At length Robert Temple ventured to insinuate that the feminine guests of the green cloaked lady would gladly retire to rest, but, alas! she politely replied that we must wait till the "Caldo de Gallinha" came; and so we were forced to play at a little more dumb show. The only thing that kept me from falling fairly asleep, was a nice curly-haired child who was shyly courting a game of romps from the corner. I was surprised to learn that our hosts

had never seen the Rabecal. The Senhora Ferreira said that she had "muito pouco curiosidade," adding laughingly that she never went anywhere but "das Ponte de Sol as Cidade, e das Cidade as Ponte de Sol" (from Ponte de Sol to the city, and vice versa). But though deficient in rational curiosity they betrayed no trifling degree respecting our party, our names, relationships, ages, etc. At last the damsel Rosa Matilda appeared with the Chicken-broth, which was handed round in very pretty old-fashioned cups, and which proved excellent, and in some degrees consoled us. When it had been duly praised and discussed the Senhora rose and conducted me ceremoniously by the right hand to a bedchamber, where she left us after bestowing a kiss upon myself and Margaret. These good people had actually given us their own room, a mark of hospitality which I think few English persons would have shown to perfect strangers. We were so completely wearied that I believe we should have slept soundly if an army of fleas, instead of a dozen or two, had attacked us, as we discovered had been the case when morning dawned.

April 6th.—Another kiss and embrace from our hostess before we all partook of a capital breakfast, soon after which we bade adieu to our hospitable friends, and returned to Ponte de Sol to arrange for our return journey to Funchal, our kind host accompanying us to facilitate our plans. While the gentlemen were thus engaged, Margaret and I seated ourselves upon a long stone bench close to the beach. Ponte de Sol (Sun Point) has certainly been well named, for I can fancy few hotter places during the summer. We were soon surrounded by plenty of Beggars; certainly the personal appearance of the people is much better here, on the Western side of the island, than on the Southern side. I observed handsome gold chains and Brazilian ornaments upon the necks of some of the females.

The day being very sultry and the road to town very bad, Mr. Hamilton and I resolved to return in one of the large Country boats ; the remainder of the party decided to ride and brave the heat.

In the boat came Juan and my Hammock ; the three Bearers walked with the equestrian division to Camo de Lobos, from whence they proceeded to their homes. The beach at Ponte de Sol is rough and bad, so our embarkation and launching was an affair of some small difficulty and most tremendous noise, which greatly discomposed poor Mr. Hamilton, who is a nervous person. He desired them not to "gritar" (cry) so loud, which seemed to astonish them, apparently having no idea of the possibility of shoving off a boat without making noise enough to launch a seventy-four gun ship ! These stentorian-lunged sailors were almost like Savages, being nearly naked, and perfectly copper-colour, with black hair and beards and wild, sharp, dark eyes, which when under excitement looked strangely fierce and threatening.

About twenty of these half-clad uncouth creatures rushed into the water together, in which they swam like fish, and seizing the unwieldy boat in which Mr. Hamilton, myself and Juan were already seated, contrived with great exertions to get it over the Breakers, and fairly afloat, raising a chorus of deafening shouts and yells to cheer each other in their labours. After rowing for a time they put up a sail, which being full of rents and holes was of small avail.

The Southern side of the island as we approached it looked tame and ugly after the lofty mountains and magnificent scenery of the North coast.

Shells are rarely found on any of the Beaches of Madeira, the shingles being large and the surf upon the shore often very heavy. A few kinds are however to be found on the rocks, and several species more by dredging, but the water is so uncommonly deep and the

men so idle that it is almost impossible to procure anything in that way except by going out yourself. Porto Santo offers a much richer field to the Conchologist with its long line of sandy beach. It is also rich in Land shells. From a large sack of shells sent me the other day from Porto Santo I was only able to select about a dozen, all the rest being too old and weather-beaten to keep. There is a delicate white Coralline, not unfrequently brought up by the fishing nets, and a very beautiful species of Coral of a brilliant scarlet when fresh, but when exposed to the air it becomes brown.

Under the mighty cliff of Cabo Girao, on a few ledges of rock where there is a little scanty soil, a few pipes of excellent Malmsey are procured. In summer these vineyards, backed by such a wall as Cabo Girao, must be almost as hot as the Torrid Zone.¹

Not far from this spot is one of the few remaining Sugar-mills in Madeira; in the seventeenth century there were one hundred. This mill has lately been at work, but it is found that a coarse kind of molasses succeeds better than sugar, and I believe it is simply the express juice of the cane boiled. It is called Melaço, and is sold in the streets and much relished by the common people. We passed various other ravines and beaches; we rounded the Ponte de Cruz (a rock upon which a wooden cross has been placed, for many boats have been lost off this point). Our boatmen took off their Carapoussas as they rode past it; formerly they always muttered an "Ave Maria," being more religious or more superstitious.

¹ Some of the names in Madeira are picturesque, such as that of a quaint little town beyond Cabo Girao, called Camera de Lobos, or "Bed of the Wolves." The rocks on either side of it jut out into the sea, and form a kind of natural harbour. Here the late Count de Carvalhal built a considerable house, which however never was finished.

One of the sailors said, "Yes, it was made of poor men's shirts," meaning that they were not rich enough to buy another. We reached Funchal Beach at six o'clock after a seven hours' voyage.

My Bearers presently sent to say that "they should be happy to carry the Senhora all over the Island."

April 7th.—To-day there was a great deal of masquerading in town which afforded us a good deal of amusement. The best party of Maskers was a caricature of a band of Fernando Po Negroes who were here recently, each of whom played some instrument *out of tune* and each a different air, the effect being most ludicrous, though not particularly harmonious; and the whole thing was a mimicry of the Militia Band, called the "Teimosos," who perform wretchedly. Another party appeared in the dress of the Camera, or Council, and displayed no small degree of humour with their enormous white wigs, cocked hats, large buckles in their shoes, silk stockings fastened at the knee with huge buckles, long ruffles, and muslin bands round their necks, short cloaks and knee breeches, and carrying sticks or wands of office.

Each party paid the Governor a long visit at the Castle, he being particularly fond of the amusement, and then marched round the town to the sound of drums, which were so numerous that they must have been borrowed or hired all over the Island for the occasion. Crowds of the lower classes followed the Maskers.

8th.—Walked up to the Incarnação Convent with Margaret and Miss Wardrop, to hear Mass performed in the Chapel. The Nuns were visible in their black serge and white veils, behind the iron grating which divides the Church from the Convent. The Vocal portions of the service were performed by them to the accompaniment of a miserable Harpsichord, played by my Guitar master, and a Double Bass by one of the Nuns. The singing was horrible, being out of time and tune,

the voices nasal and the lungs stentorian ; if I closed my eyes it was more like a chorus of wild cats than one of human beings engaged in the worship of their Creator. Certainly the good Sisters of the *Incarnação* do not inspire one with any romantic ideas ! I have constant access to the best of the lovely gardens here where all the flowering shrubs and many plants are in full bloom. Men and boys were catching eels in the *Luzia* river by turning up the stones under which they conceal themselves ; though not large they are considered good eating, I believe.

22nd.—Some good masquerading this afternoon. There was a capital caricature of an American gentleman who used to walk about the town sketching in a pair of huge spectacles, and carrying a camp stool under his arm ; another very droll one of a Dr. Foster, an eccentric old Medical man, who frequently wears a woollen night-cap in Church to keep his head warm, and rides on horseback in a most remarkable fashion, shaking from side to side as if he could not possibly sit upright. The man who played this character hit off the poor old Doctor's peculiar manner of sitting his horse admirably, and having placed a woollen cap upon his head, the resemblance was complete ; a masked *Burroquero* followed the false *Medico's* horse. The Portuguese are all exceedingly quick and ready at mimicry, and have apparently a very strong perception of the ridiculous points in character ; they frequently give people nicknames, which are singularly apt and clever. We understand that in future there will be no more personal caricatures, several individuals having taken offence at seeing themselves represented in these Masquerades.

25th.—Dined at Col. D'Arcy's at the *Angostias* Quinta. The Colonel was very amusing upon the subject of Persia, the history of his residence at the Court of which appears to be as well known by his friends as

Lady Margaret Bellenden's oft-repeated story in Walter Scott's *Old Mortality*. In the Army he was known by the name of "Old Persia." He is a collector of birds, and told me that a Peasant lately brought him a Hoopoe and a Bee-eater, the latter of which must have been blown over by some strong wind from Africa, not being a native of this island. The Colonel says that it is a common bird in Persia ; it feeds upon Bees, and frequently after one has been killed, if opened immediately, the stomach has been found to contain forty or fifty of those Insects, many of which, having been swallowed whole, would be uninjured, and would fly away upon being liberated ! I think the Colonel said that he had seen this himself.

In the evening I went to a Ball with Mr. and Mrs. Stoddart, at the house of Dr. Daniel D'Ornellas ; very handsome rooms and supper, excellent *Caldo de Gallinha* (Chicken Broth), plenty of fat, ugly Portuguese women, and half a dozen real Beauties ; altogether a very pleasant evening.

May 5th.—The Convent of Incarnaçao being open to-day by order of the Bishop for inspection by the Governor and his suite, the public were also admitted for three hours.

One Nun was pointed out to me, who was sent here because she was desperately in love with a Portuguese Officer, with whom she ran away, but was brought back again, and placed in the Convent by her parents, as a very refractory subject. There were very few English, but the crowd of natives of both sexes seemed to enjoy themselves thoroughly. They are easily gratified, and their beautiful, mild, equable climate appears to give them a kind of constitutional good humour, to which the gloomy skies and chill fogs of England are exceedingly inimical. I was introduced to a young Portuguese of great beauty who spoke English tolerably well. She is called Elisa Lial, and she told me that from child-

hood she has had a strong desire to take the Veil, a wish which was always highly disapproved by her parents, and the accomplishment of which is now impossible, as by a new Law no more Novices are to be admitted into the Convents.¹

Her sister told me that she would never allow herself to be taught either to dance or to sing, in consequence of this whim. Presently we all assembled in the Chapel, where two of the Nuns sang (or rather screamed) a Duet, and another Sister gave us the Air of “Una voce poco fa,” with Portuguese words, accompanied upon the Pianoforte by the Organist of the Cathedral, and upon the Violoncello by a Nun! Several ladies then played waltzes, etc., to the evident delight of the Sisterhood, after which we all adjourned into a large room where a liberal supply of wine, cakes, preserves, fruits and sweets were handed round by the Nuns, who looked so happy to receive their friends. The Bishop was there wearing a large Spanish Cloak and a black Skull-Cap, and carrying a large gold-headed cane in his hand; he was very polite, and begged to know “why I did not go more to his Turret to draw.” Some of the Portuguese proposed a Quadrille, which as it was Sunday I did not think would be approved of in a Convent, so I asked the Bishop “if they were really going to dance?” He smiled and replied, “Si vous voulez, Madame; ce n’est pas défendu.”

A Quadrille was accordingly formed and danced to the music of an old Pianoforte, the Nuns standing by and gazing at the novel scene with curious and interested faces. In truth it was a strange scene to witness in a Convent—within cloistered walls! About eight o’Clock the Governor and his Suite departed and the rest of the company soon followed his example. This Nunnery of the Encarnação was built and endowed by a private individual, and like that of Santa Clara has estates

¹ *Vide* Notes on Madeira, p. xl.

adequate to its support ; the celebrated Ravine of the “Curral das Freiras ” belongs to the latter. Every Nun pays 800 dollars upon admission into Santa Clara.

7th.—A large Ball at Mr. Webster Gordon’s ; some of the higher classes of Portuguese are generally invited by Residents to their Evening parties, but on the whole there is not much intercourse between the natives and the English, which is unfortunate, as a contrary system would probably create a pleasanter feeling towards us generally than at present exists among the Madeirans, who are extremely jealous of our superiority. A little civility occasionally costs people nothing, and is much valued by the Portuguese, who are themselves scrupulously polite and obliging. Mrs. Gordon told me of a trifling act of kindness performed by several Ladies to herself, which exhibited more consideration and friendliness than one usually meets with in this selfish world. One of her children was very ill and had Leeches applied to his head : none were to be bought in the town, but Mrs. Gordon received some from three or four *stranger* Ladies who, having heard of her distress, came to the rescue ; and when thanked for the attention remarked that “ it was only what one kind Mother *would* have done for another.” In a similar spirit of good-natured kindness Mrs. Gordon has several times received presents of plants from persons whom she never saw, but who had understood that she was fond of flowers. I have heard of several other cases of unsolicited kindness to different individuals, who have sometimes not even known the name of the persons to whom they were under obligation. The Portuguese, though very polite to the fair sex generally, make no scruple about beating their wives, and till within the last few years it was no uncommon thing for a gentleman to lock up his daughters in a room if they were troublesome ! The Ladies grow old very early, and I have seen women under twenty who looked forty, whilst those of forty might easily

be supposed to be sixty. If they ever possess any beauty they usually lose it before five and twenty, and speedily become coarse, stout, and slovenly, which is little to be wondered at, as they seldom move out of the house, except to attend Mass or pay a few visits in a Palanquin. They have, as a rule, a profusion of perfectly black hair, and often good dark eyes, but then they want expression so much that they all look alike to me, and in glancing round the walls of a Ballroom (where the *Senhoras* sit in prim state till they are asked to dance), one might fancy, from their faces, that they were all thinking of the same identical subject, so little variety of expression is there in their dark visages. I cannot but think that the want of mental cultivation must be the cause of this uninteresting similarity.

9th.—We were invited to-day by Mrs. Penfold to join in celebrating the birth of an heiress to the Marquis de Torrebella, a Portuguese nobleman who has a large estate here, and of whom Mrs. Penfold rents her Cottage at Alegria, the opposite ravine to the Mount. The Marquis wrote to Mrs. Penfold to announce the birth of the child and to request that a Mass might be said for the infant at the tiny Chapel below the Cottage. What a pretty spot it is ! The little house stands in the midst of a Chestnut Wood under which grow the beautiful *Bella Donna Lily* and the pink *Oxalis* in great profusion.

At Midday a party of Masqueraders arrived from the town and danced and played and sang for our amusement till Dinner. They were dressed as country men and women, with very grotesque masks ; they danced several National Dances with great spirit, and sang songs, composing words as they sang. The subject of one of these effusions was the expression of their delight at seeing the “*Senhora Penfold and the Meninas*” (Children, or rather young Ladies) at the Alegria once more. The Peasants are very fond of this sort of Improvisatore

singing, and during the Vintage, when large parties of them come from the country laden with wine in skins, they beguile the tediousness of the journey by singing in this manner, each man composing a verse which is often at the expense of the passengers they meet, or any other subject presented to them at the instant. The Masquerade had almost picturesque effect in the Chestnut wood and would have painted admirably. All the neighbouring country people were assembled to see the Fête and stood in groups, some even climbing the trees to obtain a better view of the sport which seemed to afford infinite pleasure. One of the Maskers struck us all by his extreme beauty, of the regular and uncommon kind; Murillo would have painted him gloriously. I have rarely seen such deeply expressive eyes, nor so finely formed a nose and mouth, but the general expression of the countenance was unpleasant. They all unmasked in the course of the morning, but I saw no features to equal those of the bandit-looking young "Antonio," who was about fifteen years of age. After we had dined the whole company of Maskers gathered in the Dining-room, and partook of Soup, cold Beef, Rice and Milho, devouring immense quantities. Meanwhile we sallied forth upon another ramble to the little waterfall, a trifling affair, which the people say is haunted by "Feiticeiras," or Fairies. They affirm that these invisible beings frequently lead unwary mortals astray into brakes and briars, and tear their clothes.

Some years ago a woman cutting grass upon the mountain fell over the cliffs and was killed:—the Peasants insist that it was by the Fairies! who always call out three times to anybody near the Fall, and if they do not retire at the third warning the "Little People" seize the unfortunate person and fling him over the cliff into the Ribeira beneath! The Portuguese are very superstitious, and believe in the existence of Witches, against whose influence they frequently wear



THE RAVINE OF THE FAIRES, MADEIRA.
From a pencil drawing by Fanny Anne Wood, May, 1839.

charms fastened round their necks, which they purchase from an old woman. These charms are generally made of leather, and are believed to be safeguards from the power of Witches and the "Evil Eye." A Lady told me the other day that she had a Servant with a singular dislike to eating Mutton, because he said that it was fed upon Fleas! When they are making bread they always mark the sign of the Cross upon the Leaven before putting it into the Oven, to prevent the Fairies or Witches *dancing* upon it, and rendering the bread heavy!

The Maskers gave us another dance and then left. After tea the fireworks commenced and had an extremely pretty effect among the trees. The front of the Chapel was lighted up with a number of little clay lamps filled with oil; then bonfires were kindled in various directions round the Cottage. We left about seven o'Clock; and as we rode our horses slowly away towards Funchal, looking back the illuminations seemed beautiful, and were visible for a long time among the Mountains, which by their height and gloom considerably increased the effect. This was an uncommonly happy day.

The great Earthquake of Lisbon in 1755 was distinctly felt in Madeira. After the shock in 1816 the pendulum of a Clock was observed to vibrate for forty days.

17th.—Margaret and I sailed with some other ladies in the "Wave," a six-oared boat belonging to the Club of young men; she was built under Capt. Ormston's directions and sent out from England. Her crew consists of eight gentlemen, who are very good rowers. We sailed to the Praza Formosa, passing Ponte da Cruz, and rowed home in about an hour and a half.

One of the *agréments* of Madeira, to me at least, is that I am spared listening to wearying and endless discussions upon such topics as Parliamentary Reform, Tithes, the Corn Laws, the state of Ireland, the Poor

Laws, and Mr. O'Connell ! Here one hears so little of English politics, and news is so old when Newspapers reach us that nothing save such joyful intelligence as the Falmouth Packet brought to-day—namely, that the odious Melbourne Ministry has resigned—could interest one much.

20th.—The first ecclesiastics who came to Madeira (I am informed by Mr. Temple) were Franciscan Friars ; they landed at Porto Santo at a spot still called “Porto dos Frades,” and were there found by João Gonsalvez Zargo when he discovered Madeira in 1419. Zargo carried the Friars with him when he sailed over to Madeira, and one of them blessed the water at Machico, and with it (*abenção*) consecrated the two islands ; he said the first Mass over the grave of Robert à Machim and Anna d'Arfet, on July 2nd, 1419. (The Cappello da Misericordia now stands on the site of the Lovers' grave.)

Zargo founded Funchal (so-called from the vast quantities of the herb Fennel, which then grew on the spot) in 1427.

23rd.—Breakfasted on board the “Florence,” which is now lying in the Roads. Whilst we were on board a poor dying consumptive patient was rowed to the side of the vessel, and sent up her servant to beg for a little English biscuit and cheese, as she said they reminded her of Home, and tasted better than any she could purchase in Funchal ! The poor invalid was so ill that she could scarcely speak above a whisper, and was laid at the bottom of the boat supported by cushions and pillows. Captain Davis said that she comes every day to the Ship's side, to beg thus. She is the wife of a Clergyman from Yorkshire, and he has brought her here to *die*, leaving a large family in England ;—this is, alas ! an everyday case in Madeira. At a large evening party to-night at the Açhada (given in honour of the Governor and his Lady), there were, among the profusion of lovely flowers ornamenting the dancing-room, no less than

seventy-three different species of Geraniums ! (Mrs. Penfold told me this.)

25th.—We went out in the “Wave” to take leave of our friends on the “Florence,” which sailed to-day.

We landed on the rocks, and clambered up to a small cave in the cliff, in which four of us, myself included, danced a Quadrille ; there was not space to allow more persons to perform the freak, so the remainder of the Party acted as a Band of Musicians, and whistled for us.

About nine o’Clock we re-entered the Boat and rowed home by the moonlight, which was so strong that I could distinctly see the stones, etc., at the bottom of the sea. We enjoyed ourselves exceedingly.

27th.—A very agreeable Ball at Mr. Burden’s. He has wonderful discrimination in inviting all the pretty Portuguese Belles, and in not asking so many fat, unhealthy and cumbrous old Ladies, as one is generally doomed to meet at a large Party where English and Madeirans are mingled. I have not seen so many pretty women gathered together since I left the shores of my own land.

30th.—We went to see the “Corpus Christi” Procession pass through the town from Mr. Selby’s windows. In the palmy days of Roman Catholicism this was, I am told, a much more imposing sight than it is at present. Then men were dressed in armour, and mounted on horseback to represent St. George and his attendant Knights, who (according to a tradition) were returning from the Holy Land, and, meeting a number of Priests carrying the Host, or Sacrament, turned back and joined the Procession ;—this part of the ceremony is now abolished. The spectacle was, however, a very imposing one, as it wound slowly down the street under the windows. First came the different Brotherhoods, composed of persons chosen out of every parish whose duty it is to attend processions, accompany the Host when carried to dying persons, etc., etc. They

wore silk cloaks, the colour of which varied greatly according to the parish ; some being white, others red, blue, etc. One of these Brotherhoods, or Fraternities, is called that of "Imdos do Santmo Sacramento," or "Brothers of the Blessed Sacrament" ; on these devolve all the expenses connected with the Altar and its furnishing ; on this account they are generally chosen from the higher classes. The "Irmaos da Misericordia" attend all funerals ; from that reason their cloaks are brown. One of the Brothers out of every such Community carried the silver Crucifixes belonging to his parish (some of these were massive and handsome), whilst two others walked by his side holding silver candlesticks ; then followed from fourteen to twenty or thirty brethren and their Crucifix, and these were in their turn followed by a train of silk-cloaked Brothers, each holding a lighted taper in his hand. Then the Priests, fully robed, and a number of young clerical Students in black gowns and lace caps. Many of the priests were like fat, jolly, good-humoured Aldermen, with portly figures. The Vicario, in robes of ceremony and bareheaded, bore the Host in a splendid vessel of gold ornamented with precious stones ; the Members of the Camera were there in their black cloth cloaks, white ruffles and knee breeches, and troops, marching bareheaded, brought up the rear. The Military Band played the whole time the procession was passing, and soldiers lined the streets, which were filled with a perfectly orderly crowd of spectators.

Baby is very fond of going into the "Cantidal" (as she calls it), and hearing "the old men (as she calls the Canons) sing" ; she clasps her hands together and imitates them, trying to chaunt like them.

This month there have been twenty days without rain, but the weather during May is usually cloudy in Madeira, and the mists come very low on the mountains, the tops of which are often visible whilst heavy clouds lie far below. The hedges are gay with the blossom of the

lovely Pomegranate, and in ravines and cliffs by the sea the Myrtle flourishes, specially on the northern side of the Island. And it is quite the season of Roses, so the gardens are in extraordinary beauty.

June, 1839

A party of us went by sea to Canical, Canisso, and Machico. We landed upon the rocks at Canisso and, climbing up them, walked, by a bad, stony road, to the house of a Portuguese gentleman who has a plantation of Cochineal Insecta in the grounds of his Quinta.

Madeira is singularly free, for so warm a climate, from noxious creatures, having no snakes or reptiles, and only one poisonous insect, a very rare species of Black Spider which is occasionally found in the Serra. But in this neighbourhood there is a very minute red insect, common upon the weeds, which, I was told, is the "Alfora" (a creature rather like the "Chiga" or "Jigger" of the West Indies), the bite of which is peculiarly bad, producing great irritation and violent swelling almost as large as one's fist. (Dr. Renton is my authority.) The "Carapata" is another venomous little thing, common among the wheat and grass; it looks like a tiny *Crab*, and inserts its minute claws so firmly in the flesh that I have once or twice found difficulty in taking them off my arms, upon which they had fixed, occasioning considerable irritation; if the smallest portion of the Carapata is left in the skin it causes pain and itching. The fleas are the most serious annoyance of the climate, and it is scarcely possible to keep them under; they swarm in the Streets, in the Stores, and in houses which have been for some time untenanted. Mosquitoes are very troublesome too in the autumn, particularly in places near water. Cockroaches, a small kind of black Ant, and Centipedes are common in the houses. The Death's Head Moth is not a rare insect here, and a pretty

and large species of Sphinx is fond of hovering about the *Datura* flowers.

Many years ago, when a Leste wind was blowing, a flight of Locusts visited Madeira, blown over from Africa. A gentleman described them to me as looking like a cloud in the sky ; when he saw it descend to the earth, he fancied that it was a flock of small birds, but upon looking from the Turret he perceived many of them alighting upon the tops of the houses, and then descend, and he discovered what they were. The Peasants and the children immediately commenced destroying the unwelcome visitors, who were fortunately too much exhausted to do much mischief, and rain coming on soon after, in the course of three days not one Locust was to be procured, though Mr. Phelps offered a dollar for a single specimen. Another small flight of these insects came to the island in February 1833, but did no mischief and were soon exterminated ; they were very numerous about Camacha ; the weather had been extremely hot, and the wind (as before) Leste. The worst wind of this description remembered here for many years, was when Napoleon Buonaparte was off the Island on his way to St. Helena ; it blew so hard and the surf ran so high, that it was with difficulty that any boats could land upon the beach.

We reached the Quinta of the Cochineal speculator (after a hot, tiring walk), and received a hearty welcome from him ; he escorted us down to his plantation, which is of the common Prickly Pear ; this is not the species used in Mexico for feeding the insect, but appears to answer equally well. The original stock of Cochineal grubs were brought from Teneriffe by this Portuguese gentleman, who seems to think the speculation likely to succeed, as he expects to gather thirty pounds weight of Cochineal this season, and is now able to obtain four crops annually. The plants were covered with little coarse muslin bags, in which the eggs

are placed, to protect them from rain and wind ; in a short time a minute red insect comes forth and runs all over the leaves for a day or two, when it fixes upon a spot where it remains till it has attained its full size, not having the power to move once it has fixed itself to a leaf. As it grows older it becomes of an ashen gray colour and is covered with a kind of white downy substance, in which state it looks like the American blight so common in England upon Apple trees. The process of preparing the Cochineal for sale seems very simple ; when it has reached the proper size, the grubs are carefully collected into an earthen glazed vessel, and then into a moderately warm oven, which kills them instantly and preserves them afterwards. The operation of drying them in the sun lasts a month, after which they are ready for exportation ; the best mode of packing the Cochineal is in bladders.

The Senhor showed us some boxes of dried insects, and gave me two or three as specimens. When we had heard the whole history of the Cochineal our host led us into the house and introduced us to his two daughters, one a young woman, the other a child of seven years old. Then a "piccolo" Pianoforte was brought in, and the little girl was desired to perform to us, which she did with such inimitable gravity and self-possession that the exhibition is evidently an everyday occurrence. The "menina" (child) played astonishingly well for her age, keeping excellent time ; after playing two pieces alone and one with her sister, she sang a Portuguese "Modinha," so execrably—her voice being nasal and out of tune—that I inwardly rejoiced when it was ended.

The Portuguese are fond of displaying the accomplishments of their children to strangers, and sometimes show you vile drawings and appeal to you to know if they are not "minto bointo."

Having taken leave of the young musician and her father we rejoined the Boatmen at a small Beach called

the "Reis Magnaes" (Magi, or Three Kings), but I could not learn what tradition had given rise to this name. The heat was intense, so we all sat on the rocks and regaled ourselves with cake and wine before setting out for Machio, where, after a time, we landed (the scene of the legend of Robert à Machim and Anna d'Arfet).¹

We found a guide and walked up through the village to the Chapel, built upon the site of Machim's grave, according to tradition; it is called the "Cappella da Misericordia." It is no longer used in consequence of the river flooding it every winter; the image of Nossa Senhora which stood above the Altar has been removed to the Church. On the wall was a small glazed frame containing a relic of the Cedar Cross erected over Machim's grave; a few lines in English and Portuguese inform all visitors that it was put up by "Robert Page, Esqre., Knight of the Tower and Sword, in 1825." This gentleman was a Madeira Merchant, and was very munificent in building Fountains, Seats, Houses, for Travellers, etc.; he applied to the Portuguese Government to knight him as a reward for these services to the Island, and upon being refused, I am told that he *purchased* the power of adding "Knight of the Tower and Sword" after his name: an honour which he never failed to make as public as possible, by putting his coat of arms into and upon everything, with his name beneath.

The town of Machico is the dullest and most uninteresting that I have seen in Madeira, and the population the most squalid, dirty and disgusting-looking race of people I ever beheld. We were all glad when we left this uncommonly wretched town, which, if I lived twenty years in Madeira, nothing would ever tempt me to revisit, except sheer necessity.

We observed the vast number of curious fish, called "Portuguese Men of War," sailing upon the sea and

¹ *Vide* Notes on Madeira, pp. xxxv.-xxxvi.

displaying a variety of beautiful shades of violet and lilac upon their bladder-like bodies. A Boatman caught one and we then saw that the fish has several long purple feelers, several yards in length, hanging underneath the body, which are said, if touched, to produce great pain and inconvenience, as if from the shock of a Torpedo or Electric Ray. We landed on the rocks at Canical and, sheltering from the burning glare and heat beneath the cliffs, we dined.

At five o'Clock we re-entered the Boat, and rowed home, arriving about 8.15. The city was all *en fête*, for it was the Anniversary of the surrender of the Island to the present Government. The Madeirans usually retire very early—often scarcely a light is to be seen after 9.30 p.m.—and there is a story current of a ship having actually passed Funchal in the night believing it to be some small village, instead of a large city containing 25,000 inhabitants. We walked to the house of the American Consul, Mr. Burden, which commanded a capital view of the Illuminations and Fireworks. The Praça was crowded with people, and the delight of these thousands of the lower classes was great, for it was a lovely spectacle, the lights shining through the trees giving a beautiful effect. The people here are the most orderly, quiet creatures imaginable, when in crowds; drunkenness is very rare, considering the low price of wine and its great abundance. They are a happy, light-hearted race, easily pleased and always merry and gay; in the evening they often amuse themselves with their Guitars (Violas) and Machettes, upon which they frequently perform well. On such days as this—Festas—the countrymen go about in parties, dancing, singing and playing to the music of these little instruments, of which they are so fond. I have not heard a single good natural voice among the Portuguese, who invariably sing with a nasal twang, most distressing to anyone unaccustomed to such sounds; the higher classes very

generally perform upon the Pianoforte, but the enormous duties levied upon that instrument if of foreign manufacture prevents their ever having any save an indifferent instrument.

I found very few shells to-day upon the Beach at Canical, the sea having been so calm lately. Since last I went there I have learnt from Mr. Lowe that I have the honour of being the First Discoverer of the "Paper Nautilus" upon the shores of Madeira; though it has occasionally been found on the sandy Beach of Porto Santo. When Mr. Lowe published his book upon the Conchology of Madeira, some years ago, he was only able to give the Argonauta in his list as a native of that island; since I discovered my specimen, another has been picked up by a Fisherman on the Praça Formosa to the westward; it is singular that two should have been found thus in one summer, and Mr. Lowe has been here thirteen years, and though a most distinguished Conchologist, has never been fortunate enough to meet with a single specimen.

9th.—To-day at the house of a Mr. Welsh (a Merchant who married a Daughter of one of the oldest Portuguese families in Madeira) we saw a large party of Masqueraders, private ones and all people of great respectability; some of them were very handsomely attired in fancy Turkish Costumes. There were about fifty of them and they performed a Turkish Dance with great spirit and correctness; the dress of the "Grand Sultan" cost 100 Dollars (twenty guineas), and being of velvet covered with spangles and gold lace, had an extremely showy effect and looked very rich by evening light, for the Dance took place after we had dined. A party of English Officers from the Brig "Curlew," which arrived yesterday, came in and joined the party, and a Band of masked Musicians played the Dance music. Then the dancers unmasked, and one of the Midshipmen being exceedingly struck with the appearance of a girl of fifteen (in reality a boy called

Perestrello, dressed up in woman's gear), asked leave to dance with her, and got introduced, to the extreme entertainment of all in the secret. As he walked round the room with his supposed fair one we could hear him whispering sweet nothings in her ear, and asking if she was fond of waltzing, and other questions; the boy, having been to an English school, speaks English, and kept up the joke so well that for a long time the jovial Middy did not discover his mistake,—he had to bear a lot of quizzing.

The Maskers finally departed by Torch-light, followed by a crowd of idlers who had been watching; the gaily dressed and motley group, seen by the varying light of the torches, was very picturesque.

11th.—We went to a luncheon-party given by the Officers on board the "Curlew," Brig of War. When everybody had eaten and drunk to their heart's content the Decks were cleared and Dancing began, and continued until nearly dusk, with occasional interludes for eating ices (very agreeable, with the Thermometer at 110° in the Sun), and for walking up and down the deck. The "Tejo," Portuguese Brig of War, lent her Band for the occasion, and some of her Officers; and five more from a Danish Brig of War (bound to Santa Cruz, in the West Indies) joined our Party. The Commander of the "Curlew" (a Capt. Rose), we all agreed must be mad, for I never heard a man talk so much nonsense in the course of a few hours. His mania seemed to show itself chiefly in talking incessantly about his wife, "Mrs. Rose," who, from his account, I should conceive to be as arrant a termagant as ever was Catherine the Shrew. When requested to join the Quadrille he said that "he dared not, having promised Mrs. Rose not to dance, and he would not deceive her for the world." At the same time he was so fond of the amusement that he was dancing about the other end of the ship by himself, with his Telescope slung over his shoulder. He told

me in a very confidential tone that he was "so fond of Mrs. Rose and the dear children" I could not think "how much he loved Mrs. Rose!" He mentioned many prohibitions made by his wife, among which was an order never to sleep on shore. The Captain gave the young unmarried men of our party a lecture upon Matrimony, which was certainly enough to frighten any reasonable man from committing anything involving such dreadful consequences as total, abject submission to a woman's will, which he declared to be the inevitable consequence of any unlucky wight providing himself with a wife. He wound up by declaring emphatically that "it was in the power of any woman to govern her Husband so completely as to crush him under her foot, as easily as he could a bit of dirt," at the same time suiting the action to the word by stamping his foot upon the deck. One of the Officers told us a good story at the Captain's expense, which certainly proved that he loves himself even better than his dear "Mrs. Rose." For three years he lived on board a vessel stationed at Plymouth and his *cara sposa* with him. One evening in going ashore across a plank, placed between two ships, the lady fell into the water; her husband was standing on the deck, and allowed his adored wife to sink without making any effort to save her, and the woman would assuredly have been drowned, if one of the Officers had not jumped in and dragged her out. The first exclamation of the tender Husband to his half dead Spouse, when she was laid upon the deck, was—"My dear, where's your Watch? Is the gold repeater safe?"

He then took it off and carefully wiped away the salt water. When asked why he did not try to save his wife, he replied that "he had *turned it over* in his mind and had reflected that there was the probability of their both being drowned, and then the dear children would have such a sad existence, so he thought it better not to run the risk!" The portrait of the beloved Mrs. Rose

ornamented his cabin, and he asked Mrs. Stoddart for two Moss Rose buds to place on either side of it ; she advised him to procure artificial flowers, as they were so much more permanent ; he answered, with a sentimental air, that " he would have nothing artificial for Mrs. Rose." The man raved about the said Mrs. Rose to such an extent that he became insufferably tiresome, though it was amusing to hear him rhodomontade for a short time. The vessel is on her way to Sierra Leone, where the Captain has already been twice, and made a great deal of money ; he was an Officer in an inferior position, but having behaved very gallantly upon more than one occasion, was rewarded by a Lieutenant's Commission, and the command of a Ten-gun Brig.

The Officers showed us how guns are manned during action, and persuaded me to fire off the 32-pounder, which I did, much to the dismay and astonishment of poor Senhor Nuno, the Visit Officer (a notorious coward), who was returning from a Spanish Polacca (just arrived and lying in the direction of the shore) when it fell ; the noise of the report was perfectly stunning, standing close to the gun, and seemed to ring in my ears for many minutes afterwards. All the Officers appeared to have a conviction that they should fall sacrifices to the fearful climate of Sierra Leone. One vessel upon that horrible station lost, not long since, every soul on board, from the Captain to the Cabin boy, during the three years she was there. One young man had been there twice, for nine years ; fancying himself therefore quite hardened against the unhealthy nature of the climate he returned a third time, took the fever and died in the course of a few days, almost immediately upon his arrival.

The thermometer there often stands at 130°, and the only thing that keeps the men alive is to wear complete suits of Blanket up to the throat, which if even exposed to heavy rain always keeps them dry, by turning off the rain. It was melancholy in the midst of our gaiety and

mirth (for it was a very happy day) to hear all their sad forebodings that they should never see dear old England again ; and yet they were all gay and jolly, and seemed to enjoy this passing amusement with infinite zest and glee. In spite of a large awning over the deck, as well as flags to protect us from the sun, the heat was intense.

The beautiful Hoya, or Wax plant, is out now on a trellis of cane in the Valle garden ; it is quite a common plant in the Verandahs in the town. The brilliant flowers of the Knife Coral Tree, too, are to be admired, scarlet, and all growing at the extremity of the branches before the leaves come out. The Mangoe tree too is in full bloom.

23rd. St. John's Eve.—Almost as great a day as to-morrow with the Portuguese, kept with many old customs by the country people. Hundreds of men, women and children go down to the Beach at night and bathe in the sea in large parties ; they say that if they bathe on this night before the dawn and wash their faces in dew in the morning they will look fair and be without freckles for the remainder of the year !—to judge from the hue of their skins, few of them follow the prescription ! This evening the young people try their fortunes by writing three wishes upon three pieces of paper which are rolled up and thrown into a glass of water ; this is left outside the window all night, and in the morning whichever paper floats and opens, the wish noted upon it will be accomplished. Another mode is to break the white of an egg into a cup ; according to the form it takes, they draw different inferences ; thus, if it assumes the form of a ship, the Damsel is to espouse a Sailor. These people are remarkably superstitious, and entertain some very strange ideas ; they are persuaded that eating either Mulberries and Milk, or Yams and Milk together, produces Leprosy ! They believe in the influence of the “ Evil Eye ” firmly ; say that a Servant boy who was

lately so mismanaged by a Portuguese Doctor that he died, was "struck by the Evil Eye."

Of late whenever we have walked down from the Aghada at night we have seen always a wretched old woman cooking her Supper upon a few Embers in the streets ; she sleeps each night upon a door-step not far from the Santa Clara Convent, and is universally believed to be a Witch. Some of these old women are supposed to have the power of curing diseases by certain charms and spells. A cow belonging to Mrs. Ellicott fell ill, and one of these ancient crones practised on it the disenchantment for being struck by the Evil Eye, which consisted in making crosses on the animal's back with a bunch of Rosemary dipped in oil from Sant' Antonio's lamp, and muttering a string of strange words. The Cow happened to get well, and its recovery was attributed to this magic ! In the country the people place a bottle containing a little Holy Oil at the top of a Pig-stye to prevent a particular wind (which they assert makes the pigs run round and round till they die) blowing upon them.

24th.—We sat down to-day a party of fifty-eight to Breakfast in Mr. Bean's pretty grounds. Never perhaps was a happier or merrier company assembled. It does one good to see Mr. Bean enjoying the happiness of those around him ; one rarely meets with such hearty, genuine hospitality as that of himself and his still handsome wife. The generous old man is never so content as when he has all his friends about him ; his grand hobby is the improvement of this Quinta, which has a small stream running through it, and is charmingly planted. It stands to him in the place of children, and Mrs. Bean overheard him the other day, when he was walking up and down in the Shrubberies, murmur to himself—"A perfect Earthly Paradise."

After Dinner we all sallied forth into a large field where the hay was being cut, and we all amused ourselves

by tossing it ; some of the gentlemen were smothered with heaps of it being thrown over them. When tired of this sport we returned to the house to Tea, and we all rode back to the town in large divisions by Moonlight, having spent a most delightful day.

29th.—Mrs. Phelps invited me to Breakfast to-day, so I rode up to her Quinta in time for eight o’Clock, but learned to my dismay that she was not out of bed !—so I walked about the garden till the family were visible. Later, at Mrs. Ellicott’s Quinta, I saw a very fine Tea Plant (*Thea viridis*), and a great number of immense Hydrangeas, fifteen or twenty feet in height.

We dined with this lady and sat down twenty-three to Dinner at five o’Clock.

Mr. Phelps told me several anecdotes of Bowdich, the African Traveller, who came here some years ago. He described him as a little, ill-made man (deformed, I think), very fond of talking and of dancing Quadrilles, whilst his wife, whom he in a great measure educated, was constantly studying and writing. Upon one occasion he happened to tell him that they had been reading his book upon Ashantee ; he appeared charmed, and immediately launched forth upon the subject of his adventures, repeating the whole substance of his work !—he continued to discourse for three mortal hours, and fairly sent Dr. Heinneken (a German Physician, practising on the Island), present as a visitor, fast asleep.

July, 1839.

1st.—We are now busy in paying our farewell visits to all our kind friends in Madeira ; in the garden of the Val there is a beautiful shrub resembling the *Datura*, but it is called *Solandra Grandiflora* ; and now all the Oleanders (Rose Bays) are out in masses. At Mr. Stoddart’s the beautiful “Night blowing *Cereus*” is in bloom, as well as in some other gardens ; it opens

between nine and ten at night and closes with the morning ; its flower is very large and delicate yellowish-white, with a faint but pleasant perfume.

The Fowls, Ducks, and Turkeys are carried about alive upon long sticks with their heads downwards, by countrymen, who bring them round thus for sale. The Portuguese bread is sour, dark and bad ; it is often exposed for sale in the streets in large round Baskets, and one street is called " Rua do Paõ " (Bread Street). Everybody in Funchal buys Poultry alive and keeps in his own Yard for fattening. The common people send their Cocks and Hens into the streets with a piece of an old Shoe or Boot fastened to one leg to prevent the creatures straying from home. Yams are planted wherever there is a Water-course (Levada) ; they are much eaten by the poor. The plant is a very handsome one.

The weather has been very hot of late, but we have been most fortunate in escaping any violent Leste winds, which, as a rule, do blow in July and August.

We are making our final preparations for leaving this beautiful island, which Coleridge has so well named a " Gem of the Ocean." We shall bid adieu with sincere regret, and it will long be a favourite Day-dream of mine that some happy chance may again enable me to visit its hospitable shores.

We found the " Dart " crowded with men, women, and children, all come to take a last look at their friends who were sailing—as is the custom with the Islanders. We could have gladly dispensed with the presence of so many of them, for the day was still hot, and the bustle incident to a vessel's sailing is not diminished by the addition of a number of idlers.

When the Boatmen had, as usual, regaled themselves with Bread, Cheese, and *English* Porter, they went off to their respective boats to assist in raising the anchor, an operation which I watched with small satisfaction, for we were all sad and dispirited at leaving the dear

Island. At length the anchor was shipped, the sails unfurled, the last "Adieu" spoken, and the decks cleared. The "Wave Club" gave us three cheers from their Boat, which we returned, and then we stood out to sea. During the night we made such fair way that in the morning we found ourselves opposite Porto Santo. We did not go near the Desertas, which I regretted, as I wished to have a nearer view of those islands; they lie in a group and form part of the Madeiras.

Porto Santo¹ produces a poor bad Wine which is generally made into Brandy. The island is about six miles long and three broad; it is so hot that the vines, which are drawn over the sand, rather than

¹"With distresse of Weather the Barke sent for Discoverie by Prince Henry the Navigator, being driven into Seas out of the Mariners knowledge, happily encountred that Iland, which they hereupon named Porto Santo (*Porto*, for that it was their Haven, and *Santo*, for that it was found on the day of All Saints) . . . they returned home with the newes, and desire of licence to people it; so well did they like of the Ayre, Soyle, and gentle Condition of the Natives. The Prince accordingly sent three ships, two committed to John Consalvo Zarco, and Tristan Vaz . . . the third to Bartholomew Perestrello, who with Seeds and Plants carried thither Conies which did so strangely multiply . . . and they grew wearie of all their Labours thus destroyed by those Conies. . . . Perestrello returning, the other two would needs discover whether it were Land or no, which appeared unto them like Clouds or Vapours, and found it indeed the Iland of Madera, or Wood, so-called of the abundance of Wood which then over-shadowed it, and with the moist vapours had seemed to bury it in a cloud. They returning" (1420) "with this newes to the Prince, received by the Kings consent the same Iland, divided betwixt them; the one part, called Funciale, to Consalvo and his heires; the other, called Machico, to Vaz, . . . so named of an Englishman, called Macham, which had before arrived there by Tempest . . . the thicke Trees being by Consalvo set on fire, continued burning seven yeers: which destruction of Wood hath caused since as great want.

To Perestrello hee gave Porto Santo, on condition to people it, which hardly hee could doe for the Conies, whereof in one little Islet at one time were killed three thousand." (*Purchas his Pilgrimes*, vol. ii. pp. 14, 15.)

trained, ripen their fruit three weeks sooner than those in Madeira. The place looks sterile and uninviting, and the natives poor and miserable. In the centre is a kind of plain, upon which Wheat and Barley are grown. There is only one fountain of good water in the one small town ;—all the others are brackish. There is no Brushwood, and but few trees except a few Pines and Palms. Formerly it was celebrated for the Dragon Trees, but they have all been cut down ; Cordecyro, a writer of the period before they were cut down, says that they were “so large that Boats capable of holding six or seven men were made of the trunk, and the inhabitants fed their Pigs upon the fruit.”

Dr. Nicholl amuses us much by his oddity and long stories certainly worthy of Baron Munchausen himself. He says that on a former voyage to Madeira he saw the island at a distance of 130 miles ! Capt. Ormston, who has made the voyage fifty-eight times, could never discover it at more than seventy miles ;—so much for the worthy Doctor’s veracity !

16th.—It is very cold ; “cold enough to kill an Elephant,” Dr. Nicholl declares. He sits all day in his daughter’s Cabin to keep himself warm ; his poor wife is a great invalid, and must be always smothered in her berth, for he never allows her to breathe a breath of wind night or day, and both she and her daughter look like plants which have been kept in a Cellar without light. When his children were young he used to tie them up to the throat in flannel Bags before they went to bed. Dr. Nicholl is that Medical man who so unfortunately mismanaged the Smallpox case on board the “Dart” last year.

A Deal Pilot came on board this evening, and the Captain gave over to him the command of his ship, and at midnight we dropped anchor in the Margate Roads. The three lights upon the Goodwin Sands were all visible. The Pilot saw an East and a West Indiaman

both on the Sands at the same time, and both vessels were lost with their crews. "Ah, Madam," he said, "peoples' lives hang by a hair in this Channel!"

This man has been in the British Navy; he sailed with Lord Duncan in the "Venerable," which was wrecked off Roundham Head, afterwards, in Torbay, by breaking from her anchors. He went with the expedition to Walcheren¹ in 1808, when he saw fifteen hundred sail in the Downs at one time! He spoke of Steam-Ships with extreme disgust, and said that the first time he saw a Steamer he supposed it to be a ship on fire.

A sorry welcome dear old England gives us, for to-day—26th—is a wretched one of rain and fog. Everything looks flat, tame and dull, and so ugly, after the blue waters of the Atlantic, the bright skies and glorious mountains of Madeira, for which my eyes long. Instead this cloudy grey atmosphere and the muddy banks of the Thames!

We reached Gravesend in the evening, the rain descending in torrents. And when we were all safe in bed everyone was roused by the vessel being struck three times with great violence by a large Hamburg Steam-Boat which was coming down the river with so much speed, that either from ignorance or carelessness her Captain did not alter his course; he must have seen us, for the Moon was shining brightly and the rain had

¹ In the summer of 1809 a force of 40,000 English soldiers and thirty-seven sail of the line was sent against Antwerp in order to divert Napoleon's armies in Austria. The command was given to a most incompetent leader, Pitt's elder brother, the Earl of Chatham, and to Rear-Admiral Sir Richard Strachan. Time was lost in reducing Flushing, so that the enemy threw 40,000 men into Antwerp. The scheme was abandoned, though 16,000 men were left in the unhealthy island of Walcheren, where fever and ague seized on them. After the Treaty of Schönbrunn was signed Walcheren was evacuated. The Expedition was said to have cost twenty millions!

cleared off. An awful volley of oaths from the Captain, Sailors and Pilot did not tend to quiet the fears of the poor startled mortals in the Cabins, and when I heard the Pilot exclaim, "Half an inch more and they will send us to the bottom of the river," I certainly felt very much inclined to run up on deck and see for myself. Fortunately the Steamer struck us upon the head of the Vessel; had she done so midships, we must have inevitably been run down, from the immense size of the Steam-Boat and the speed at which she was running. Between one and two in the morning we got safely into the London Docks, having been forced to wait for the tide.

27th.—The vexations and annoyances of the Custom-house are so insufferable that if we made fifty voyages, nothing would ever again tempt any of us to come up to the London Docks. We took leave of our fellow-passengers, and of our worthy Captain, who has won all our hearts, and left the ship in a heavy thunderstorm, and drove down to Mr. Collins's at Maize Hill, Greenwich, reaching there about one o'Clock. Everything in London looked as dirty, miserable and uninteresting as can well be imagined! What a contrast to the bright, sunny little Island we had so lately left! But—dear old England! with all thy faults, I love thee still!

RETURN TO ENGLAND

· *September, 1839.*

Went down to Ramsgate and remained there until the 16th of October, when Baby and I went to Sible Hedingham, upon a visit to Papa at his new living in Essex. The Colonel remained at Ramsgate with Margaret and her brother Henry till November, when they all came up to Lee, where we had taken a house for the winter; Baby and I joining them there in early January,—we had been so happy at Sible Hedingham for two months.

My dear brother Charles¹ was married on February 4th, when all the party at the Rectory came up to attend the wedding; it had had to be postponed for a month on account of the death of my Aunt (Madame d'Arblay). The wedding took place at Lewisham Church, Kent, and Mr. Warner gave a Ball afterwards in celebration of his daughter's marriage.

On 10th inst. Queen Victoria was married to Prince Albert.

April, 1840.

The nine months we have been in England have not reconciled me to the climate. It felt most cheerless to us, and sometimes quite miserable, after so recently leaving such a fine climate as Madeira.

Last week the great Walnut Tree in our dear old garden at Greenwich (Croom's Hill), under which I spent so

¹ *Vide* note to entry in Diary of June 15th, 1836, p. 92.



ARCHDEACON BURNEY'S GARDEN TERRACE
at Croom's Hill, Greenwich.

From a wash drawing by Fanny Anne Wood.

many happy hours of my childhood, was cut down ; how many happy memories of bygone times and lost friends are connected in my mind with that old tree. It was the finest in the Parish, and worthy of a better fate than to give place to a number of little brick shops and houses, to be ycleped " Burney Street." ¹

The modern mania is *speculation*,² which passes current under the more specious name of *improvement*, and if this same spirit of Improvement progresses at the same rate for the next fifty years, the country will be covered with half-finished Railroads, deserted houses, and half-built streets ; while he will be a happy man who can boast of residing in the house which was inhabited by his Grandfather !

Since my return to this neighbourhood, I have been much struck by the great changes that have taken place in it, from the time I left it, five years ago ;—many whom I knew are dead, others married, or removed ;

¹ *Vide* entry in Journal of Feb. 24th, 1838, and note to that of August 8th, 1835, pp. 131 and 61

² Sir Archibald Alison says that the Railway Mania, which raged so furiously during the years 1844 and 1845, created " a rage for shares," and that " the few fortunate speculators who held them soon made large fortunes by selling out at enormous prices." " The passion for gain seized upon all classes, pervaded both sexes, and swept away all understandings. The few who ventured to withstand the torrent were ridiculed as alarmists. . . . Everyone concerned, however remotely, to form the network which was to overspread the country, was now worked to death. Nothing could resist the universal mania. As the 30th of November, the last day for lodging plans with the Board of Trade, approached, the pressure and excitement became unparalleled. On the evening of the closing day the doors of the Board of Trade were besieged by a clamorous crowd. . . as at the pit doors of the Opera when a popular actress is to perform ; above six hundred plans were thrust in before the doors closed at midnight. From the extravagant speculations and unbounded gains and losses of those years may be dated a great change, and one materially for the worse, in the mercantile character of the country." (Alison's *History of Europe*. Blackwood, Edinburgh.)

the oldest houses are either pulled down, or have passed into other hands, in whom I have no interest. Then the people themselves seem, in many instances, to have jumped at once from middle life to old age; and I see grey hairs upon brows where I never noticed them before; and limbs have grown feeble, faces wrinkled, steps less elastic, spirits less gay and buoyant;—in short, many of my acquaintances seem to have aged by magic. Doubtless we are as much changed in their eyes, though we know it not. If by any power of second sight the Belle of twenty could, for a few minutes, see her glass reflect her face as it will look at sixty, how would she start! The other day I met with a passage in one of Mrs. Hall's works, which exactly describes the alterations I have noted that the last few years have made in those now around me:—"The change which time writes upon every countenance, so little observed by those we meet day after day, is painful to witness when you have been long away, and (forgetful of the lapse of years) expect to see the same eyes, the same smiles,—to hear the same voices, and almost the same words. We are disappointed. The eyes are dimmed, the smiles seem stern and heavy; the voices have lost their buoyancy of tone, the welcomes are careless,—you are either forgotten or new people have created new interests."

May 9th.—Went with Mrs. Sneyd to see Mme. Vestris and her husband, Charles Mathews, perform in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," which was really exceedingly well acted. The principal attraction of the evening was certainly the acting of this highly gifted woman, whose moral qualities are as low, I fear, as her talents and personal beauty are remarkable.¹

¹ It is fair to remember that much was laid to Mme. Vestris's door which she was innocent of; it being the custom of one type of publication in those days to write very scurrilously about actors, artists, and others before the public; so that a good many of the stories current about her may be discounted.

An Italian daily paper recently wrote as follows: "Gaetano

Though now fifty-five, I could scarcely believe that she had numbered more than thirty summers, when I looked at her round figure, brilliant eyes, and apparently smooth, juvenile complexion : this air of youthfulness is, however, I am told, the result of the most consummate art and skill, and her skin is said to be covered with a thick coat of enamel, which at night looks dazzlingly fair ! Last year when she was obliged to submit her accounts to her creditors, one of the items was £150 for *enamelling her face for one twelvemonth* !

May 14th.—My Husband has taken a house upon Blackheath for three years and we are now removing to it.

We drove to see the Panorama of Versailles, which is well painted ; the exhibitor told me that some of the figures, which did not look less than six feet in height, were not more than twelve inches in reality. Panorama painting was commenced about sixty years ago, by a Mr. Barber ; the idea was suggested to his mind accidentally one day upon the Calton Hill, Edinburgh, where he was making a sketch, and, a shower coming on, he put up his umbrella, and was then struck with the effect. This man was so poor that he was obliged to borrow from a friend to pay for the colours to paint his first Panorama ; from the proceeds of the exhibiting of

Baldassare Apollo Vestri, or Vestris, had four brothers and one son, all dancers. He made his début at the Opera (in Paris) in 1748 ; he was an innovator in that he danced without mask or wig. He could neither read nor write, but was yet counted among the famous men of the time. It was he who said : ‘I, Voltaire, and the King of Prussia.’ But he was not ‘le Dieu de la danse,’ that was the name by which he decreed that his son should be known ; his ‘Augustus,’ of whom he was inordinately proud, saying : ‘My son is cleverer than I am ; and it is not to be wondered at, for he has the advantage to have me for his father.’”

It is said that in 1781 Lord Nugent proposed that an adjournment should be made in the English Parliament on an occasion when Vestris II. was to dance in London, although Burke was to make an important speech !

which he paid his debt. He then advertised for a loan of £10,000, built the building in London (Leicester Square) in which the Panoramas are now shown, and finally retired with a fortune of about £150,000; by the picture (Panorama) of Waterloo alone he is said to have made £40,000.

The old Panoramas are always painted out after a certain time, and new subjects drawn on the canvas afterwards; it is not found that the exhibition of them in the provincial towns ever answers; and even here in London, he told me that he did not think upon an average that twelve mechanics a day ever entered the building, with the sole exception of the period when the Panorama of Waterloo was open to the public. That was a *national* subject, and was sure to interest all ranks, and "there was plenty of fighting and bustle in it, which the lower classes always like." When the fine painting of the Coliseum¹ was on view, he heard several parties regretting that "a few Lions and Tigers had not been added, in the act of tearing to pieces the Gladiators and Captives in the Arena!" This vulgar appetite for bloody fights always strikes me as perfectly incomprehensible; I suppose the same feeling induced people to go and see a criminal hanged, or to go (as thousands are now doing) to poor Lord William Russell's house² to examine the spot where a murder has been committed.

From Leicester Square we drove to the National Gallery to view the exhibition of pictures by the Royal Academy, for toiling through which one is always repaid by a violent nervous headache. There are some very clever pictures by Wilkie, Roberts, and Stanfield,

¹ "The Coliseum is a new wonder of Art, lately sprung up in the Regent's Park." (From "Letters from London" in the *Ladies' Museum* for the year MDCCCXXIX, published by James Robins & Co., Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row, London, in 2 vols. Letter for Winter, 1829.)

² *Vide* p. 326; entry for May 23, 1841.

and several *speaking* Dogs of Landseer's,—that Prince of canine painters ; but take it all in all I never saw a more extensive collection of bad and indifferent specimens of art !

Papa told me to-day that he remembered hearing his Grandfather¹ say, that he knew a General Ogilthorpe, who used to boast of having *shot snipes* upon the ground now occupied by Berkeley Square and its adjacent streets, and he said that Mayfair was so called from being built upon a great open space upon which a Fair was annually held in the month of May.

May 22nd.—I have spent a week very quietly with my old Uncle Adam Young,² in his pretty cottage, which is one of the few houses in the neighbourhood of Greenwich which has remained unchanged since my early days, when my Sisters and myself were wont to accompany Papa and Mama during the summer months in frequent visits to “ Vanbrugh Fields ” on fine sunny evenings. How we all enjoyed a visit to the Poultry yard, or permission to gather fruit in the nicely kept, trim, old-fashioned Garden ; those were happy days ! Since my Aunt's death everything in the house seems to have been left in the same spot that it occupied seven years ago ; and when I first entered the Drawing-room I almost expected to see her sitting on the Sofa, in her accustomed green Velvet Mantle, for the very chairs, tables, screens, and china all looked exactly as they used to do in her lifetime !

The garden has not been altered ;—the long, well-shaded Filbert Walk, the closely-shaven Lawn, the old Medlar tree, the gay borders, all seem unchanged.

The room I occupied was added to the house by my Uncle, and ever since it has been built, every Autumn swarms of millions of young Flies issue (apparently

¹ Dr. Charles Burney, Mus. Doc., the father of Fanny (Madame d'Arblay).

² Mrs. Wood's uncle on the maternal side.

from the shutters) upon the windows of this room, and for four or five days cover the glass in countless myriads. Probably they would spread to other parts of the house if the Servants were not careful to destroy them by putting flannel dipped in boiling water upon the windows, and thus getting rid of them;—they have to be swept away in thousands!

The most singular circumstance respecting this annual Egyptian Plague is that there are three other rooms in the house the windows of which have the same aspect, but in none of them have these insects ever appeared.

May 29th.—To-day at a Meeting, or rather a Public Examination of the “Central National School,” Westminster (to which I went with Mama), the venerable Archbishop of Canterbury¹—who was in the chair—made, as usual, a laboured, dull speech; the noble-looking Apb. of Armagh² and several English Bishops also spoke at some length upon the subject of the National Education; but the most powerful and eloquent speech was made by Mr. Manning.³

28th.—Baby and I went to our new house. We went with a large party to Signor Benedict's⁴ Morning Concert

¹ Archbishop William Howley, 1828-48, translated from See of London.

² Lord John Beresford, third son of the first Marquis of Waterford, born 1773, died 1862, in the 88th year of his age and the 57th of his Episcopate. He was successively Bishop of Cork and Ross, Raphoe, Clogher, and was translated from the Archbishopric of Dublin to that of Armagh in 1822.

“His Grace's expenses on objects of charity, religion and literature amounted to £280,600.” (*Historical Memoirs of the City of Armagh*, by James Stuart (1900). Dublin: Browne & Nolan.)

³ Manning, at this time, took a leading part in the movement for Church Education, which ended in the establishment of Diocesan Boards all over the country. He was presented to the Archdeaconry of Chichester in 1840.

⁴ Julius Benedict, then a young man, had settled in London in 1836; producing several operas, and becoming distinguished as a pianist and conductor. He conducted numerous concerts, and

at the Opera House, the Concert Room of which was so crowded that many people could scarcely find standing room; 1300 Tickets having been taken at the door! The heat was overpowering, and the crowd of persons so great, that when the doors opened, the rush for places was so violent that I was completely carried off my feet; several ladies had their dresses torn and trampled on badly, and on all sides resounded shouts of "Shame, Shame," and "Pray don't push"; and "I shall faint"; "Pray go on"; whilst delicate pretty women seemed to elbow, knock, push and rush with as much determination and vigour as could be displayed by the veriest *bourgeoise* in the Gallery of a Theatre!

The Concert, though very good, scarcely repaid one for all the annoyances of that *forcible* entrance into a room in which we were confined from one to five o'Clock in a steaming atmosphere.

Ole Bull gave us two Fantasias on the Violin with great execution and delicacy of expression. Mr. Liszt played two mad and scrambling Concertos on the Piano-forte, which were marvellous specimens of his wonderful rapidity of finger, strength of hand, and extraordinary powers of execution; but nothing more;—he left nothing upon the ear but a jumble of sounds, no one of which the memory will ever recall. I was much disappointed, and would rather hear old Cramer play for one hour, than this Mr. Liszt for a whole day. I do not like my admiration to be taken by storm.¹

became conductor at Covent Garden. At twenty he had conducted at the Vienna Opera House, and then at San Carlo in Naples. He was not knighted until 1871. He was the son of a German Jew at Stuttgart.

¹ In March of that year (1840) Felix Mendelssohn had written from Leipzig to Ignatius Moscheles: "Liszt has been here . . . he has given one concert. His playing, which is quite masterly, and his subtle musical feeling that finds its way to the very tips of his fingers, truly delighted me. His rapidity and suppleness, above all his playing at sight, his memory and his thorough musical insight,

Madame Persiani, whom I heard for the first time, sings well, but does not please me; her voice seems to me shrill and thin. Madame Dorus Gras (her first appearance this season) has a voice of most extraordinary compass, power and flexibility, but she is so ugly and she makes such hideous grimaces, draws such deep long breaths, and has so little sweetness in her voice or manner, that I was heartily glad when her difficult Bravura was finished—violent exhibitions rather give me pain than pleasure. Tamburini's fine rich, round, mellow, manly voice, on the contrary, seems to roll out from his chest, without the slightest effort, and singing appears to him as simple and easy an affair as talking is to others.

Lablache was, as usual, vociferously encored, as was also Grisi, in Mozart's beautiful Duet of "Sull' aria" with Persiani.

Rubini sang excellently, both as to time and tune, and was much applauded; John Parry gave a clever song of his own composition, called "The Musical Wife"; and the Concert closed with a *stunning* "Grand Fantasia for six hands," on two Pianofortes, which I really should have been glad to escape.

June 8th.—A most delightful Private Concert in London I went to with Mama. We heard Grisi, Rubini, Tam-

are quite unique in their way, and that I have never seen surpassed. With all that . . . once you have penetrated beneath the surface of modern French polish you find in him a good fellow and a true artist, even if you disagree with him. The only thing he seems to me to *want* is true talent for composition—I mean really original ideas. The things he played to me struck me as very incomplete, even when judged from his own point of view, which to my mind is not a right one. . . . Liszt's whole performance is as unpremeditated, as wild and impetuous, as one would expect from a genius; but then I miss those genuinely original ideas which I naturally expect from a genius. A mere pianist he is not, nor does he give himself out as such, and that perhaps makes him appear less perfect than others whose talent cannot be compared with his. We are together the greater part of the day,—we seem to be mutually attracted."

burini, Persiani and Caradori-Allan in great perfection. Tamburini has a fine expressive countenance, and his voice is charming;—so rich, so true, so natural, so devoid of effort and affectation. Grisi was in capital voice, and sang both alone and twice with Tamburini, with the greatest good humour. Rubini and Persiani were both much applauded, but they did not please me so entirely. Caradori-Allan is a woman to fall in love with. She is so pretty, so feminine, so gentle, so good-natured, so naïve, that I am sure she must have won the hearts of half the young men in the room. She was so obliging as to sing several times, and gave us a Swiss, German, Italian, Russian, and two Scotch Airs, which she sang with great spirit and sweetness; one of the two latter songs was an old Jacobite air about a Highland Piper, the refrain of each verse of which was, “Wasna he a roguey, oh!”; this she gave with infinite slyness and comicality.

My Husband’s eldest nephew, William Collins-Wood,¹ was married at Lee Church to-day, *June 10th* (by his brother, Robert Collins), to Ann Wallace Colquitt. Margaret Wood and Ann Collins both officiated among the Bridesmaids.

¹ This “William Collins-Wood” was the great-grandfather of the present owner of Keithick (Miss Collins-Wood). He died in 1877.

When James Wood of Keithick, uncle to Major James Wood (Fanny Burney’s husband), died, it had always been taken for granted that his nephew would ultimately succeed him at Keithick, for he was his heir and had been brought up as such, being the son of his next brother, William Wood. James, the uncle, had married Miss Margaret Cave, to whom at his death he left Keithick. She left the place, not to her husband’s nephew, but to his sister Anne Margaret’s son (William Edward Collins), Anne Margaret Wood having married Captain William Edward Collins of Frowlesworth, Leicester, and of the 21st Dragoon Guards. Thus the property went into the female line, young William Edward Collins taking the name of Wood and becoming Collins-Wood.

It speaks well for both Major James Wood and his nephew William Edward Collins-Wood that they continued to be on the

314 HIDE-AND-SEEK AT A CHISWICK FÊTE

11th.—We dined at Maize Hill to meet all the wedding party.

12th.—Our good friends, Captains Ormston and Airth, with James and Tom Wardrop, dined with us this evening, and the talk was much of Madeira.

13th.—Mama and I went to the Horticultural Fête at Chiswick, at which 20,000 persons are said to have been present. This said Fête was to me a very disappointing affair, for everyone seemed to be (like ourselves) seeking everybody else, and though all affected to be pleased, I suspect few were really so, for on all sides of me I heard the same exclamations, in every variety of intonation that can be conceived: "Have you seen Mary?" "Do you know where Henry is?" "Where can Papa be?" "I wonder where Mama is gone"; "I have been looking for my Brother for the last two hours," etc., etc.—in short, by some inexplicable process, all these thousands of gay people appeared to me to be playing an involuntary game at "Hide-and-seek," a troublesome pastime on a hot day amongst a throng of people! Few persons, comparatively speaking, seemed to care for the exhibition of flowers, which was very splendid, especially the Roses and Geraniums; many of the hothouse plants reminded me of Madeira, and sent my thoughts flying over the sea to that bright little island.

16th.—At the Italian Opera we heard to-night the "Pirate,"—an uninteresting Opera only supported by the singing of Rubini and Tamburini; Persiani's voice

best of terms after Mr. James Wood of Keithick's disposition of the property was made known. My grandfather and grandmother enjoyed frequent visits to Keithick; and on one side a fine generosity, on the other rare tact, must have been exhibited to carry off this delicate situation. Tradition goes, in the family, that Mrs. James Wood's prejudice against her husband's heir took its rise in jealousy; also that he took no pains to ingratiate himself with his aunt, and even committed the unpardonable offence of teasing her pet parrot!

I admire even less on the stage than in a concert room ; her acting, however, is good. Taglioni, Fanny Elsler, Cerito, and Coulon performed wonders in the Ballet of " Nishni Novogorod," but Taglioni's inimitable grace and feeling could not prevent one from being ashamed to witness anything so disgusting as is even the *best* Ballet.

July, 1840.

We spent this month quietly at home and saw much of various relatives, the Youngs, Miss Bentley, the two newly married pairs (viz. Charles and his wife, and William and Ann Collins-Wood, who have returned from their Honeymoon in Paris). Mr. Stoddart, the Consul from Madeira, is in England now, and he also dines with us from time to time.

People say that this is the warmest and finest summer since 1835 ; it does not, of course, seem very fine to us !

August, 1840.

4th.—At a Dinner at the Collins's at Maize Hill, Sir Richard Dobson told me that a deranged patient of his (one of the old Seamen at Greenwich Hospital) said to him lately that another man there, also deranged, " had eaten eleven Dromedaries that morning, and that he had had one pursuing him all day with the intent of making a meal of him also." Another poor patient, whose mind has given way, fancies that he has made a contract with the Almighty to supply Him with materials for keeping up the Universe, and so completely has this singular idea taken hold of the man's mind that he is in a constant state of fearful excitement from the dread of not being able faithfully to fulfil his agreement. This man was a foot-soldier. Sir Richard mentioned a curious fact about another, who was confined in the Strong Room of the Hospital for Lunacy, that he contrived by some means to wrench one of the iron bars from the window ; in

attempting to jump from which he fell, broke his leg and fractured his skull, so that though he lived for six weeks, he eventually died from the accident. The curious fact is that from the moment the man fell and thus injured the brain, he recovered the perfect possession of his senses, retaining them till his death. Such an accident as he had, said Sir Richard, would have entirely deprived any ordinary man, in possession of his senses, both of them and of all power of recollection. The great Doctor acknowledged that this case has puzzled him more than any he has ever met in the course of his long practice.

15th.—Margaret Wood and I went to London to choose a new Pianoforte at Broadwood's Manufactory. The Foreman of the establishment told me, to my extreme astonishment, that Mr. Broadwood had made upwards of fifty-two thousand square instruments, fifteen thousand grand Pianofortes, besides more than three thousand Cabinet, and three thousand Piccolo Pianos. If seventy-three thousand Pianofortes have been made by one House in London, the inference would seem natural that the English must be a very musical people; and yet the contrary is certainly the case, for though the science is universally cultivated as a fashionable accomplishment, native talent is very rare, and the general standard of musical talent (except among professional people) surely very low.¹

¹ The history of the House of Broadwood is interesting. It was founded in Soho, in 1728, by Burkhardt Schudi, the Swiss harpsichord-maker, the friend of Handel, Mozart, and Haydn. The business was carried on after Schudi's death by young John Broadwood, his daughter Barbara's husband, who had come from his native village in Scotland (being a joiner and cabinetmaker) in 1761, and was taken into partnership.

From Soho the Firm migrated to Great Pulteney Street and thence in 1904 to Conduit Street. It was John Broadwood who produced the first full-sized grand pianoforte, and his son James Schudi Broadwood further developed the instrument; presenting

19th.—We have lately received letters from Madeira, by which we learn that this mad French Expedition to St. Helena has touched at Funchal, where the Prince de Joinville and his suite landed and were hospitably received by the Merchants. Mr. Bean entertained the Prince at his pretty country house at Camacha; the Ladies of the neighbouring Quintas assembled near the house, where they were introduced to his “Altesse Royale,” and Marshal Bertrand saluted them all with great gallantry! The Prince presented Mr. Bean with a gold Snuff-Box, and gave another to the Abbess of the Santa Clara Convent, which has rendered the Nuns so jealous that they are said to have been quarrelling ever since! If Ghosts have risible muscles and ever exercise them, how must the Shade of Napoleon chuckle, at the bare idea of even his *bones* being able to set the whole of “la Belle France” into a ferment of excitement!—truly this is an age of *humbug*, and this ridiculous expedition worthy of it!¹

and sending over one of them to Beethoven—the Master warmly approved the gift.

A six-octave piano with a case designed by Sheraton was made at this time for Queen Maria Louisa of Spain—Broadwood's instruments have always been high in royal favour.

James and his half-brother Thomas (“John Broadwood and Sons”) enjoyed the friendship of all the distinguished musicians of their day: Schumman, Liszt, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Sterndale Bennett, Hallé, Cherubini, Czerney; and James's little dinners were famous.

Henry Fowler Broadwood, his son, was followed in the Firm by his son Henry Tschudi, 1881-1911; and it is the three grandsons of the latter who are now directors of the House of Broadwood.

(From *The Story of the House of Broadwood from 1728 to 1924*, as told in a series of articles recently printed in *Punch*, by courtesy of John Broadwood & Sons.)

¹ The Prince de Joinville was Louis Philippe's third son—and he served in the Navy from 1834 to 1848. This triumphant home-bringing of the Emperor Napoleon Buonaparte's bones—an immensely popular proceeding—was considered very politic at the time. Louis Philippe and his sons followed the triumphal car

Mr. Stoddart tells me that Mr. Veitch's Camel has lately died in Madeira, and the eccentric ex-Consul (its master) invited a large party of Portuguese people to his Quinta in the Mountains (the "Jardin"), and actually had the remains of the poor beast served up at Table as part of the Feast! The guests were not informed of the fact till they had finished their repast, when they were not a little annoyed at the trick which had been played them. Mr. Veitch kept this poor Camel for many years as a beast of burden,—an act of positive cruelty to an animal accustomed to sandy deserts, for travelling over which its broad, fleshy feet are so admirably adapted. The creature always looked miserable, and everyone wondered how it ever contrived to carry loads up the steep ascents on hard, stone-paved roads.

October, 1840.—My dear father came up from Sible Hedingham, to be collated to the Archdeaconry of St. Albans, to which he has lately been appointed by the Bishop of London.¹

Nov. 21st, 1840.—The Queen presented the Nation with a Princess, to the great disappointment of everybody,—a Prince being most ardently desired. The same day my brother Charles's little boy was born; he will, no doubt, be christened "Charles," and thus be the fifth "Charles Burney" in succession.²

Dec. 17th.—Our dear little girl has been most seriously ill for several days, and we entertained the most agonizing apprehensions of the probable termination of the attack,

which bore the remains to Les Invalides, through the streets of Paris. The Prince de Joinville's interesting career can be read in his *Vieux Souvenirs*.

¹ Charles James Blomfield.

² Charles Burney, Mus. Doc. (the father of Fanny, Mme. d'Arblay), died 1814. (2) Charles Burney, D.L., "the Grecian," died 1817, (3) Charles Parr Burney (father of Fanny Anne Wood), Archdeacon of St. Albans, died 1865. (4) Charles Burney, Archdeacon of Kingston-on-Thames, died 1907. (5) Charles Burney, Clerk to the Master of the Rolls, died 1912.

sending to London for a Physician. By God's great mercy our darling, our precious only child, recovered. Now (*February 24th*, 1841) we have the happiness of seeing her daily regaining health and strength; a blessing which three months ago I thought hardly possible. God has indeed dealt very graciously with us, and deeply do we thank Him for all the mercies which He has vouchsafed to my darling and her parents.

For ten weeks Baby was entirely confined to my Bedroom, in consequence of the unusual severity of the weather, which prevented her being removed to another apartment;—now she comes downstairs daily.

January, 1841.

I am now able to "write up" my Journal, so sadly interrupted, for how could I have leisure of mind enough to make entries in my Diary when darling Baby was in danger? On this day our Ward, Margaret Wood, was married, at Charleton Church, to Mr. Frederick Moor, of the 2nd, or "Queen's" Royals. My Husband, her brother Henry, Captain and Mrs. Remington, Mr. and Mrs. Symmons, Mr. Henry Moor, and others formed the Bridal Party; I was unable, of course, to attend. Our Doctor, Mr. Watsford, told me a very curious thing to-day;—of the case of a man who was brought into St. Thomas's Hospital some years ago, in a very bad state of health, from having swallowed at one time twenty-five small clasp'd Knives, for a Wager! The man lived some months, and upon his death his body was found to contain the cases of the knives, all in the stomach; while the knives themselves were disposed in the most extraordinary manner. It was found that this person had been in the habit (for a long time previous to his last fatal experiment) of swallowing two, three or four of these knives for the sake of two, three or four pots of Porter! As he did not feel much incon-

venienced at the time, he was at length induced, by an increased bribe, to venture on the rash exhibition which cost him his life. What an enlightened age it must be, in which men can be found brutal enough to induce a fellow creature to perform such an insane feat, for the consideration of a few Pints of Liquor !

Feb. 15th.—My Aunt Amelia Bentley died on this night, after a week of most distressing sufferings, the result of an attack of Paralysis, which carried her off in the seventy-eighth year of her age ;—a more peaceful, inoffensive person could scarcely be found than she has been through her long life.

Feb. 23rd.—My poor old Aunt Bentley was buried in St. Mary's Church, Greenwich. Charles read the Funeral Service. There are perhaps not many who will grieve deeply for her (single women at her age having generally outlived their early friends, whose place can never be supplied), but I believe she never made an enemy in her life, and certainly never voluntarily pained a human being. She was always kind to me, and was so pleased at any little attention, however trifling, paid her by the young, that it was a real pleasure to go and chat over old times with her. Her's was a most uneventful life, but I remember one circumstance which happened when she was about sixteen, which she was fond of relating. It took great hold of my imagination when I was a little girl, more especially as the good old lady used to tell the story with the air of a person who considered herself a Heroine, for which Nature certainly never intended her. The anecdote which so arrested my attention was this :—She was staying with a Mr. and Mrs. Dixon, who resided near Hounslow, and had been up to London with the gentleman one morning, when he went to draw a large sum of Money from the Bank of England ; they did not leave Town till near the evening, and as they approached Hounslow Heath (which was then notorious for Highway Robberies), Mr. Dixon

remarked to her, that he was sorry he had so much money about him; upon which Miss Bentley said: "Oh! give some of it to me!" which he did. She slipped a considerable sum (I forget of what amount, between her Shoe and Stocking, and fastened Mr. Dixon's Watch to some part of her dress. Scarcely had this arrangement been effected, when they remarked a man on horseback pass the carriage three times; then the Coachman suddenly stopped, and the mounted Traveller tapped at the window. Upon letting it down a man with black Crêpe over his face demanded their Watches and Purses. Mr. Dixon attempted expostulation, upon which the Highwayman drew out a Pistol, which he held to Miss Bentley's side, exclaiming, with an oath, "Your money or your life!" She said she felt dreadfully frightened, but was determined if possible to save both the Watch and Bank Notes, so she did not stir. Mr. Dixon produced his Purse, and fortunately at that moment thought he heard distant wheels; he immediately cried out to the Ruffian,—“Thank God! here's the Mail,” and the man paused, listened intently for a second, seized the Purse, swore a horrible oath, and, setting spurs to his Horse, galloped off at full speed, to the no small relief of my Aunt and her friend. When they reached Hounslow a Post-Chaise containing two men passed them; one of them leaned his head out of the window, and said in a jeering tone that he “hoped the Lady was not hurt.” Information was given of the Robbery, but I think the Highwayman was not traced.¹

¹ The following story was told by a member of the family of Clutton Brock, as having happened about this time:—“An old lady, one of the family, was driving with her daughter across Hounslow Heath, on their way to their home (Berrymead Priory, Acton), when they were stopped by a highwayman. Terrified and powerless they promised to give him all their money and valuables if allowed to continue their journey. Just as the robber was going off with his booty, the lady discovered that a valuable ring had been overlooked. Leaning out of the coach window she cried:—

Miss Bentley had a sister, who married an Italian Merchant, and I have an indistinct recollection of a most romantic story of this Lady, who was captured by Pirates with her Husband in the Levant, and afterwards escaped by some extraordinary train of accidents, by which they, I think, contrived to get information of their danger sent to some Port, and finally not only escaped themselves, but the vessel was captured, and the Pirates hanged at Leghorn.

Dear Baby was four years old on the 7th of January last ; she is nearly as tall as most children of six ; she was to have been Margaret Wood's Bridesmaid, and was much disappointed that she could not even go to the Church. She said,—“ God did once think of my being Bridesmaid to Cousin Mimi ; but now I must wait till another Auntie marries.” She asked me yesterday whether when Chimney-sweeps die they become “ black Angels ! ” She also asked “ If God has not got a great many pieces of people ready to make up into whole people ! ” How difficult it is to make so young a child understand anything clearly of the attributes of the Almighty ; the omnipresence of the Deity puzzles her much ; on hearing a story of two men who were drowned she said,—“ Well, Mama, God cannot catch their souls, for they are at the bottom of the sea ! ” She promises to be a child of much intellect and of great observation, with the power of applying her little stock of ideas, and with a singularly retentive memory.

March 31st.—I am much disappointed with Hastings, which seems to me close, hot, dirty, and crowded, with wretched narrow streets which appear to invite disease. St. Leonard's looks bleak, exposed and staring. We have found some nice fields where Baby can go ; she revels in

‘ Mr. Highwayman, Mr. Highwayman, come back ! here is another ring ! ’ And the coach resumed its interrupted journey.” (A curious instance of a flustered mind and a scrupulous sense of honour.)



FANNY PAULET WOOD,
daughter of James and Fanny Anne Wood,
Feb. 11, 1839.

picking Daisies and "Dandy Elephants" (as she mis-calls Dandelions). Primrose expeditions to the woods and paddling about the sands are great treats. I have had some difficulty in persuading her that the sea is not *alive*; and the first day that there was any surf, she begged to know "who had been washing in the sea, for it was all over soap-suds!"

The shore here is very unfavourable for Shells, the Beach being heavy and the sea, with certain winds, setting in with great force towards the land.

December was very cold and bleak with black frosts and bitter N. and N.E. winds. In London the streets were dangerous from the extreme severity of the frost: the Serpentine was frozen over and thronged with skaters, and the papers reported that on one day 40,000 persons ventured on the ice. Omnibusses were actually seen *in the Park*, bringing parties to the skating, from Islington and elsewhere. A wager was laid by Mr. Murphy (the celebrated Author of the *Weather Almanac*) that he *will drive a Gig across the Serpentine* on the 14th inst. for £200, and *walk* across the ice on the Thames below London Bridge "before the end of February." Such bets do, I think, savour of arrogant presumption.

I read in the paper that "two or three persons *are* said to have walked across the ice below London Bridge with the assistance of a Hurdle."

Mrs. Haily (our old acquaintance at Tunbridge Wells) told me that she remembered the year when the river Thames was so completely frozen over, that an Ox was roasted upon it; and her Husband brought her a Bill, which had actually been printed on the river; she had kept it as a curiosity.

April, 1841.

The late severe winter has been felt not only in England, but on the Continent of Europe, and even in warmer latitudes, for, in a letter from Mrs. Temple in

Madeira, she says, "The Winter has been such that few residents ever recollect to have experienced such an one ; —hail actually fell in Funchal !"

To-day is what Baby calls a "gay" fine day.

Last night was one which may well have caused many a stout heart to quail if exposed to its fury in the Channel. As I sat alone by the roaring fire in the evening, listening to the howling of the wind, and melancholy patter of the rain sounding so cheerlessly in the pauses of the blast, how many old thoughts and memories seemed stirred up in my mind ;—how many past recollections and almost forgotten things appeared again to return !—how seldom do such mental retrospects give pleasure !

I was reading in the *Life of Dr. Franklin* the other day that he used to say that, if it were possible, he should not object to live his entire life over again ; I suspect few men ever reached his years, and formed the same wish. Mine has been a happy life, thank God !—but I should not desire such a boon.

We have returned to the Wells for a few days.

27th.—This evening a young man, lately returned from an extended foreign tour, told a ridiculous anecdote of a young English nobleman who was last year travelling in Egypt. Seeing some written characters upon one of the Pyramids, he exclaimed with delight that he had found some hieroglyphics, which would throw light on the history of those wonderful monuments of ancient art and skill. Imagine his disgust to find, upon a nearer view, that the magic words were "Pickwick & Weller," cut upon the stone !—the disappointment was sufficient to overturn the philosophy of a sage, much more that of a young and ardent Traveller !

We have been to the Wedding of another of Mr. Warner's daughters this day. All Weddings are dull things ; such large parties upon these occasions (to-day there were fifty-four persons) are most fatiguing, and send folks home wearied to death with *ennui*, produced

by being in the society, for fifteen hours, of persons who seem to have nothing in the world to do but eat, drink, yawn, and wish the long tedious day at an end !

May 21st.—Went to the Diorama of the Funeral of the Emperor Napoleon, which is now exhibiting in three views in London at the Colosseum. The two first scenes are well painted, and give a very fair idea of the late splendid piece of Mummery, worthy of so enlightened a people as "*la jeune France*"; and certainly no other people on the globe's surface could have gone through such a protracted piece of folly in the style and with the hearty concurrence which these *grown-up Babes* displayed in their mode of swallowing the quieting dose so adroitly prepared for them by their wily Monarch, Louis Philippe. —The third view is the interior of the Chapel of the Invalides, and is a total and ludicrous failure; the heads of the spectators are painted larger than life, and look more like the backs of arm-chairs, than the time-honoured "*têtes*" of *Maréchals* and Generals. The same Anthem and Funeral Marches as were performed at the real obsequies were played by unseen instruments during the Exhibition, in order to give an air of greater reality.¹

We have also visited the Exhibition at the British Gallery, which contains the usual number of bad and indifferent pictures, redeemed by a few striking ones by Stanfield, Roberts, Turner, and one or two others.

¹ "The queerest toys I ever saw given were a number of very large pink glass icicles, bottle shaped, filled with cotton-wool, which once adorned the front of those mysterious and cold-looking caves reaching to the roof of the dear old Colosseum in the Regent's Park (then simple fields, an ancient farm adjoining them). When the Colosseum was demolished, my father bought these icicles for me to play with. . . . They reminded me of joyous hours spent at the Colosseum, where a spectacular entertainment was always taking place, such as 'The Earthquake of Lisbon.'" (*Memories of Ninety Years*, p. 231, by Mrs. E. M. Ward. London: Hutchinson & Co., 1923.)

Turner has two charming views of Venice, free from the quantities of glaring colours which he now generally dashes, or rather *daubs* over his canvas ; these would engrave beautifully. Roberts has a large sketch of Jerusalem ; interesting of course from its locality, but disappointing to me in colour and general effect ; the whole country has a sombre, olive-green kind of tint, which, if correctly painted, must in nature have a melancholy aspect. The style of the whole is so different from what I expected !—the sky so pale and faded, and the city itself neither gay nor large, nor even striking in its features, as I had thought it to be. A view of some of the ruins of Thebes, by the same artist, realised my preconceived notion of the scene more exactly ; how grand, how simple, are the Monuments of that magnificent people, the ancient Egyptians !

The hour we spent at the Water-Colour Exhibition gave me much pleasure ; it is rich in clever pictures this year, among which stood pre-eminently Frederick Taylor, Cattermole, Nash, Hunt, Copley Fielding,—though the latter is growing careless. Harding surely mistakes his line of talent in his present choice of subjects. Prout, from his deplorable state of health, has few pictures this year, but he is not so great a loss to the Water-Colour Artists as poor Landseer to the Royal Academy ; he has been now deranged for more than a year, and it is said will never be able to paint again ; this aberration of intellect is supposed to have been produced by over exertion in his Profession, and confirmed by the shock which he received in executing a sketch of Lord William Russell (by the family desire), after his murder by his valet, Courvoisier.

June, 1841.

20th.—We have been spending our time among our relatives and friends,—my sister and her husband, dear

old Mrs. Bicknell (a very old friend indeed), the Youngs, Admiral Taylor, Captain Remington, etc.

We went a party, on board a Steamer, to see the Launch of the "Trafalgar," a 120 gun Ship, at Woolwich; it was a splendid sight;—one of the few things I have seen which does not disappoint previously-formed expectations. In the words of the Newspaper, "All the world, from Her Majesty and her suite, downwards, to every child that could obtain a holiday, flocked to Woolwich. Cabs and omnibusses thronged the noisy and very dusty highway; and the river was crowded with every sort of size and shape of craft and steamer. . . . The beautiful Cutters of the Thames Yacht Club dressed in their gayest colours; the Admiralty yachts and steamers, and a whole flotilla of private craft of every description were anchored before the Dockyard. . . . The Queen, accompanied by Prince Albert and some of the suite, took the greatest interest in the vessel, and walked round it. She threaded her way among the workmen employed, who cheered with all their might and main; could the Queen of the greatest naval country in the world be seen under more really appropriate circumstances?

"The officiating priestess at the 'Christening' was the lady of Captain Hornby. In the morning the Authorities of the Dockyard received from the Countess of Nelson the present of a bottle of wine—a relic of the stock which Lord Nelson had on board the 'Victory' at the battle of Trafalgar; and this was the wine which, according to the rites, was broken on the bows of the magnificent ship when she received her name. Crowded upon the poop were veteran survivors of the Battle of Trafalgar, commanded by Lieutenant Rivers, who himself lost a limb in the action. At an earlier hour of the day these gallant old fellows performed a ceremony of their own in anticipation of the Christening, by drinking the health of the Queen, adding, 'May the Sovereign

of England ever remain Sovereign of the Sea.' When the last bolt was withdrawn from the great ship, and amid the acclamations of the multitude, the crash of bands and the thunder of cannon, she began to move as if endowed with life, plunged proudly into the foaming waters destined to be her home, and at that moment the Union Jack was hoisted at her stern by Captain T. Leigh, one of the crew of the 'Conquois,' one of the ships of Nelson's squadron." The sight was grand; the magnificent structure gradually lost way, and floated stationary amid the surrounding ships, like a giant amongst pigmies. In the annals of our 'Wooden walls,' from the days of the famed ship *Harry Grace de Dieu* downwards, it would be difficult to point out an event of the kind which excited so high and general an interest as did the launch of this splendid Vessel.

July 20th.—The month has been cold, showery, very hot, stormy, fair, and dull! On the 15th, Blackheath was like a great Fiord, owing to the torrents of rain which fell. Baby and I went down to stay with my brother Charles at Heddingham, and came in for Mama's "Fancy Fair," for raising funds to build a National School in the Village. It was held in the grounds of the Rectory. Mercifully the Tents in which the ill-starred Lady Shopkeepers sold their wares and trumpery were waterproof, or badly indeed should we have fared in the downpourings of rain and thunder-showers which St. Swithin, in his most churlish mood, bestowed on us. Six mortal hours did we stand in the hope of tempting the money out of the pockets of the neighbouring yeomanry, whom we had been led to believe would be staunch supporters, but alas! they only looked, stared, whispered, admired, hesitated—and then either walked away without making any purchases, or carried off some vile piece of coloured paper and wafers, to the value of—6d.!

What a miserable system of miscalled Charity, Vanity,

and Folly did the whole affair appear, and never again will I be tempted to join such another scheme. The gentry were kind and liberal, but all our reward for so much fatigue, worry and turmoil, was £100, dearly bought methinks at the purchase of so many weeks of time and comfort to all the feminality at the Rectory.

23rd.—Another wet day, and far worse success in our trading concerns, for our gains were only £20. I went on with Baby to stay at the Rectory House.

August, 1841.

The Colonel joined us at the beginning of the month, for the Collins's are back at Maize Hill; so my Husband has handed over their own house to them, having remained at Blackheath to take charge of it for them, during their sojourn at Keithick, their son's Scotch house.

16th.—This day was devoted to selling off those absurd wares remaining over from the "Bazaar"; very hot, and tiring, and provoking; for though many people came, the zest and novelty was gone, and the best articles still remain on hand, for lack of wealthy purchasers. I never saw before Gentlefolks condescend to chaffer, bargain, cheapen and beat down; and that which probably they would have been ashamed to do to a real Shopkeeper, they seemed to feel no scruple in doing to people in their own rank of life; more fools we, for putting ourselves in such a position!—this day's experience has filled up the measure of my disgust for "Fancy Fairs."

There is a young man, now staying at the Rectory, who affords us no little amusement by his inconceivable affectation. 'Twas but yesterday that he went down on his knees before a Magnolia Tree, trained against the Garden Wall, in such ecstasy over one of its flowers that he exclaimed with a most ludicrously sentimental air:

“ Oh ! I *could* die in this flower ! ” He proposes to be studying character and human nature, and in furtherance of his views is constantly putting absurd queries to those around him ; under this coat of folly and affectation, however, he seems to carry a kind heart and a good temper, but they are concealed and disguised by his foppery, and it requires, at first, some degree of forbearance to give him credit for the possession of any such qualities.

The news reached us this morning—17th—of the very dangerous illness of my Husband’s brother-in-law, Mr. Collins, just after his return from Scotland.

27th.—The accounts from Maize Hill become daily worse ; there seems little hope of the invalid’s recovery.

September.

Our poor brother-in-law expired yesterday. I fear his sufferings were terrible ; a violent attack of sea-sickness, during the late voyage up from Scotland (in stormy weather), is supposed to have strained some vessel in his head and accelerated the approach of this fatal illness. He was able to take a most affecting farewell of his family during one of his intervals of consciousness. My Husband has gone to be with his sister, Mrs. Collins, in her first days of bereavement.

One of the Bishop of London’s daughters¹ has been staying here ; she told me an anecdote of Prince Albert, which she had heard from Mr. Selwyn, the Barrister, with whom the Prince has been reading upon the nature of the British Laws and Constitution.

After the lesson has been concluded the Prince, on more than one morning, has asked Mr. Selwyn to “ come and see the Baby ” (meaning the Princess Royal) ; he has then led him up by the *back* stairs to the Nursery, and with evident pride shown him the infant ; upon one

¹ Miss Blomfield.

occasion he took hold of one of the tiny hands, exclaiming, "Has she not got pretty little hands?"

On the night of the 30th, a great portion of the Tower of London was burnt—a terrible national loss. 150,000 stand of Arms has been destroyed, trophies of England's glory, relics of Battles by sea and by land; the Bowyer Tower, the Butler's Tower, and other buildings besides the Armoury are wholly consumed. The fire is believed to have originated from the flues of an Arnott stove, under the celebrated "Table Room" in which the Duke of Clarence was drowned in a Butt of Malmesey Wine. The Tower, one hears, is badly supplied with water for use in such an emergency,—in fact has only one steam-engine which did not yield more than fifty gallons per minute. "Had there been a proper supply of water the British Public would not have to mourn the loss of so noble an edifice as the Armoury, to say nothing of all it contained."

Baby and I have followed my Husband, and are back at home, after a happy visit of nearly four months to Essex.

November, 1841.

9th.—The Tower Guns at one o'Clock to-day announced the birth of a Prince of Wales, by a salute of 105 guns.

11th.—At Keithick, Perth, the Collins-Woods's first child (a son) was born.

24th.—A distant Burney relative, Colonel in the Indian Army, and for nine years Military Envoy at the Court of Burmah, dined with us. He and his wife are on the point of starting again for Bengal, leaving eight children in England. The Colonel is a man of such elasticity of spirits and buoyance, with so inexhaustible a fund of energy and perseverance, that he resembles more a man of twenty-five than a veteran of fifty, who has been twenty years in the East! He now hopes

for employment under the new Governor-General of India,—in Burmah, for which he is admirably calculated, having a great knowledge of the language,—in case of a War with the King of Burmah, a most valuable asset. He told us interesting anecdotes of life in Burmah and Ava ; I was particularly interested by the account of an old Italian Missionary, sent to that country by the Propaganda of Rome. Mrs. Burney had a Pianoforte, upon which she one day played to this Padre, who burst into tears at hearing a simple air, entreating however to continue, saying “ it did him good, for it reminded him of Italy, which he had not seen for fifty years.” Mrs. Burney was the first European female he had seen in that long interval of time. The old priest was very poor, but contented himself marvellously, collecting and preserving insects, and making drawings of the natural productions of the country ; during his long residence he had made four Folio volumes of sketches, which, during the Burmese War, were stolen from his Tent ; and though Colonel Burney appealed to the King upon the subject, and himself offered to purchase them for £200, nothing further was ever heard of them. The Colonel had strong reason for suspecting that one of the King’s Brothers was the culprit, and was ashamed to acknowledge his guilt.

December.

Mrs. Burney has sent me down some of her drawings to look over—they are upon Rice paper—of the Flowers of Burmah, and are really exquisite in form and colouring ; they are decidedly the most beautiful sketches from nature of the kind which I have ever seen. Mrs. Burney seems to be as full of perseverance and energy as her Husband, for all these drawings were executed with a yearly increasing family, whom she taught herself during their earlier years ; she had had fifteen children, of whom seven died as infants in India ; and yet with all these

cares and troubles she contrived to improve her talents and accomplishments, in a country of semi-barbarians, where I believe her to be the only European lady. Her example is a lesson worth studying and remembering, whenever the demon of idleness may threaten to overwhelm one's resolution.

20th.—Papa visited and dined with us ; he told us some amusing stories of the witty Mr. Sidney Smith. Speaking of the learned Professor Whewell, who, though a very clever man, has the weakness to dislike being thought ignorant upon any thing or topic, he said, "Yes, Whewell's forte is Science, his folly Omniscience."

Mr. Hallam, the author of the work upon the *Literature of Europe*, is remarkable for contradicting every opinion, contrary to his own, which may be advanced in conversation : Mr. Smith therefore christened him the "Boa (bore) Contradictor." Somebody asked the Wit if he did not think Macaulay a Pedant, to which he replied, "Why, yes, he is like a Book in Breeches."

A proposition has lately been made to pave the streets in the vicinity of St. Paul's Churchyard with the new wooden Pavement, to lessen the noise of traffic which rendered Service performed in the Church occasionally nearly inaudible ; several neighbouring Parishes have a right of Burial in St. Paul's Churchyard, and the respective authorities of each parish were therefore convened to arrange the projected improvement. Mr. Sidney Smith attended as one of the Canons of St. Paul's, and the Bishop of Llandaff presided as Chairman, being Dean of the Church. After much useless discussion ending in nothing, Sidney Smith rose, saying that he had an appointment which obliged him to leave the conclave ; upon this the Bishop remonstrated, and requested him to remain, as they were just going to settle the most important points of the business. "I beg your pardon, my Lord," retorted Sidney Smith, "my presence is quite unnecessary, for I am sure if you will only all lay your

heads together, you will have a most compact wooden Pavement ! ”

Lately, dining at the Bishop of London's, Papa met the Chevalier Bunsen,¹ the Envoy Extraordinary from Prussia to this country. He is a learned man, full of information, and a most agreeable companion ; his own talents have raised him to his present position, from the obscure origin of a German Pastor. Some papers he published many years ago in a German Periodical introduced him to the notice of the celebrated Niebuhr, to whom he furnished many valuable articles for his work upon Roman History ; and from that time he has advanced step by step to his present position. He told my Father a striking anecdote of the present King of Prussia,² who is rendering himself the rallying point of Protestantism upon the Continent of Europe.—When the proposition for sending a Protestant Bishop to Jerusalem was first started, the King's Ministers represented that it was a measure of considerable import, and perhaps no small difficulty, and entreated His Majesty to pause before he engaged in the undertaking. The King requested twenty-four hours for consideration. These he spent, fasting, in Prayer ; and the following morning stated his determination to uphold the intended appointment, signifying his intention of giving £20,000 out of his own Privy Purse in aid of the funds for the establishment of the proposed Bishop of Palestine ;—this is truly making a Royal use of riches.

January, 1842.

7th.—Little Fanny's Birthday—five years old.

¹ Baron Bunsen was at the moment on a special mission to the English Court on the subject of an Anglo-Prussian Bishopric in Jerusalem ! The next year he was appointed Ambassador at the Court of St. James's. He died at Bonn in 1860.

² Frederick William IV.

We have been to see the fossil Skeleton of a huge animal, which the Discoverer (a German) has christened the "Missouri Leviathan"¹ It was found in the Missouri country, ten feet under water, and cost the enterprising Geologist and his Workmen five months to disinter from the bed, or matrix, in which it lay. This enormous skeleton (supposed to be the finest antediluvian animal yet discovered) is thirty feet long and fifteen high! It is a stupendous beast, every part of its vast frame being surprisingly massive and strong, and necessarily so, to carry its own Herculean body, head, and immense horns. It looks as if it must have shaken the ground beneath it as it walked the earth; it is supposed to have been amphibious. The German discoverer has written a Pamphlet to prove that it is the Leviathan of the Book of Job! He showed us some specimens of what he considers Indian Arrow-heads (made of different kinds of stone), which he found in the same valley as the Leviathan, close by some remains of a large fossil animal; upon this he argues, that as these Arrow-heads are undoubtedly of human workmanship, there must have been human inhabitants of this vast continent at a very remote period of the world's history. The question is a very curious one, and will doubtless prove a nut for the learned to crack, and perhaps to build up new theories, new plausibilities, new gropings in the dark; for such, after all, must ever be our finite speculations upon the subject of the creation, and subsequent changes, which have befallen our globe.

17th.—Prince Albert laid the first stone of the new

¹ The actual specimen which Mrs. Wood saw (at Exeter Change—Egyptian Hall) is now to be seen in the middle Gallery of the Fossil Mammals in the British Museum; near it, on a pillar, is a print as it appeared in the Exhibition of 1841-42.

It was bought by the Museum in 1844 from Albert C. Koch, the discoverer: and is described in the *History of the Collections . . . of the British Museum*, vol. i., 1904, p. 304.

Royal Exchange, and afterwards dined with all the London Merchants at the Mansion House.

22nd.—The King of Prussia landed with his suite at Greenwich, as he has come by Royal request to stand Sponsor for the Prince of Wales; he was received by Prince Albert with great respect and cordiality.

25th.—The Prince of Wales christened by the name of Albert Edward in St. George's Chapel, Windsor; a very beautiful spectacle. The Queen afterwards gave a splendid Banquet in St. George's Hall, in a style of magnificence not common in these days of economy and retrenchment; this fête, 'tis calculated, must have cost not less than £10,000.

29th.—That gaping, staring, easily excited animal, John Bull, is just now running himself out of breath after the King of Prussia—"Prousha," as the mob call him!—who one day feasts with Royalty, and the next is being humbugged by that amiable enthusiast, Mrs. Fry! What an odd world we live in! One minute one feels inclined to laugh, and the next to cry at the vagaries acted upon that same busy stage. I would rather see old Von Humboldt, that veteran among modern travellers, than his Prussian Majesty and all his suite. How I envy that old man his ascent of the Andes, his wanderings, his journeyings in South America; what a fireside companion must such a man be! what a store of anecdotes, what a host of recollections, must such a life of adventure as his afford! European travelling has become such an affair of Railroads, Steamboats, Hand-Books, cheating Post-Masters, lying Couriers, and thieving Valets, that one sickens at the sight of the insipid volumes of "Pencilings," "Inklings," "Sketches," "Hints," and "Notes" annually poured forth from the shops of Colburn and Murray;—one might patch up as good books of Travel by putting together extracts from published works, without ever stirring from one's own fireside.

February, 1842.

3rd.—The King of Prussia and his suite embarked at Woolwich for the Continent, after seeing a grand review of troops on the Common, in company with Prince Albert, the Duke of Wellington, etc., etc.

7th.—On the 1st inst. the first volume of Aunt d'Arblay's Journals and Correspondence was published; it was lent to me for a few hours, and I have read it through very hastily,—so hastily that I cannot yet separate my feelings of interest *as a Burney* in its perusal, from my opinion of it *as a book*.

To those who love Johnsonian gossip it will certainly prove very entertaining, for the Doctor is exhibited in a more amiable light than I had supposed possible. Boswell's Johnson one should always have feared,—Aunt d'Arblay's Johnson one must have loved.

All my Grandfather's friends seem to have taken especial pains to spoil his clever daughter by the most insufferable flattery, to which she at length became so callous as to be able to swallow apparently large lumps of the poisonous drug, without so much as wincing or showing any subsequent symptoms of mental indigestion.

There is a vast deal in the book which I think that Mrs. Barrett (the Editor) might and ought to have pruned with no sparing hand, as she had full liberty to use her own judgment in this respect. As to six Volumes of these Journals, one yawns at the bare idea!—even Walter Scott's Life could not stand it, and one was almost tempted to wish that Hannah More had never been born, if the world was to be burthened with six ponderous tomes of her reminiscences.

8th.—Prince Nicholas Esterhazy (the eldest son of the Austrian Ambassador) is married to Lady Sarah Villiers, the eldest daughter of the Earl of Jersey. Poor girl, she will probably have to thank her ambitious mother, who made the match, for a life of splendid misery.

The proud father disliked the marriage, and as the son is, they say, a silly fellow, the poor Bride's position is no enviable one, though the alliance is a grand one, so far as wealth goes, Prince Esterhazy being one of the richest noblemen in Europe. He has the silly vanity to wear on State occasions a jacket covered with diamonds and jewels so slightly fixed that the precious baubles fall from it as he walks, and it is reported that he never wears this dress without losing about £100 worth of trinkets. Charles the First's favourite, Buckingham, the prince of fops, and haughtiest of Royal favourites, astonished the French courtiers by the same wasteful folly, when Ambassador at the Court of Anne of Austria.

12th.—General Pigott, my husband's old commanding officer, dined with us, and told us of a story, just now current, about Prince Esterhazy, which well exemplifies his pride.

When staying with Lord Jersey his host said to him : " I am no great Farmer, but I feed about two thousand sheep."

" And I," replied the Prince, " keep two thousand Shepherds ! "

BIOGRAPHICAL AND ALPHABETICAL INDEX

ALBERT OF PRUSSIA, married the Princess Marrianne, one of the two children of William I. of Holland (the sixth Prince of Orange)—Maurice, who died in Brazil, being the other.

ALBERT, THE ARCHDUKE, "the Pious," 1559-1621, son of Maximilian II. Albert was brought up at the Spanish Court; he was made Cardinal and Archbishop of Toledo, and was first Viceroy of Portugal, then Stadtholder of the Netherlands. In 1599 he was defeated by Prince Maurice of Nassau, with whom he made a twelve years' truce.

ALEXANDER I., Emperor of Russia, 1777-1825, succeeded his father, the murdered Czar Paul. He married Elizabeth of Baden. He was present at the defeat of the Russian and Austrian armies at Austerlitz, and at the subsequent battles against Napoleon; he founded the Holy Alliance. After many reverses both at home and abroad Alexander died broken-hearted in 1825.

ANGLESEY, THE MARQUIS OF, who became Lord Uxbridge, commanded the British cavalry at Waterloo. He died in 1854.

D'ARBLAY, REVD. ALEXANDER, only child of Mme. d'Arblay (Fanny Burney) and Lt.-General Count d'Arblay, born 1794. Educated in England, and was 10th Wrangler at Cambridge in 1818. Took Orders and became, in 1836, minister of Ely Chapel, Holborn. He was preparing to marry when, in Jan. 1837, he succumbed to sudden virulent influenza.

D'AVEMBERG OR D'AREMBERG, THE CONTE OR DUC, head of the German family of the name, with extensive properties in Belgium; the family have been great benefactors to the city of Brussels, where their palace and gardens are, since the Great War, used as public property.

BEATTIE, SIR WILLIAM (but should be BEATTY), M.D., died 1842. He was surgeon on the "Victory" at the battle of Trafalgar, and attended Lord Nelson when he fell mortally wounded. In 1806 Beatty was appointed physician to Greenwich Hospital.

- BECKFORD, WILLIAM, 1760-1844, author of *Vathek*, an Arabian tale of extraordinary splendour, and other books; among them two on his travels in Italy, Spain and Portugal. He had visited the latter country in 1787 and again in 1794. He finally settled in that "Paradise" near Cintra commemorated by Byron in *Childe Harold*.
- BEHNES, WILLIAM, sculptor, date of birth unknown; son of a Hanoverian piano-maker who settled in Dublin. The son, "the eccentric Irishman," not only made pianos but also devoted himself to drawing, and later to sculpture. His greatest fame was from 1820-1840; he became very dissipated and died bankrupt.
- BEHNES, HENRY, brother to above, also a sculptor, but took name of BARLOWE, in order to dissociate himself from William.
- BERGHAM or BERCHAM, NICOLAS, 1620-1683. A Dutch painter of Haarlem and Amsterdam.
- BONAPARTE, LOUIS, Napoleon's third brother; created King of Holland in 1806.
- BRABANT, JOHN, DUKE OF (died 1312), and his Duchess, MARGARET OF YORK.
- BRAVEL, ADMIRAL VON, 1618-1690. A Dutch Admiral of the time when William III. was Stadtholder.
- BRÉE, MATTHIAS IGNATIUS VAN, 1773-1839, and his brother, PHILIP JACOB, 1806-1871.
- BULL, OLE BORNEMANN, 1810-1880, famous Norwegian violinist, of sensational and eccentric genius.
- BURNEY, EDWARD, second son of Charles Parr Burney, educated Winchester and Magdalen College, Oxford. Married Miss Emily Moore. Vicar of Thurnham, nr. Maidstone.
- BURNEY, CHARLES, son of Ven. Charles Burney (Archdeacon of Kingston-on-Thames, and Hon. Canon of Rochester). Born Nov. 1840. Educated at Winchester College, and Corpus Christi College, Oxford. Chief clerk in chambers of Geo. Jessel, Master of the Rolls, 1887. Mr. Burney edited various law-books and was joint editor of others. He died Jan. 1912.

HOUSE OF BURGUNDY.

- CHARLES THE BOLD, the intrepid Duke of Burgundy, who succeeded Philip the Good in 1467. He married Margaret of York, sister of Edward IV. of England, allied with whom he made war on France. Charles met his death in this war in the year 1477.

MARY OF BURGUNDY, only daughter of Charles the Bold of Burgundy and his second wife, Isabelle de Bourbon. Mary succeeded her father as Countess of Flanders, Duchess of Brabant, etc., etc. She married Maximilian, Archduke of Austria (heir to the Austrian Empire), the son of the Emperor Frederick III. or IV. of Germany and Fifth Duke of Austria. Mary died by a fall from her horse when hawking with her husband in 1482.

PHILIP "LE BEL," DUKE OF BURGUNDY, son of Mary of Burgundy and the Emperor Maximilian, 1478-1506. Married Joanna of Castille ("the Mad"). He was the father of the Emperor Charles V.

PHILIP "LE BON," DUKE OF BURGUNDY, 1419-1467. Married first Marie Louise, daughter of Charles VI. of France; and secondly, Isabel of Portugal. He was the father of Charles the Bold ("le Téméraire").

CALLCOTT, AUGUSTUS WALL (the brother of Dr. Callcott, distinguished musical composer), began life as a chorister at Westminster Abbey, but took up painting and became a fashionable landscape artist: he also painted a few portraits. He was knighted by Queen Victoria on her accession, and died in 1844.

"I spoke to him with much commendation of his pictures."
(*Farington's Diary*, p. 87.)

CAPELIO, BISHOP MARIUS, and took the name of AMBROISE. Bishop of Antwerp, 1596-1677.

CARADORI-ALLAN, MARIA CATERINA ROSALBINA, *née* DE MUNCK, 1800-1865. Popular concert and oratorio singer.

CARNOT, LAZARE NICOLAS MARGUERITE, born 1753, the "organiser of victory" during the French Revolution, was a military engineer; he became a Member of the Legislative Assembly, then of the Committee of Public Safety. He voted for the death of Louis XVI., yet in 1797 was sentenced to deportation as a suspected royalist. On his return to France he became Minister of War, but retired on learning of Napoleon's ambition; but when the Emperor met with reverses Carnot hastened to offer him his services. He received the command of Antwerp in 1814, and heroically defended it. He died at Magdeburg in 1823. His son François succeeded Crevy as President of the French Republic, but was stabbed by an anarchist.

CATTERMOLE, GEORGE. Water-colour painter and illustrator. Born in Norfolk 1800, died 1868. He illustrated the *Waverley*

Novels and Dickens's *Master Humphrey's Clock*. In later life he took up oil painting. He became a member of the Water-Colour Society in 1834. His illustrations to Shakespeare are well known.

CHALMERS, ALEXANDER, 1759-1834. Miscellaneous writer, but his fame rests on his *General Biographical Dictionary* in thirty-two volumes.

CHARLES V., Emperor of Germany, King of Spain, Naples, and Lombardy, and succeeded also to Austria and the Low Countries, was born at Ghent, 1500. He retired to the seclusion of the monastery of Yuste, Estramadura, 1555, and died three years later.

CIPRIANI, GIOVANNI BATTISTA, born 1727. He was a friend of Bartolozzi, and equal in fame at the time they both lived. Cipriani became a member of the Royal Academy at its foundation in 1768 when it was at Somerset House; he designed the Diploma which is given to Royal Academicians and to Associates, and which was engraved by Bartolozzi. He married an English wife and had two sons. He died in 1785 and was buried in Chelsea burial ground. Over his grave Bartolozzi erected a monument which he designed.

CIPRIANI, LORENZO, a capital buffo-singer at the Pantheon, London, 1790; he performed in the same company with Pacchierotti, Mara and Morelli.

CLEEF, JAN VAN, 1646-1716. A painter at Ghent, pupil of Caspar de Crayer.

COLNAGHI, PAUL, 1751-1833. Print-dealer, father of the better-known

COLNAGHI, DOMINIC PAUL, 1790-1879.

COOK, EDWARD WILLIAM, born 1811, died 1880. Started as an engraver, then became a painter. The Thames, the Medway, Venice, etc., were his favourite subjects.

COOK, SAMUEL, 1806-1857. A painter; he contributed to the "New" Society (now the Institute of Painters in Water-Colour) in 1830. At nine years old he was apprenticed to a firm of woollen manufacturers, but insisted in drawing in chalk on the floor of the factory. The foreman objected, telling him "he would never be fit for anything but a limner." And a limner he became.

CRAMER, JOHANN BAPTIST, 1771-1858, a German musician, settled in London. Founded the publishing firm which bears his name. His compositions are forgotten, but his "Studies" for the pianoforte is an important work.

CRAVER, CASPAR DE, of Brussels and Ghent, was the chief Flemish painter of his time, except the painters of the School of Rubens. He was born in 1582, and died in 1669.

CROKER, JAMES WILSON, born 1780, the son of the Surveyor-General of Irish Customs. Educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and entered Lincoln's Inn, but later was called to the Irish Bar. In 1809 helped to found the *Quarterly Review*. Entered Parliament, and held the lucrative post of Secretary of the Admiralty. Wrote Satires, Essays, *Stories for Children from English History* (which suggested Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather*), and Diaries, which were edited, together with his correspondence, by Jennings in 1884. Macaulay "detested Croker more than cold boiled veal," and replied to his attack on Keats. Croker was a founder of the Athenæum Club, the originator of the term "Conservative," and the "Rigby" of Disraeli's *Coningsby*. He died in 1857. In June 1842 Croker attacked Mme. d'Arblay in the *Quarterly Review*, and was answered by Macaulay in the *Edinburgh Review* in 1843.

CUYP, or KUYP, JACOB GERRITS—"Old Cuyp"—1575-1649, portrait painter, of Dordrecht. His son, Albert, excelled in cattle, horse-markets, hunts, cavalry fights, etc. As much as £5000 have been given for one of his works.

DELVAUX, LAURENT, sculptor of Ghent, 1695-1778.

DIBDIN, THOMAS FROGNALL, 1776-1847, elder brother of Charles Dibdin, the writer of sea songs. Destined for the bar, but took Holy Orders instead. He was the father of modern book-collecting and invented the term "bibliomania."

DORUS, GRAS, *née* DORUS. A well-known French opera and concert singer. She created the part of "Alice" in *Robert the Devil*.

DOUGLAS, DAVID, 1798-1834, botanist and traveller in N. America; was killed by a wild bull in the Sandwich Islands.

DOW, or DOU, GERARD, of Leyden, 1613-1675. Pupil of Rembrandt. Remarkable for his elaborate finish.

DUFFIELD, JAMES, 1788-1863. Landscape-painter.

DUNCAN, ADAM, VISCOUNT; Admiral, born at Dundee, 1731-1804. Entered the Navy; was present at blockade of Brest; helped to reduce Belle Isle and Havana, 1762. Distinguished himself at Cape St. Vincent, 1780; and at the blockade of Texel, during the war with France and Holland. When in 1797 Admiral Duncan's seamen mutinied at the Nore, he prevented the mutiny from spreading to his flagship, the "Venerable." He gained the brilliant victory of Camperdown, Oct.

1797, over the Dutch admiral, De Winter; after which he was created Baron Duncan of Lundie and Viscount Duncan of Camperdown.

ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF BOHEMIA, eldest daughter of James I., 1596-1662. Married Frederick V., Elector Palatine (King of Bohemia), known as "The Winter King" because he only reigned one winter. Pepys, who saw her often in London, calls her "a very *débonnaire*, but a plain lady."

ELSSLER, FANNY, born 1810. Granddaughter of Joseph Elssler, Prince Esterhazy's copyist, whose second son, Johannes, "lived his whole life with Haydn as copyist and was his true and honest servant." Of his two daughters, Thèrese and Franziska (Fanny), the latter became one of the greatest dancers of her time. After her retirement she lived in seclusion in Vienna.

ERNEST, ARCHDUKE, died 1595. Brother of the Emperor Rudolph, and Stadtholder of the Netherlands.

EYCK, JAN VAN, and HUBERT, and their sister. The date of Jan's birth is not known accurately, but it must have been about 1380; the place of his birth was Maaseyck (Maas on the Eyck), and he lived and painted at Ghent, the Hague, Lille, and Bruges, where, in 1440, he died, and was laid to rest in the cloister of St. Donatian's, opposite the Hôtel de Ville (this Church was destroyed at the Revolution). Jan is said to have studied under his elder brother, Hubert, and the two executed their masterpiece together—the great altar-piece at Ghent, "The Adoration of the Lamb." Jan was Court-painter to the Dukes of Burgundy.

EYCK, HUBERT VAN, 1366-1426. Born at Maaseyck. He was the first to adopt oil colour to the purposes of art, and was the head of the early Flemish School; his younger brother testified to Hubert's genius, in inscribing with his own hand on the altar-piece at Ghent the words—"Hubertus major quo nemo reperitus."

FIELDING, ANTHONY VANDYKE COPLEY, 1787-1855. Well-known water-colour landscape painter. President of the Water-Colour Society, 1831.

FOSS, EDWARD, biographer, 1787-1870. Educated under Dr. Charles Burney (his mother's brother-in-law) at Greenwich. ("Henry Foss" is also mentioned several times: possibly a brother or son of Edward.)

FRY, ELIZABETH, born 1780, daughter of John Gurney of Earlham, Norwich, the rich Quaker banker. Married, 1800, Joseph Fry, a London merchant. She devoted herself to the cause of the poor and especially to prison reform, beginning with Newgate, and continuing her many good works even after her husband became bankrupt. She inaugurated libraries in naval hospitals and coastguard stations.

Died at Ramsgate in 1845. Undoubtedly, in her private life, she did perhaps merit criticism for her extreme bigotry, and for her persistence in rather expensive good works during the most acute financial crisis which overtook her husband.

GRATTAN, HENRY, 1746-1820, disinherited by his father for embracing reforming principles. Barrister, but entered political life, and in 1782 took Flood's place as Vice-Treasurer of Ireland. The history of "Grattan's Parliament" did not come up to the dreams of its patriotic head, and after a lifetime of agitation and opposition to Pitt, and of trying to champion the cause of Catholic Emancipation and of reform and abuses, Grattan retired, broken by ill-health. He died in 1819 and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Mme. d'Arblay gives her impressions of this remarkable man in her *Diary*, telling how she met Grattan, his son and daughter, at Grillon's Hotel in Albemarle Street, on an occasion when she was to be presented to "Son Altesse Royale Mme. Duchesse d'Angoulême," who was holding a drawing-room in London, the Queen herself having named Mme. d'Arblay to the Duchess. Lady Crewe accompanied her to this reception, and while awaiting "the Royals," Lady Crewe beckoned to "an uncommon trio," consisting of "a gentleman of a most pleasing appearance and address, with a young man . . . and young lady, pretty, gentle and engaging. . . . I soon found that they were Mr. Grattan, the celebrated Irish orator, his son and daughter." Fanny d'Arblay noted that Mr. Grattan had "a finely speaking face . . . an air with something foreign in it from the vivacity which accompanied his politeness. . . . I should have taken him for a man of fashion in France." (*Diary and Letters of Mme. d'Arblay*, vol. vii. p. 24. Letter to a Friend, April 1814. Ed. Colburn, 1846.)

GREBBER, FRANZ PIETERSZ DE, Haarlem, 1579-1649.

GREBBER, PIETER DE, son of the preceding.

GRISI, GIULIA, 1812-1867. Famous and wonderful soprano opera-singer; she married Mario, the great tenor.

GROTIUS, HUGO, or HUIG VAN GROOT, great Dutch Jurist, born at Delft, 1583. Studied at Leyden. At nine years old he

wrote Greek odes, and treatises on philosophy at fourteen. When at seventeen years of age he accompanied the illustrious Barneveldt on his embassy to Paris, Henry IV. presented him to his Court as "the miracle of Holland." By the time Grotius was eighteen years old he was already famous as poet, theologian, astronomer and commentator. Being imprisoned for life on account of his adherence to Barneveldt and his religious tenets, Grotius was saved by his wife, who got herself carried into the prison in a case supposed to be full of books, and remained there in her husband's stead. Grotius took refuge in Paris under the protection of Louis XIII., but finally returned in triumph to his own country, where he died in 1645.

HALL, MRS. S. C. (Anna Maria Fielding), novelist, born in Dublin, 1800. In 1824 she married Samuel Carter Hall (famous editor, and founder of the *Art Journal*). She wrote *Sketches of Irish Character*, nine novels and many short stories, and her *Stories of the Irish Peasantry* came out in *Chambers's Journal*. She received a pension in 1868; died in 1881, and was buried beside her husband at Addlestone, Surrey.

HALS, FRANZ, the Elder, Antwerp and Haarlem, 1584-1666. Conspicuous for the utmost vivacity of conception, purity of colour, and breadth of tone; his handling of the brush is such that drawing is almost lost in a maze of colour-tone.

HALS, FRANZ, son and pupil of the preceding, Haarlem, 1637-1669.

HALS, DIRK, younger brother of the elder Franz. Died 1656, Haarlem.

HARDING, JAMES DUFFIELD, 1798-1863. Water-colour landscapist and drawing-master. Lived at Deptford.

HART, SOLOMON ALEXANDER, 1806-1881. Historical painter.

HAWES, WILLIAM, 1785-1846. Distinguished as Director of English Opera at the Lyceum Theatre. Under him *Der Freischütz* was first given in England.

HEEMSKERK, MARTEN VAN, but really MARTEN VAN VEEN, was born at Heemskerk. Fled from home to avoid his father's furious temper and entered the school of a famous painter at Haarlem. So timid was he that he used to climb on the roofs to avoid passing the Arquebusiers! When the Spaniards were about to lay siege to Haarlem, Marten fled to Amsterdam (with permission of the authorities), so as to avoid bearing arms.

HELST, BARTHOLOMEW VAN DER, an early seventeenth-century Dutch painter, was born at Haarlem. He was one of the founders of the Painters' Guild of St. Luke at Amsterdam, where his portraits brought him fame.

- HENRY THE NAVIGATOR, Infante of Portugal, son of King John I. To his pertinacity of purpose and ardour we owe the maritime discovery, within one century, of half the globe ; he gave an extraordinary impetus to the sailors of surrounding nations. Like Columbus, he was the victim of unusual opposition and ridicule, to which, also like Columbus, he was impervious.
- HONTHORST, GERARD VAN (surnamed "Gherardo della Notte"), of Utrecht, 1590-1656. Painted in a very realistic style, often coarse and even ugly.
- HOOK, THEODORE EDWARD, 1788-1841. Celebrated more for his ready wit and humour than for his miscellaneous writings. He was a favourite of the Prince Regent, who gave him the post of Treasurer to the Mauritius, where, after some years, during which Hook "fared gloriously," he fell on evil days, there being a grave deficiency in the public chest, for which he was arrested and ultimately imprisoned in the debtors' prison. In 1825 he was released, though not from the debt, which he never made any effort to discharge.
- HORSLEY, WILLIAM, Mus. Bac., 1774-1858. Organist and popular glee composer ("By Celia's Arbour," etc.). When in England Mendelssohn became an intimate friend of "the veteran Horsley and his sons."
- HUMBOLDT, FRIEDRICH HEINRICH ALEXANDER, BARON VON, naturalist and traveller.
Born at Berlin in 1769, died 1859. Son of Frederick the Great's (the King of Prussia) Chamberlain. The young von Humboldt resigned his post in the Department of Mines to travel in Ecuador, Peru, Columbia, Venezuela, Cuba, Mexico. In 1827 he published his travels in France.
Later he lectured in Berlin. At the invitation of the Czar Nicholas he explored the Altai and Wal Mountains, the Caspian and Dzungaria.
The complete edition of von Humboldt's Travels in America is in thirty volumes. His geological and botanical studies in Asia are recorded in his *Asie Centrale*, 1843.
- HUMMEL, JOHANN NEPOMUK, 1778-1837. Austrian pianist and composer ; came to England but returned to Austria.
- JORDAENS, JACOB, 1593-1678. Painter of Antwerp ; he ranks next to Rubens among Flemish painters.
- JOSEPH II., Emperor of Germany, son of Francis I. and Maria Theresa, was born in 1742 ; after his father's death in 1765 he was associated with his mother in the government. He suppressed the mendicant Orders, deprived 624 monasteries of

their revenues, and forbade obedience to the Pope's Bull without imperial confirmation; he also abolished serfdom and curtailed the feudal privileges of the nobles. Joseph died in 1790.

KEATS, SIR RICHARD, Governor of Greenwich Hospital at the time F. A. Burney refers to him. His son, Capt. Keats, was drowned at Torquay (vide *Journal*, 1838, July 2nd).

LABLACHE, LUIGI, 1794-1858. Possessor of what was probably the most magnificent bass voice ever heard. Native of Naples, with a French father and an Irish mother, he became celebrated as an operatic singer, as well as for his remarkable acting.

LANDSEER, SIR EDWIN HENRY, animal painter, son of the engraver, John Landseer. Exhibited at the Royal Academy when only thirteen. The bronze lions at the foot of Nelson's Monument in Trafalgar Square were modelled by him. The excellent engravings of his pictures by his brother, Thomas, have made them very well known; another brother was an historical painter. Sir Edwin died in 1873. He was buried in St. Paul's.

LEE, FREDERICK RICHARD, R.A., 1818-1879. Left the Army and turned to painting on account of ill-health.

LEWIS, GEORGE ROBERT, portrait and landscape painter, 1782-1871.

LIEFDE, JAN VAN, 1625-1673.

LINLEY (not Lindley), WILLIAM, 1767-1835. Composer of glees and songs. Son of Thomas Linley, a musician at Bath; father-in-law of Sheridan, with whom he bought Garrick's share of Drury Lane Theatre in 1776, becoming its Musical Director.

LISZT, FRANZ, born in Hungary, 1811. At nine he played in public, and was sent to study in Vienna, and later in Paris. Became immensely popular as "the Paganini of the piano," but at the height of his popularity he retired to Weimar to compose, teach, and direct the opera and concerts. In 1865 he received minor orders in the Roman Catholic Church and was thenceforth known as "Abbé." In London Liszt gained great popularity, and his last visit there in 1886 was a triumphal progress. His extraordinary facility and the suppleness of his fingers enabled Liszt to perform marvels of execution, which other pianists tried in vain to emulate. In a letter to Felix Mendelssohn, Ignaz Moscheles (composer and pianist), wrote: "Liszt writes that he intends dedicating one of his compositions to me. May my fingers grow by then!" (Letter of Dec. 23, 1837.)

LORRAINE, CLAUDE, so called from his native province, Lorraine, properly named CLAUDE GELLÉE, a celebrated landscape-painter; born about 1600, died 1682. As an etcher he was incomparable, and his works in colour are much sought after.

LOUISE, QUEEN OF PRUSSIA, 1776-1810, third daughter of the Grand Duke Karl Ludwig Friedrich von Mecklenburg-Sterlitz. She married Frederick William (afterwards III.), Crown Prince of Prussia, and followed her husband to Thuringia on outbreak of the war of 1806. The Queen and her children suffered greatly in these wars, fleeing from the French on one occasion in a fearful storm of wind and snow—Louise saying: "I would rather fall into the hands of God than of these people!" Through all the reverses to the Prussian arms, and despite ill-health, Louise's courage never failed. So dignified and noble was her bearing that when her unworthy husband sent her to encounter Napoleon at Tilsit, saying that he would sacrifice his wife for his country, the victorious Bonaparte, albeit he spoke to her roughly, yet respected her. Yet in vain did she plead with him for Magdeburg; he was adamant, and when Talleyrand expostulated he replied: "Magdeburg is worth 100 Queens."

MARTIN, SIR GEORGE, Admiral of the Fleet, 1846. Born 1764, died 1847. Served under his uncle, Joshua Rowley, in actions off Ushant, Martinique, and the Battle of Grenada, 1779. Won distinction at Battle of St. Vincent on the "Irresistible," 1797, and at action off Cape Finisterre, 1805.

MATHEWS, CHARLES J., comedian, 1803, son of Charles Mathews, actor, mimic and entertainer, etc. The son was educated as an architect, but deserted that profession, and in 1832 appeared at the Olympic in London in a play of his own. Three years later he married Lucia Vestris, the lessee of the theatre. Mathews was in turn manager of the Olympic, of Covent Garden Theatre, and of the Lyceum. As an actor he was unrivalled in light comedy. His dramatic "At Homes" at the Haymarket were as successful as those of his father had been at the Lyceum.

After the death of his wife, Mathews travelled, married again, and at the age of sixty-six went round the world. He acted almost to the end of his life, appearing last at the Opera Comique in June 1877. Mathews introduced scenery for topical plays, and himself acted in his ordinary clothes—a new departure in his day.

MATILDA, PRINCESS SOPHIA, 1773-1844, daughter of William Henry,

Duke of Gloucester, the third son of George II. and his wife, the Countess of Waldegrave.

MATSYS, METSYS, or MASSYS, QUENTIN, 1466-1531, of Antwerp. Regarded as a link between the old style of the Van Eycks and Rubens.

MEIREN, or MEIRE, GERARD VAN DER, painter at Ghent, 1452-1474.

MIERIS, FRANZ VAN, 1635-1681. Genre painter of Leyden. His son, William, and his grandson, Franz, were also painters.

MIGUEL, DON MARIA IVARIST, third son of King John VI. of Portugal. In 1824 he plotted to overthrow the constitutional form of government, granted by his father, and was banished with his mother, his chief accomplice. When Pedro, his elder brother, succeeded to the throne, and then resigned it in favour of his daughter Maria (but making Miguel Regent), he had himself proclaimed King, and war ensued. It was ended with Sir Charles Napier's victory off Cape St. Vincent, when Miguel's fleet was destroyed. Maria was restored and Don Miguel fled to Italy, but died in 1866 in Baden. Don Miguel's party called themselves "the Apostolicals."

MORI, NICOLAS; Italian, born in London, 1793-1839. Excellent solo violinist. One of the leaders of the Philharmonic Orchestra. Started a music publishing business in Bond Street. His son, Frank, was also a known musician.

MURILLO, BARTOLOMÉ ESTEBAN, of Seville, 1618-1682. Head of the School of Painting at Seville, and founded the Academy there.

NASH, JOHN, 1752-1835, architect and designer. Many street improvements in London and elsewhere are from his designs, and to him we owe Regent Street (as before the improvements of 1924) and the Brighton Pavilion. (From the *Daily Telegraph*, July 15th, 1924.)

THE PRINCES OF ORANGE.

WILLIAM THE SILENT, PRINCE OF ORANGE-NASSAU, 1533-1584. In 1555 the Emperor Charles V. made William Commander-in-Chief of the Netherlands and Stadtholder of Holland, etc. William married four times. In 1584 he was assassinated, and his son, Maurice, succeeded him and was succeeded in his turn by the second son, Frederick Henry (he who began the building of "the House in the Wood"), and married the Princess Amelia von Solms. William II., son of Frederick Henry, became Stadtholder after his father and died in 1650.

The government was entrusted to the Grand-Pensionary, John de Witt, until 1672, when William III., son of William II. and Mary Stewart, was elected Stadtholder. He was the last scion of his house, and married Mary, daughter of James II. of England, over which kingdom he and his wife were called to rule. He died without issue, and his cousin, John Frisco, then presided over the States-General. He was succeeded by his son, William IV., then by his grandson, William V., the last Stadtholder, who died in exile in 1806. Meanwhile Napoleon had created his brother, Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland.

In 1815 the young son of William V., under the title of William I., was created King of the United Netherlands. After the Revolution, 1830, he reigned over Holland only, and in 1840 abdicated in favour of his son, William II., the grandfather of the present (1924) Queen of Holland, Wilhelmina.

At the Revolution in Belgium, of August 1830 (two months after the Burneys' tour), the two countries were separated. Belgium was erected into a constitutional monarchy in 1831, Leopold of Saxe-Coburg being elected King of the Belgians.

MAURICE, PRINCE OF ORANGE and COUNT OF NASSAU (1567-1625), General, son of William the Silent. Stadtholder of Holland 1584; later of other provinces. At the battle of Nieuport, in 1600, he defeated the Spaniards.

OSTADE, ISAAC, 1610-1685. Dutch painter.

OSTADE, ADRIAN VAN, 1620-1657, brother of above, pupil of Franz Hals.

OUSELEY, SIR GORE, 1770-1844. Diplomatist, orientalist, and first Baronet. His son, Sir Frederick Gore Ouseley, became famous as a musician, while his brother, Sir William Ouseley, was known as an orientalist, and his nephew, the second Sir William, was a diplomatist.

PARRY, JOHN ORLANDO, 1810-1879. A well-known comic singer and entertainer, doubtless the originator of the style of Corney Grain.

PALK, SIR LAWRENCE. Haldon House, nr. Dunchideock, Devon, was the residence of Lord Haldon, representative of the Palk family. The first Palk was a carrier on pack-horses between Ashburton and London; his son took deacon's orders, but took an appointment in India as Paymaster to the Army; next he embarked in trade which, owing to his extreme cleverness in speculation, was very successful. Governor of Madras

1763. General Lawrence left him £50,000, and Palk shrewdly acquired property about Torquay, then a mere fishing village. He was created a Baronet; and his descendant, the fourth Baronet, was created Baron Haldon in 1880; but the Sir Lawrence referred to by Mrs. Wood was the *second* Baronet.

PERSIANI, FANNY, 1812-1867. Celebrated soprano opera-singer.

PETER THE GREAT succeeded his brother as Czar of Russia in 1672. He travelled much, and in Holland actually worked as a ship carpenter. He organized a Russian army on European lines, created a navy, established schools, organized the Press, and laid the foundations of the new capital, St. Petersburg, in 1708. He died in 1725 after disastrous wars.

PHILIP IV., "LE BEL," King of France, 1268-1314. By the Treaty of Verdun in 843, Flanders and Artois, the western provinces of Belgium, became part of France. A Flemish revolt broke out at Bruges, and at Courtrai Philip le Bel suffered a disastrous defeat.

POUSSIN, NICHOLAS, 1594-1665. Court painter to Louis XIII. of France. His nephew, Caspar P., was famous as a landscape-painter.

PROUT, SAMUEL, water-colour painter, 1783-1852. Ruskin greatly admired his "unsurpassed felicity"—(in catching the picturesque in architecture, the quaintness of old streets and market-places)—his exquisite sense of colour and his "fine selection of line." Prout was a wanderer in many lands.

RAINSFORD, JAMES GEORGE PAYNE, 1801-1860. Educated in France. British Consul at Richmond, Virginia, from 1852 to 1856, and then at Venice. A very productive writer of historical, Eastern and other romances, some biographies and poems.

REMBRANDT was the son of a miller of Leyden: born 1607. His fame as a painter both of portraits and landscapes, as well as a first-rate etcher, has increased with time, although during his lifetime he became unfashionable and even went bankrupt. He produced the "Night Watch" in 1642, the year of his wife's death (Saskia van Ulenburgh, whose portrait he loved to paint). He resided in Antwerp and died in 1669. One of his best known pupils was Gerard Dow, like himself a native of Leyden.

ROBERTS, DAVID, 1796-1864. Began life as a scene-painter at Drury Lane. His pictures in the Academy of 1836, thirty-seven, attracted attention, and he became known for illustrated work on Spain, the Holy Land, Italy, etc., as well as for pictures of places all over Europe.

RUBENS, PETER PAUL, 1577-1640. His father having formed an intimacy with Anna of Saxony (wife of William of Orange), was imprisoned. After his death his wife and son resided at Antwerp, and Peter Paul began to study art. He visited Italy, Spain, England, and was in the service of the Duke Gonzaga, and of Philip III. of Spain. King Charles I. of England conferred knighthood on him. He married (first) Isabella Brandt, and (second) Helena Fourment. Rubens was buried in the vault of the Fourments, but subsequently his body was moved to the Church of St. Jacques, Antwerp, where a chapel was specially built to receive his remains.

RUBINI, GIOVANNI BATTISTA, 1795-1854. Famous tenor opera-singer.

RUYSDAEL, JACOB, 1625-1681, of Haarlem, excelled all other masters in a feeling for the poetry of northern landscape. He died in the almshouses at Haarlem.

RUYTER, DE, of Flushing, 1607-1675. Holland's greatest Admiral. Fought with De Witt in the wars against England. In 1667 he sailed up the Medway, and later up the Thames. Fought with Spain against France, was routed in the Mediterranean, wounded and died soon after. De Ruyter was always poor, and even when an Admiral he lived at Amsterdam in a poor man's dwelling, without any servant.

ST. VINCENT, JOHN JERVIS, EARL, Admiral (1735-1823). Entered Navy in 1749; Commander ten years later. Fought in action off Brest and other actions against the French, and made a K.B. Commanded expedition against the French in West India Islands; Admiral 1795, and given command of the Mediterranean Fleet. Defeated the Spanish fleet off Cape St. Vincent. In 1797 he was created Earl St. Vincent. Commanded Channel Fleet. First Lord of the Admiralty, 1801-4.

SALE, JOHN BERNARD, 1779-1854, singer, composer and organist. Taught singing and pianoforte to Princess Victoria (afterwards Queen).

SAXE, MARSHAL DE, Marshal of France, the son of Augustus II., Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, and of Countess Aurora von Königsmarck. At twelve years old he ran off and joined Marlborough's army in Flanders, and next the Russo-Polish army. He fought against the Turks in Hungary under Prince Eugene, and studied the art of war in France. In 1620 he was elected Duke of Courland and took part in a war against Russia and Poland and in that of the Austrian

succession. He commanded the French Army in Flanders as Marshal-General in 1744, and defeated the Duke of Cumberland at Fontenoy and at Laffeld. He retired to his estate at Chambord, where he died in 1750.

SEGHERA (SEEGERS), DANIEL, and GERARD, painters of Antwerp, 1590-1661.

SNYDERS, FRANCIS, 1579-1657, of Antwerp. A painter of animals and still life; he helped Rubens with his animal figures.

STANFIELD, CLARKSON (1794-1867). Irish marine painter, and in the Royal Navy, which he left on account of an injury to his feet; then took to scene-painting. A founder of the Society of British Artists. A.R.A. 1832, R.A. 1835.

STEWART, PRINCE HENRY, eldest son of James I., and brother to Charles I. Born 1594, died suddenly at nineteen years of age (1613). "It is with peculiar fondness that historians mention this young Prince of Wales, and in every respect his merit seems to have been extraordinary" (Hume's *Student's History of England*, chap. x. p. 352, ed. 1882. John Murray.)

STOCKHAUSEN, MARGARETHE, 1803-1877. Well-known soprano oratorio and concert singer.

SUCKLING, CATHERINE, daughter of the Revd. Maurice Suckling, Prebendary of Westminster and Rector of Barsham, Suffolk; married the Revd. Edmund Nelson and became the mother of Horatio, Lord Nelson. Her brother was Captain in the Royal Navy in 1755, and became Comptroller of the Navy in 1788. "When the Revd. Maurice Suckling married the granddaughter of Sir Robert Walpole's sister" (thus she became Nelson's grandmother), "Captain Suckling presented him with the sword of Galfridus Walpole, Admiral. In course of time Maurice Suckling presented it to his grandson, Horatio Nelson, who always wore it and was grasping it in his hand when so severely wounded at the battle of Teneriffe" (from *Leaves from the Note-book of Lady Dorothy Nevill*, ed. by her son, Ralph Nevill. Macmillan, 1910).

TAMBURINI, ANTONIO, 1800-1876. Great baritone opera-singer.

TENIERS, DAVID, "the Elder," of Antwerp, 1582-1649, pupil of his elder brother, Julian; painted rustic scenes and homely subjects.

TENIERS, DAVID, "the Younger," 1610-1690, the greatest genre painter of the southern Netherlands; son and pupil of the former.

THALBERG, SIGISMUND, born at Geneva, 1812. Son of Prince Dietrichstein; his mother was the Baroness Wetzler, and she

took every care to educate her son. His father destined him for diplomacy, but the boy showed too decided a talent for music, and became very successful as a pianist. His compositions were not so successful. Thalberg died in 1871.

TURNER, JOSEPH MALLORD WILLIAM, 1775-1851, son of a barber, was scarcely educated, but became a beautiful, imaginative, mysterious painter of sublime pictures; also an excellent etcher. Bequeathed his pictures to the nation. His will was nobly generous, but frustrated by his ignorance of legal forms. Buried in St. Paul's.

UPCOTT, WILLIAM, 1779-1845. Antiquary and autograph collector. The Guildhall Library was suggested by him, and in 1828 he superintended the arrangement of the books in it. He was fellow Secretary to the London Institution with Prof. Richard Porson, and later Librarian.

Mr. Upcott revised for the Press the first Quarto Edition of *Evelyn's Diary* published by William Bray, 1818, also the Octavo Edition of 1827. "He collated the copy with the original MS. at Wooton. One of his greatest finds was the original MS. of Chatterton's *Amphitryon*, which he chanced on in the shop of a city cheesemonger."

VANBRUGH, SIR JOHN, dramatist and architect. Descended from a family originally of Ghent in Flanders. His grandfather having quitted that country on account of the persecutions under the Duke of Alva, settled in Walbrook and died there, 1646.

John left the Army in order to take up a theatrical life, and brought out various comedies, written by himself; meriting also severe censure for their gross indecency.

"That Van wants grace
Who never wanted wit,"

wrote Pope scathingly, and Swift was no less satirical.

With thirty other subscribers of £100 each, Vanbrugh built, in 1706, a stately theatre in the Haymarket, and became its manager.

Vanbrugh's best works as an architect are Blenheim and Castle Howard in Yorkshire. In 1714 he was knighted at Greenwich, and became, in 1716, Surveyor of Works to Greenwich Hospital. His country residence there was "Vanbrugh Fields." Two other seats he built: one on Maize Hill, Greenwich, called "The Bastile House," built on the model of the French prison in which he had been incarcerated,

having been found sketching the fortifications of Paris ; there he busied himself drafting some of his comedies, and receiving the noblesse, who procured his release ;—the other, the “Mince-pye house” at Blackheath. Both of these houses are demolished, but “Vanbrugh Castle” is at present for sale (August, 1924).

Sir John Vanbrugh had also a house in Scotland Yard in 1708 (before the old buildings there were demolished, about 1820-1821). “It excited the ridicule of several of his contemporary wits, and specially of Dean Swift, who wrote two satirical poems on the subject, saying that it resembled “a Goose-pye,” but later made amends.

Sir J. Vanbrugh’s epitaph ran as follows :

“Lie heavy on him, Earth, for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee.”

VAN DER VELDE, a family of Dutch painters : William “the Elder,” 1610-1693, father of William “the Younger” and of Adrian, 1633-1707, and 1639-1672. William the Younger was one of that group of painters with whom the sea was a passion, and who painted from ships. With his father he used to sail out in a little frigate when battles were being fought at sea, and paint the scene, often running great risks and being ordered to go further off.

VANDYCK, ANTHONY, born at Antwerp in 1599, son of a silk and woollen merchant ; as a boy he studied under Rubens. He visited Italy and England, where he took up his residence, and painted the royal family, and where King Charles I. knighted him. He married Lady Mary Ruthven, and died at Blackfriars in 1641. Vandyck was buried in Old St. Paul’s.

VARLEY, JOHN, and his brother, CORNELIUS, both painters of landscape between 1778 and 1873. Cornelius painted also classical pieces, figures and architecture ; he was well known as a drawing-master.

VERBRUGGEN, PIETRO, sculptor, 1609-1687, of Antwerp, pupil of A. Quellin.

VERBRUGGEN, HENRI FRANÇOIS, son and pupil of the above, 1655-1724.

VESTRIS, LUCIA ELIZABETH, *née* BARTOLOZZI, granddaughter of the great engraver. Lucia lived and was educated in London, while Bartolozzi did hack-work, etching and designing lottery-tickets and book-plates. In 1813 Lucia married Armand Vestris, one of the French family of distinguished actors, chefs, and ballet dancers. William Cowper refers in his *Conversation* to “the feats of Vestris.” The first of the name

(Armand's grandfather) was known as "Le Dieu de la Danse"; and such was his vanity that he used to say: "There are but three great men in Europe—the King of Prussia, Voltaire, and I."

Vestris deserted Lucia, who began a successful career in Paris and London, in light comedy and burlesque, appearing as a popular singer at the King's Theatre in 1815. Becoming rich, she made the Olympic, of which she was lessee, famous. Mme. Vestris married Charles Mathews (junr.), and her last appearance in London was at a benefit for him. She died in London in 1856.

An amusing anecdote is told of Mme. Vestris, whose leg was so perfectly shaped that a certain Brucciani, sculptor, made a cast of it, and Bartolozzi an etching. The cast was sold, and others were made. To Mme. Vestris's annoyance the mould, which was her own property, was lost, or stolen. She insisted on her claim to it, and the matter was actually referred to the law to settle!

It is also said that models of "la jambe Vestris" were greatly in demand among the nobility and gentry, and even among crowned heads. Various scandalous and probably spurious memoirs of her appeared, containing highly coloured stories, which were certainly inventions, and there is no real proof of the story above. But certain it is that Lucia so yielded to vanity that towards the end of her career she looked like "an old ewe dressed lamb fashion."

VOS, CORNELIUS DE, MARTIN, and SIMON, painters of Antwerp, between 1531 and 1676.

WATTS, ISAAC, 1674-1748. Hymn-writer and divine. At a chapel in Mark Lane he became eminent as a preacher, and later was domestic Chaplain to Sir Thomas Abney at his house, "Theobald's." D.D. of Edinburgh, 1728.

WILSON, JOHN ("Christopher North"), was born at Paisley, 1785. Educated at Glasgow and Oxford; famous for his intellectual gifts and as an athlete. Resided in Westmoreland, and was a friend of the "Lake Poets," etc. With Lockhart edited *Blackwood's Magazine*. Elected to the chair of Moral Philosophy at Edinburgh, 1820; died 1854. Author of various works.

WILSON, RICHARD, 1714-1782. Landscape-painter, ranked among the first painters of his time. In 1776 became Librarian to the Royal Academy.

WILKIE, SIR DAVID, 1785-1841. Scotch painter of portraits, heroic and other pictures.

WITT, or WIT, CORNELIUS DE, Admiral, 1599-1658.
 WITT, JOHN DE, was brother of the above.

THE WOODS OF LARGO.

The pedigree of "the Baronial Family of Wood, or Wode, of Largo, Co. Fyfe," begins with Sir Andrew Wood, Admiral to the Kings James III. and IV., who with his wife, Elizabeth Lundie, had several charters of the lands of Largo and others, under the Great Seal of Scotland : Largo being erected into a Free Barony in 1513. His son, the second Andrew (Knight), had a charter in the time of King James V. "of half the King's lands of Shiremuir, and another of the Island of Inchkeith, and other lands." Under his grandson, Andrew, fourth Laird of Largo, all the several lands were united into the Barony of Largo in 1596. The fifth Laird, John, "died in great embarrassments in 1661 in London, but his body was brought home to Scotland by sea, and buried in his ancestral Kirk of Largo."

The Woods of Largo re-appear, however, twenty years later, in the person of the Revd. Alexander Wood, who left four sons, one of whom, Alexander, "of Burncroft" (born 1712 and died 1777), left five sons, of whom four distinguished themselves :

1. Sir Mark Wood, of Gatton, Surrey. Created a Baronet, Oct. 3rd, 1808. He held the rank of Colonel in the East India Company's service, and was M.P. for Gatton. Sir Mark became the heir male and "representative of the ancient Woods of Largo and chief of the name," on the decease of John Wood, Governor of the Isle of Man ; and in August, 1809, Sir Mark obtained a grant from the Lyon Office, Edinburgh, of the arms granted to Andrew Wood. He married Rachel Dashwood, of Co. Somerset, and had one son and one daughter :

(1) Alexander (11th Light Dragoons), died 1805, by a fall from his horse. Buried at Gatton.

(2) Rachel, married Capt. W. J. Lockwood, of Dows Hall, Essex. Their son, Mark (Colonel, Coldstream Guards), was appointed to the name of Wood by his grandfather, Sir Mark Wood, and in 1829 became second Baronet of Gatton.

2. Sir George, of Ottershaw Park, Surrey, K.C.B., Major-General Bengal Infantry (*vide* Note to p. 97).

3. Sir James Atholl, Knight. Entered the Royal Navy at

an early age, and (1807) distinguished himself in the expedition against Curaçoa, for his gallant conduct in which he received a gold medal and knighthood.

4. Andrew, also R.N., lost at sea, 1787. (*Vide* Preface, Note to p. 15).

The Baronetcy became extinct in 1837, for the only son of the second Baronet, Alexander Keith Wood, was accidentally drowned at the age of three.

The Crest (a ship in sail, and motto, "Tutus in undis," with supporters, two sailors proper) was added in 1491 "to Sir Andrew Wood's coat armorial in reward for his great services done and losses sustained." (*Vide Memorials of the Woods of Largo*, Mrs. Montagu.)

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